

The Australian

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

August 5, 1964

1841-2

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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The Queen
and Prince
Edward...

See more Royal
baby pictures
on pages 10, 11



New Beautiful Australia series... £250 contest for teenagers
EXTRA: 8 PAGE LIFT-OUT ON CAKE DECORATING

THIS WEEK'S WINNERS

MARVILLE

Mother's Choice

NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

NATIONAL WEEKLY WINNER

Mrs. B. MITCHELL, Hazelmere, W.A., wins a Philips 'Explorer 7' Transistor. For her recipe, see page 60.

120 OTHER WEEKLY WINNERS

Each wins a Crown 4-pint casserole.

N.S.W.: P. Apps, Cootamundra; G. Arthurson, Woolgoolga; D. Bartholomew, Manuka; C. Braun, Long Jetty; S. Bretherton, E. Maitland; M. Brett, Marrickville; R. Carter, Upper Rousell; B. Churchill, Kutarra; D. Cleary, Narramine; M. Cooke, Long Jetty; F. Collins, Leura; D. Corrigan, Chatswood; M. Deacon, Harris Park; L. Edwards, Beverly Hills; A. Duck, W. Wallsend; N. Emmett, Cooma; E. Gorton, Castlecrag; R. Harding, Billmari; V. Hartwell, Bingara; J. Ingle, Gymsa; V. Janz, Bellambi; C. Jenkins, Concord W.; S. Laary, Narrabri; M. Lewis, Leeton; S. Lorz, Carlingford; V. McKenzie, Chatswood; M. McEneaney, Eastwood; H. Maszynowski, Oyster Bay; V. Meers, Borindulla; R. Moncrieff, Punchbowl; H. Morris, Wollongong; L. Nicholls, Willeford; B. Parmenter, Oberon; F. Peterson, Casino; J. Pogson, Mt. Galah; K. Ralph, Wyong; K. Rossborough, Bowral; J. Scott, Wentworthville; I. Scott, Wirinya; T. Seaborn, Belmont; M. Sommer, Epping; A. Summer, Lismore; C. Thompson, Tamworth; I. Wade, Yass; J. Williams, Lalemba.

VIC.: S. Adams, Bayswater; F. Altman, Torquay; T. Andrews, Sutton Grange; D. Blake, Glen Iris; P. Block, Avenue; J. Cottrell, Tawonga S.; A. Foster, Yallourn; D. Gibson, E. Preston; C. Fleet, Geelong; M. Gerdson, Dandenong; F. Greenaway, Noble Park; L. Grunert, Girgarre; O. Hammond, Mildura; M. Ivanyi, N. Caulfield; W. Irvine, Glen Waverley; M. Mathes, Ballarat; G. Maxted, Kerrie; E. McMaster, Mountmorency; E. McMillan, Geelong; D. McMillan, Beaulieu; H. Peal, Mt. Albert; R. Pollock, Bl. Rocks; H. Quiggin, Shepparton; D. Shaw, Boness; C. Small, Oakleigh; S. Stibbe, Wonthaggi; E. Stringer, Sunbury; B. Thomas, Ivanhoe; C. Van Tol, Kyneton; D. Wiseman, Merricks N. QLD.: O. Cook, Nambour; G. Dingle, Mahowata; H. Gresham, Chalmers; G. Heaton, Moorooka; R. Lane, Nandi; C. Morley, Halifax; S. O'Sullivan, Ashgrove; B. Rice, Torrens Creek; J. Runge, Sayndah; E. Schelberg, Macalister; R. Scholten, Tully; J. Sleight, Charles Towns; H. Vardill, Ascot; D. Weedon, Sarina; E. Williams, Eagle Hills. S.A.: R. Berry, Elizabeth Park; G. Clay, Christies Blk.; H. Hall, Rostrevor; H. Heinze, Prospect; E. Lamont, Two Wells; S. McDonald, Balaklava; A. Mackenzie, Nightcliff, N.T.; J. Muzford, Avenue Range; J. Reichman, Bradview; J. Wegener, Pt. Lincoln; M. Wilson, Renmark; G. Viant, Thebarton. W.A.: M. Bradford, Victoria Park; G. Clarke, Finsart Park; K. Devlin, Dianella; B. McGlashan, Yunderup; M. McGowan, Como; J. Mellon, Narrogin; K. Mitchell, Medina; R. Prior, Basandean; A. Spence, Bickton; F. Zeros, Carnarvon.

TAS.: M. Fearon, Mowbray; K. Irwin, Ocean Vista; M. Hodgson, Queenstown; D. Leichel, Kingston; D. McLaren, Primrose; G. Ulbrich, Burnie; H. Webb, W. Hobart; C. Winkler, Derwent.



The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

AUGUST 5, 1964

Vol. 32, No. 10

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Our Cover

Queen Elizabeth with her baby son, Prince Edward, who is now four-and-a-half months old. More Royal baby pictures, pages 10, 11. This picture was taken by Cecil Beaton.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND with WORTH REPORTING

Someone once observed that if you had stabbed composer Franz Schubert he would have bled melodies, not blood. It's likely that if he'd been born this century instead of the 18th he'd be using the melodies in music for films and TV.

AUSTRALIAN composer Ron Grainer would be the first, in all modesty, to deny resemblance to such a "great" as Schubert. But there's an affinity in his nonsense approach to the job of music-writing.

Happily, unlike Schubert, Ron Grainer has had splendid success in London, where he's called "Mr. TV Music." And now he's gone on stage with music for a version of the Elizabeth Barrett-Robert Browning love story.

He talked to reporter Betty Best about the long journey from Northern Queensland to the West End stage. Her story, **MOVE OVER, RODGERS**, is on page 9.

Ron Grainer couldn't have found a more sympathetic interviewer. Betty is a long-time show-business buff, and before she transferred to our London office was ever ready in her spare time to paint a backdrop or make the coffee for the players in her pet Sydney theatre group.

ANOTHER success that delighted us even more was the Dobell Retrospective Exhibition at the Art Gallery of N.S.W. Our only reservation was that the crowds prevented a long, quiet look at the pictures.

It was a relief to find in

the just-published "WILLIAM DOBELL," by James Gleeson (Thames and Hudson, £7/7/-) some of the exhibition pictures among the 32 first-class color reproductions of his paintings and 118 black-and-white illustrations.

In the text is a reference to Dobell's ability to "see" what people are saying.

Working in London during the Depression he found material for some of his most charming paintings by observing passers-by in the street below his studio window.

Paintings reproduced, like "The Dust Cart," "The Little Milliner," and "Street Singer," have all the immediacy of glimpses into the lives of strangers.

One photograph shows the artist at work in his studio at Wangi, N.S.W., amid a clutter of books, brushes, and paint pots. Against this background the clarity and singularity of vision in his paintings stand out even more distinctly.

We can be forgiven personal pride in the fact that the frontispiece is the Helena Rubinstein which won our Portrait Prize for 1957. It is, incorrectly described, however, as the 8th version, painted 1963.



WHEN model Susan Small (pictured above) left Sydney on an overseas trip she was farewelled by model agency head Pat Woodley and a crowd of gorgeous colleagues — Jan Rensimon, Kisan Davis, Robyn Taylor, Jan Lewis, Gloria Anderson, Anne Michaelitz, Pat Lees, and Cheyne Bosler.

At the going-away party the girls gave Susan a huge cake.

Alas, the waste! No one touched the cake. All the girls are on permanent diets.

Susan has a modelling assignment in Teheran, Persia. In London she'll work with Australians Colleen Fitzpatrick and Ted Dawson, and on her way home will visit model Pam Quinn in New York.

ON a permanent hunt for super bargains (and never very quick at sums) we were fooled for a moment by this ticket: "Pure silk. Reduced from £4/4/- to 84/- a yard."

Oh, for a lean chop!

BLACK-FACED sheep and wattle in bloom seem an unlikely twosome in Australia, where for generations such sheep have been regarded as foreigners.

But on page 25 of this issue, black-faced Suffolks and wattle are together in a picture taken on the property of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnson, at Castle Hill, N.S.W.

As well as a Jersey stud the Johnsons have a Suffolk sheep stud. At this year's Royal Agricultural Show they took the grand champion prizes for the best ewe and best ram.

Their stock is from the stud started in 1889 by the Department of Agriculture in Victoria.

Demand for the breed now exceeds supply, because Suffolks provide lean meat.

Lean meat is increasingly popular — ever since fat meat was blamed by doctors as a source of cholesterol, boding no good for the arteries.

A comparatively new sheep breed is the South Suffolk, a combination of Suffolk and Southdown. They're better looking than Suffolks, but fatter.

And isn't that depressingly familiar? You know: Will I keep my unlined face and put up with the 30in. waist; or will I get the 26in. waist and put up with the wrinkles?

Special Pull-out Book

The Weekly looks a bit different this week . . .

We've rearranged some regular features (for instance Worth Reporting with the Weekly Round on this page).

AND — this is the Big News — Teenagers' Weekly has moved into the main part of the paper to make way for a series of special pull-out books.

We are very pleased to be able to present these books as a weekly bonus to our

readers: they'll deal with everything from cake decoration (this week) to sewing (next week), from fashion to interior decoration, from child care to housework, and lots more.

Teenagers' Weekly benefits, too. With later deadlines, we can include more up-to-the-minute news about teenagers in each State — plus more up-to-the-minute color news from Australia and overseas.

Let us know how you like the changes.



GANG DEMANDS GRAVY

Remember how as a youngster you loved gravy with your meat . . . good-smelling, good-tasting gravy, piping hot from the pan — and plenty of it — mmm, delicious? Give your children the treat enjoyed as a tot. Complete their evening meal with gravy made with Gravox tonight.

GRAVY IN A MINUTE — with the "MORE PLEASE" savour in it!



PREVENT COLDS take

ANTI-BI-SAN

7 Tablets over 3 days for 3 month's immunity Children's treatment — 3 tablets Available at all chemists

Famous decorator to tour Australia



REPLICAS of the white velvet sofa (it's treated against dirt and stains) in the sitting-room of the Siddeleys' flat in Queen's Gate, London, will be on exhibition in Australia during the lecture tour. The wall niche displays prized objets d'art, the coffee table is Chinese black lacquer.

● The Hon. John Siddeley, Britain's foremost interior decorator, arrives in Australia next month for a lecture tour in five States, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly in conjunction with David Jones Ltd.

MR. SIDDELEY and his French wife, Jacqueline, will fly 'to Australia by Qantas.

During his tour Mr. Siddeley will lecture on interior decorating, "Living for Comfort, 1964," and will illustrate his lectures with a travelling exhibition of screens showing seven room settings.

In Sydney and Adelaide these rooms will actually be on view and will include a lavish Sydney lace dining-room, a budget country dining-room, two living-rooms (one entirely in wool), kitchen, teenager's room, and master bedroom.

Among sponsors of the tour are the Australian Wool Board and fabric house of P. Rowe Pty. Ltd.

Leading makers of Australian furniture, electrical and kitchen equipment, floor

when decorating a client's home is to create an atmosphere of relaxation—and he applies this principle to his own flat.

John and Jacqueline Siddeley, both busy people, love

and a writer. He has travelled the world as a leading consultant and designer, and is a wit and raconteur as well as an expert on decoration and antiques.

There are three Australian paintings on the walls of his flat which, he said, "have transformed my home and given us the greatest pleasure." He bought them in Australia last year.

He believes in having good pictures in the home, but not necessarily originals.

"You can always get good reproductions," he said. "Australia has an advantage over many of the older countries — you have good

artists and can afford to buy their work."

Jacqueline Siddeley has all the chic and flair of a Frenchwoman, as well as a practical approach to running her home.

She has an enviable reputation for entertaining and personally supervises all the arrangements. Nothing is left to chance.

Her kitchen diary sets out clearly the menus she has served, and what her guests appeared to enjoy — "for future reference." She also notes down what she wore — "so that I won't appear in the same old frock."

Most of her clothes come from the leading Paris

fashion houses, but her husband said:

"Like all women, Jacqueline is really lazy about clothes. I have to stand over her to see that she goes to the collections for her new season's wardrobe."

John Siddeley maintains that women would be permanently in twinsets if it were not for the men in their lives.

A talented textile designer, Jacqueline accepts no credit for helping her husband build his successful business. Yet it was because of her that he became a designer.

The Hon. John Siddeley (Marlborough, Cambridge, Continued overleaf

TOUR ITINERARY

● Here are the dates of the Hon. John Siddeley's lecture tour in Australia. Booking details will be given in forthcoming issues.

PERTH (Foy and Gibson (W.A.) Ltd.), September 28-October 1; ADELAIDE (David Jones Ltd.), October 5-9; MELBOURNE (Georges Ltd.), October 12-17; SYDNEY (David Jones Ltd.), October 19-23; BRISBANE (T. C. Beirne Ltd., a David Jones store), October 27-30.

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

coverings, china, and home appliances will be represented in the exhibition.

Some of the furnishings in the seven-room exhibition will be replicas of Mr. Siddeley's designs for his own home, a comparatively small flat in Queen's Gate, London.

His first consideration

to entertain at dinner parties and luncheons.

Friends say they take infinite pains to ensure that their guests are comfortable and well entertained (they never give cocktail parties, hate buffet suppers).

Once an actor, John Siddeley is a TV personality

NEXT WEEK:

Sixteen-page pullout book

GUIDE TO ALTERING READY-MADE CLOTHES

American sewing expert Mary Johnson shows how even an inexperienced dressmaker can give ready-made clothes a perfect custom-made fit . . .

She tells you the professional way to make alterations — and exactly how to adjust hems, waists, necklines, side seams, shoulders, and sleeves.

New
season's
swimwear
... the new
designs are
bold and brief

Our three-page color feature reflects the beach-wear trends for 1964 . . . the newest styles and colors, the "magic" fabrics.



This is a chocolate pie. Mmmm! Fruit mince and orange chiffon and apple, too, are in our . . .

PIES—a la mode

It's the latest look in make-up, and it's . . .

ROUND . . .

So this is no time to be . . .

SQUARE!!

Read all about "round" beauty in Teenagers' Weekly.

Continuing . . .

Decorator's Australian tour

the Grenadier Guards) left the stage after two years with the Liverpool Repertory Company because Jacqueline thought he was awful.

"There followed a year on the Stock Exchange, which was ghastly," he said.

"I had always wanted to be a designer. I suppose I got my flair from my mother." (Lady Kenilworth has a magnificent collection of beautiful things.)

With Jacqueline's encouragement he took a job with a firm of designers to get experience, then, with none of the family fortune behind him (his grandfather was a founder of the Hawker-Siddeley aircraft group), he branched out on his own.

In their tiny mews cottage Jacqueline lined the curtains, cut, tacked, and pasted up the pelmets.

"You could call us the original Mr. and Mrs. Do-It-Yourself," she said.

"Of course, we had our setbacks — like the pelmets coming unstuck at the dry-cleaner's — but we learned the hard way."

Then came success, and John Siddeley was given the most coveted commissions in London — the Swedish and French Embassies, the Italian Consulate, and many others.

The man who couldn't get a job because of the suspicion that he couldn't be any good — "otherwise why doesn't your father employ you?" — was in business in a big way.

Liz's favorite

His clients include Ann Gunning, the model who is now Mrs. Antony Nutting; Mrs. John Ward, friend of Royalty, whose husband was Colonel of the Household Cavalry; and Mrs. Susan Wilding, former wife of actor Michael Wilding and herself a decorator.

He designed the Gambling Room at the smart River Club and the Harlequin Suite at the Dorchester Hotel. Elizabeth Taylor always insists on having the Harlequin Suite — she has lived there with three of her husbands.

John Siddeley is on the advisory committee of Manchester Art School, and lectures at Norwich Art School, as well as giving much of his time to charity.

Both he and Jacqueline admit that they couldn't keep up the pace if it were not for weekends at their country cottage in Suffolk.

On Friday nights they have a boiled egg in the kitchen, then drive down to the cottage.

Their children, Belinda, 14, and Randle, 10, love to spend holidays there.

John bought the cottage on sight for £2000, spent another £2000 doing it up.

"We saw it, I bought it," he said. "I might have made a mistake, but I took a chance."

"I learned my lesson early when I missed the bargain of a lifetime."

"It was a Chinese figure of great beauty and antiquity.



18TH-CENTURY Italian torcheres filled with field flowers flank the slatted doors in the Siddeleys' living-room. Mrs. Siddeley is pictured in an American cotton evening dress with her Yorkshire terrier, Billie Doud, at her feet. She loves to rearrange the furniture in the flat.

I wanted it badly, but I went home to measure the mantelpiece to see if it would fit. When I got back to the dealer it had gone.

"Now I size things up as I go along. There is always a place for something beautiful in your home."

The Siddeleys have rearranged their rooms five times in 12 years.

"People, whether friends or clients, like to see how we live, how we use space, the effect of fabrics and wall treatments," said Jacqueline.

John designed a large round top, covered with red baize, for their smaller, marble-topped dining-room table. The larger top clips on so that eight people can be seated at the table.

Jacqueline hires extra gilt chairs and has extra slip-on covers to match her own chairs when they have more guests.

John thinks his last visit to Australia gave him a stronger sense of color.

"My rooms and houses began to take on a sharper and more colorful appeal," he said.

One of the jobs of a good decorator and designer, John Siddeley believes, is to create a background suitable to his client's position.

"I don't go as far as finding portraits of suitable ancestors—just a Canaletto or two does the trick," he says. "Once the rooms look lived in you would think my client's family had been there for centuries."

Some of the Siddeleys' own treasures which will be exhibited in Australia include a Van Gogh painting (a wedding present from Jacqueline's father), a Toulouse-Lautrec, a John Piper, Courbet, Tiepolo, Marc Chagall, and a Renoir.

There will also be a replica of Jacqueline's pretty bedroom and copies of some of the Siddeleys' period furniture.

They breed 'em tough in New Zealand

● On a recent trip to Sydney to open a branch office of his family's publishing firm, New Zealander Mr. Alexander Reed was enormously impressed by the change in the city in the 52 years since his last visit.

"AND then, your aborigines," he said. "They're supposed to be extremely primitive and backward, yet I am struck by the imaginative richness of their folklore. And their rock paintings are superb."

Mr. Reed is something of an expert in Maori folklore and legend. He's written 30 books (and more

"He's climbed three of the highest peaks in the North Island, Mount Egmont (2600ft.), Mount Ruapehu (9175ft.), and Mount Tongariro (6588ft.)."

"This year he plans a walk through the rugged Abel Tasman National Park and the West Coast of the South Island."

"To celebrate his 80th birthday next year, Uncle Alfred is coming to Australia to walk from Sydney to Melbourne."

"He's written books about all his walking trips and he makes friends wherever he goes."

"Children all over New Zealand follow him for miles when he's in their area. He's almost a Pied Piper in his way."

Mr. Alexander Reed likes to walk, too, although he hasn't his uncle's stamina.

"About 15 years ago, when Uncle Alfred was well in his seventies," he said, "we went on a particularly hard climb up Mount Egmont. I had two of my sons with me, and when we'd returned from the climb the boys and I collapsed into the car to sleep."

"But Uncle Alfred set off on an 18-mile hike round the bottom of the mountain."

"He wanted to 'unwind'."



● Alexander Reed.

than 100 pamphlets and booklets), mostly about Maori customs and language.

"No trouble getting them published, either," he said.

Mr. Reed's uncle, 89-year-old Alfred Reed, founded the family firm.

"He has retired now," said Mr. Reed, "and his main interest is walking — not just around the block, but all over New Zealand."

Royal dog-collar bruised her neck

From PAULA WALLING, in New York

● Baroness Bina de Goldschmidt-Rothschild didn't have to worry about her acting ability in the film of "My Fair Lady." Although she had only one line, she fitted perfectly into her royal walk-on part, and loved every second of it.

DRESSED for her film part in "My Fair Lady," the Baroness (both pictures) wears a parma-violet dress embroidered with silver bugles and special jewellery.

THE German-born Baroness makes a spectacular appearance in the grand ballroom scene as the Queen of Transylvania.

"Everyone was so friendly," she said, "and lovely Audrey Hepburn, who plays Eliza Doolittle, treated me like a Queen."

"But believe me, although I tried to act the part just as director George Cukor told me, I never really felt like anybody but just myself."

British photographer Cecil Beaton, who is an old friend of the Baroness and took the pictures on this page, originally suggested her to Cukor for the role, even though she had never acted or been before a camera.

Wears copy of cousin's diamond tiara

He also designed the magnificent parma-violet dress with silver bugles she wears with such elegance and dignity at the ball, with specially designed jewellery worth about 1000 dollars (£A450).

Her only complaint was about the dog-collar which bruised her neck.

The collection included a copy of a diamond tiara belonging to her

cousin Prince Schoenbrun of Silesia, which she remembers from her childhood.

Nevertheless, the tall, athletic, regal-looking Baroness, who is related to royalty and Europe's leading families both by birth and marriage (she is the former Countess Veronica Henckel Donnersmarck), wears the royal garb to glove-fit perfection.

At the time of her film offer, the Baroness' husband, Baron Eric Goldschmidt-Rothschild, was in Europe, but her brother and her 35-year-old son, Patrick, urged her to accept the part, the first such venture ever undertaken by a member of the internationally famous banking family of Rothschild.

Completely honest and natural, the Baroness enjoyed her week's film work so much that she now says she would be quite willing to accept other roles that might come along, provided she feels they would suit her.

In the meantime, she has countless interests to fill her crowded days as a housewife and mother.

Her home at Mandeville Canyon, Brentwood, California, is one of her chief sources of delight, exuding charm and suggesting the utmost in gracious living, with its elegant salon opening on to a sunlit patio, and a swimming-pool backed by trees and rolling green lawns on the hillside behind it.

Baroness broomed her American floors

The house is exquisitely furnished with antiques her family brought from Europe in 1940, when they migrated to America, unwilling to endure Hitler's takeover of the Continent.

In that year, Baroness Bina, her husband, and son, then 11, boarded the

last boat out of France, to meet her brother who was already in America.

They all became American citizens, and she says they would not think of living anywhere else now.

An accomplished horsewoman and keen gardener, the Baroness said that when she first arrived in America during the war she was unable to get servants.

"So instead of riding horses I was 'riding the broom' and doing all the housework myself, as well as designing the gardens and digging in them."

Single-handed she builds a workshop

Although a talented painter and art-lover, the Baroness says "practical arts" keep her busier.

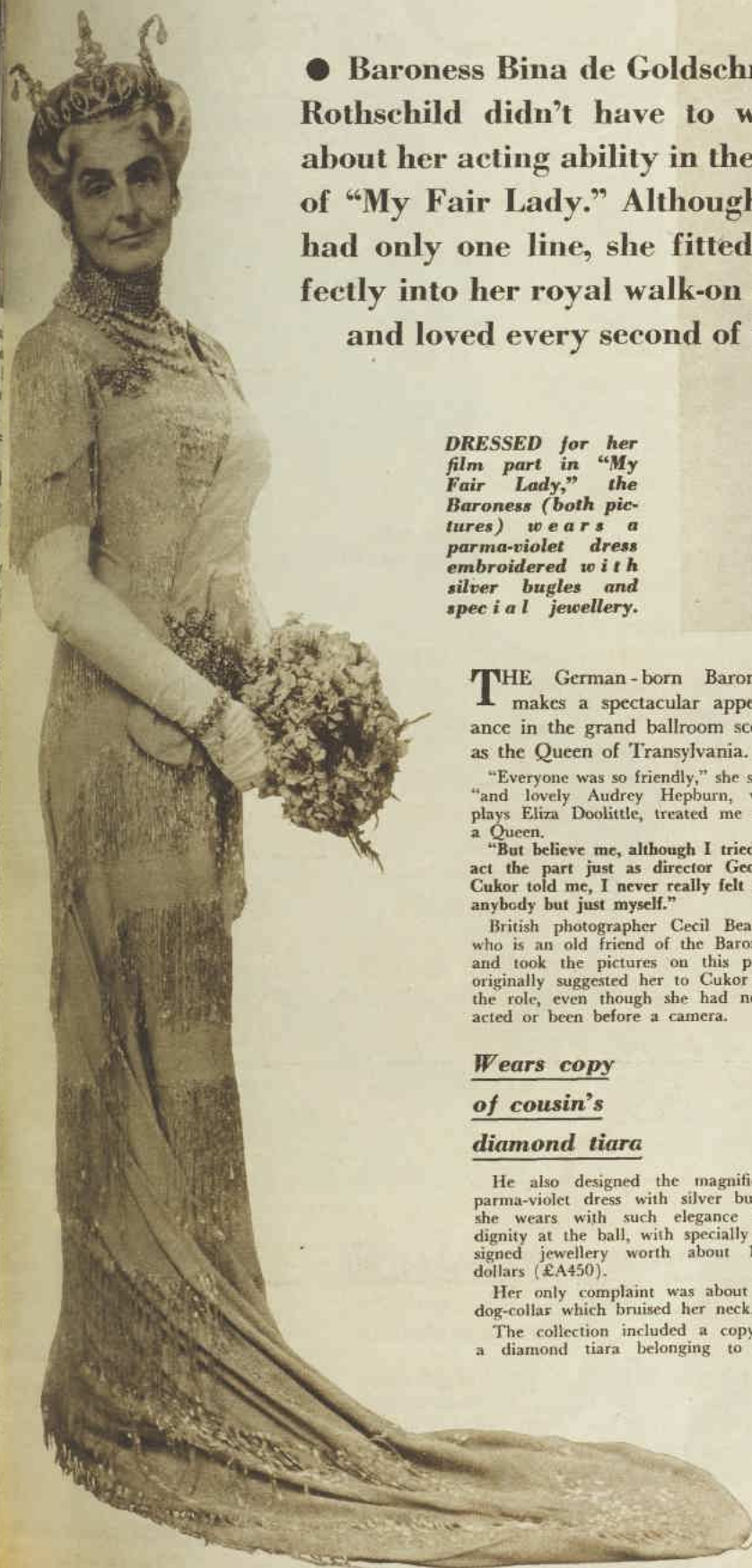
She is an excellent cook, and describes her type of cooking as "international," since she has lived all over the world and has many bloods in her veins.

Her paternal grandmother, whose lovely portrait hangs in the living-room, was Scotch-Irish. Her maternal great-grandfather was a nephew of the famous French statesman, Talleyrand.

Besides being able to cook, the Baroness can repair anything around the house. She is proud of this accomplishment and gets a great kick out of it.

Her son Patrick (who left the family banking business after several years with it in Europe and New York, because "it just wasn't for him") needed a workshop for his hobby—motor-cars.

Who built it for him single-handed? His mother, film-star Baroness Bina de Goldschmidt-Rothschild, of course! Patrick now sells Volkswagens.





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broken
sleep...*



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he knows*

ST755/64

The chauffeur remembers—

When the ostrich plumes nodded *

* This meant Madam's visitors had too much afternoon tea.



WALLY HOOKE. "Sir John thought I was kissing his niece."

By CAROL BERTIE

● When they found a moth-eaten brown derby among six old hats behind a hat-rack during alterations to Government House in Melbourne, memories flocked back to 74-year-old Wally Hooke.

HE recognised it as Sir John Forrest's missing hat, lost after a Government House reception in 1911. The large (19 stone) and imposing Sir John had had it sent out from England.

To Mr. Hooke, of Kew, Victoria, now a widower and retired, the hat brings back all the glory of Melbourne "in its zenith" when he was Sir John Forrest's chauffeur. "Melbourne was a much gayer town then," says Wally Hooke. "These days all it thinks about is the cash register."

Sir John Forrest was a Western Australian greatly acclaimed for his exploring and work as Surveyor-General, then as the State's first Premier, then, as a Federation figure, the new Commonwealth's Treasurer. He told young Wally Hooke it cost him up to £2000 a year to be a Parliamentarian, but that it would be "the end of politics when you get the professional man in it to make money."

Mr. Hooke said: "Federal Parliament met in Melbourne then, of course, and Sir John and Lady Forrest, their niece, Muriel,

myself, and the Clement-Talbot car would all board the Orient liner in Perth, all land in Adelaide, drive up to a reception there, get back on the boat, and so to Melbourne.

"For three months the Forrests would live at the Windsor Hotel. The car would go into one of the row of locked cages kept at Kellow Falkner's garage, and I went into a pub opposite.

"Old man Damman would be standing on his corner on a fine sunny morning in Collins Street smoking 'so the people of Melbourne would know the fragrance of a really good cigar."

"Every morning while society was sleeping until noon (we never got in before midnight), I got out bright and early to clean the car. Off the main streets the roads were unmade, very dirty, especially in the wet weather.

"I would use a tin of boot polish every morning shining up the black leather mudguards till they shone like Sir John's special London-made elastic-side boots.

"There was enough brass to shame a fire-engine, and the bloom of 18 separate coats of varnish on the all-wood coachwork to be kept up."

He remembers flagging a bit and neglecting to clean the right-hand side one morning, only to have Sir John go round and get in on the right.

"He just gave me a look. I never did see him lose his temper but once—all was icy calm and he had very great dignity," said Mr. Hooke.

"That time we were coming home at midnight from Government House, Sir John and Lady Forrest in the back, and Muriel beside me to get the fresh air in the front seat. Remember, there were no front doors.

"Well, Muriel fainted and was falling out. I dropped the



LADY FORREST. Her pearls were a problem.



SIR JOHN. His under-butler was a count.

wheel, grabbed her with one hand (her pearls flew everywhere) and held the hand-brake with the other.

"Sir John roared from the back—I think he thought I was kissing her.

"Next morning I had to go back and find all the pearls scattered round the gutter.

"I took them in to Lady Forrest, got an apology, a glass of champagne when I was shown in to see Miss Muriel, and a few sovereigns.

"Lady Forrest's pearls were said to be specially fine ones. She had dummy sets made, but she used to get them mixed up with the real ones every now and then and I'd take the lot in a tin box

round to Stewart Dawson's to be sorted out.

"Not again!" they used to say.

What does he miss most of those days gone?

The manners — "I knew ladies and gentlemen, lords and duchesses who were as ugly as sin but charming, with such manners! Manners have got very ugly these days.

"I think it all made me a bit of a snob. But great people are not snobs. I remember John Forrest handing out sovereigns to natives. They thought the picture of Edward VII was Big Fella John Forrest — they loved him.

"I can even remember seeing Edward VII himself outside the Grand Hotel in Brighton posing for photographers in a Daimler, with a

motoring cap and a big cigar, around 1904."

Sir John Forrest kept two butlers; the under-butler was an aged Hungarian count who had seen grander days.

Mr. Hooke, too, was no ordinary chauffeur. At 16½ he walked, arrayed in top-hat and formal attire, on the floor of the London Stock Exchange with his broker father, but he didn't like the firm his father put him into.

So he came to Australia.

"There I was six months later, sitting on a stump in W.A. laughing my head off with a fellow cutting down trees. But a friend of ours at home had one of the old 28-36 chain-drive Daimlers and he had taught me to drive it, so I worked for the Forrests at £3/10/- a week and keep.

"Chauffeuring was a glamor job in those days. There was an art in driving. Any fool could drive once starter motors came in, and accidents came when amateurs replaced professional drivers.

"You try cranking up a 60-horsepower four-cylinder Rolls high-compression engine on a cold and frosty morning — no job for a woman. I'm willing to bet you couldn't get it into top gear without stopping the engine.

"These days one has to do a whole lot of menial jobs like window-cleaning and what-not. But then you bought only the chassis of your car from Rolls-Royce or someone and had the entire body built to order, costing anything from £1000

To page 17

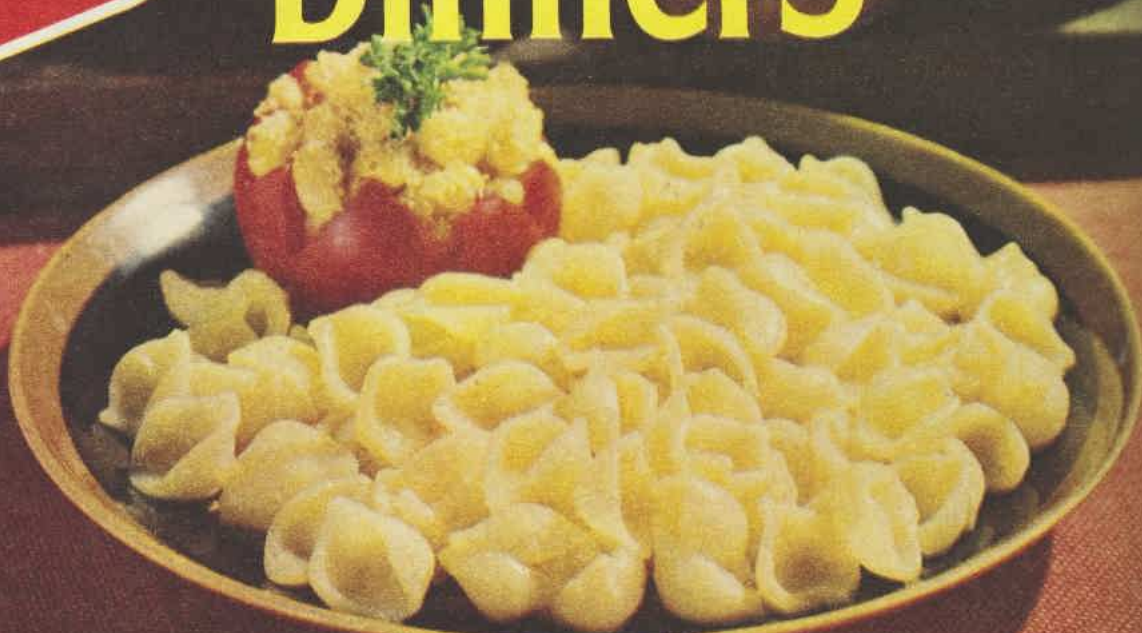


EDWARD VII. He posed for photographs in a Daimler.

Sensational new food idea!



Noodle Dinners



Tempting egg noodles with spicy Italian-style sauces!

Until now it would have taken hours to prepare a dinner dish as delicious and interesting as this. But now you need only 10 minutes — and Alpine Noodle Dinners! Inside the Noodle Dinner packet you'll find all the ingredients for four generous serves.

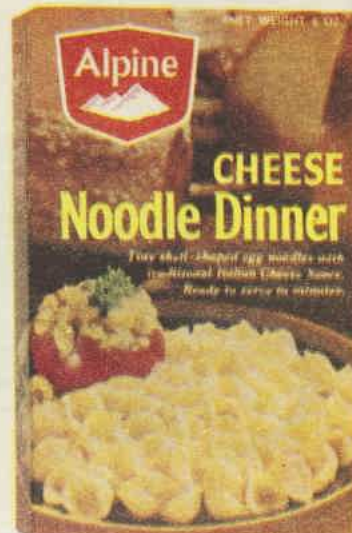
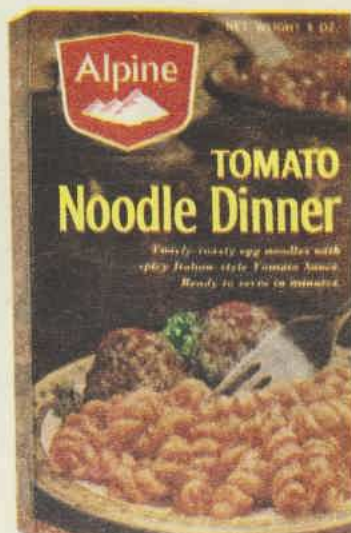
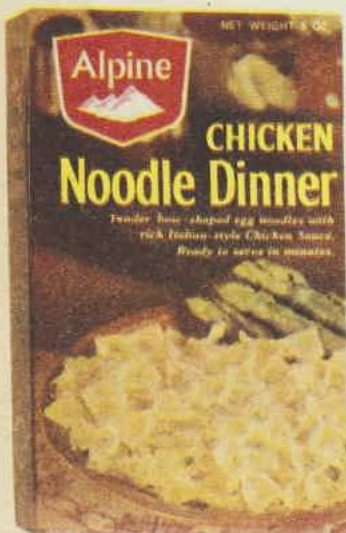
**3 FLAVOURS
CHICKEN,
TOMATO OR
CHEESE!**

There are noodles, tiny and tempting, in three different shapes for the three delicious flavours. And there are sauce mixes, specially adapted to suit Australian tastes from traditional Continental recipes. Dish up a Noodle Dinner tonight!

CHICKEN Tender bow-shaped egg noodles with delicious Italian-style chicken sauce.

TOMATO Twisty-twirly egg noodles with spicy Italian-style tomato sauce.

CHEESE Tiny shell-shaped egg noodles with rich traditional Italian cheese sauce.



*Ready to serve
in only
10 minutes!*

TRY AN ALPINE NOODLE DINNER
Tonight!



Prince Andrew and his baby brother

Page 10

CHARMING STUDY by Cecil Beaton of sturdy Prince Andrew, aged 4, nursing his brother Prince Edward in the Music Room at Buckingham Palace. Prince Edward, born on March 10, is the Queen's fourth child and is third in line of succession to the Throne, after brothers Prince Charles and Prince Andrew.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 5, 1947



Princess Margaret and her baby daughter

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

LADY SARAH ARMSTRONG-JONES, aged 10½ weeks, was all blue eyes and lace, photographed in her mother's arms through the window of the car arriving at Buckingham Palace for her christening. In the car with them were the baby's father, Lord Snowdon, and brother, Lord Linley, 2½.

Page 11

Someone isn't using



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Love Letters

Hovis Bread presents number 9 in a series of famous Love Letters for your enjoyment.

LORD NELSON TO LADY HAMILTON

("St. George" at sea, March 6, 1801): Just anchored in the sea, thick as mud. I am really miserable; I look at all your pictures, at your dear hair, I am ready to cry, my heart is so full. Then I think you may see that fellow. I should never forgive it. It would go near to kill me; but I never will believe it till I know it for certain . . .

Three o'clock—in sight of Yarmouth. With what different sensations to what I saw it before! Then I was with all I hold dear in the world; now, unless the pleasure I shall have in reading your dear, dear letters, how different to the approach. Although we are too late for the post, yet Hardy will take this letter on shore . . . May the heavens bless my own dear friend and let me read happy and good news from her.



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THE ACTING-PRESIDENT of the Black and White Committee, Mrs. Richard Harford (left), with Mrs. Howard Rivett and Mrs. John Coghlan (right) at the committee's lunch and parade of spring millinery held at The Hunter's Lodge, Double Bay, to aid the Royal Blind Society. Mrs. Harford welcomed the guests.



ENGAGED: Miss Gillian Burns and Mr. Warwick Ingall, who will marry early next year. Miss Burns is daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Burns, of Vaucluse, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Ingall, of Cremorne. Miss Burns is wearing an engagement ring of diamonds in an antique gold setting.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

MANY country and city guests will attend a reception at "Palmerston," Armidale, the lovely home of the bridegroom's parents, after the wedding of Helen McGlynn and Bill Dangar at St. Peter's Cathedral, Armidale, on August 29.

The couple are still being feted at pre-wedding parties, and on August 1 will be guests of honor at a cellar tea given by Bill's brother and sister-in-law, John and Robyn Dangar, and David and Margaret Wright at their home, "Courallie," Wollomondi.

Helen, who is the daughter of Mrs. C. C. McGlynn, of Armidale, and of the late Major L. W. McGlynn, will have Judith Bowman, Sue Smith, and Libby Nelson as bridesmaids and Suzannah Dangar as flowergirl.

Bill, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dangar, will be attended by his brother, John, Peter Mesley, and Christopher Creal.

When they return from their honeymoon the newlyweds will live on Bill's property, "Woodbine," Tenterfield, in a charming 80-year-old house. Features of the home include a wrought-iron verandah and two rooms panelled throughout with silky oak.

I HEAR that Lady Portarlington will leave by air on August 3 for a ten-day holiday in Kenya, East Africa, before going on to Ross-shire, Scotland, where she will stay with her parents, Sir Edward and Lady Windley. Lord Portarlington will join her in Scotland later next month, and on their way back to Australia in three months' time they will visit New York and Canada. By the way, Lady Portarlington's brother, John, who is visiting Sydney, also leaves in August to holiday in New Zealand.

MANY gay bon voyage parties are being given for Captain and Mrs. A. W. Salisbury, who leave on August 2 for five months in America and Europe. One of the most successful parties was a surprise dinner given last

week by the Salisburys' daughter, Mrs. Frank MacPower, and her husband at their Double Bay home. Highlights of the trip will be a visit to Washington, where Captain and Mrs. Salisbury will see their other son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Welsh.

NEW from London . . . David Hall and his wife, formerly Judy Whitelaw, of "Wendouree," Merriwa, leaving in September for Beirut, where they will live for the next three years . . . Barbara and Richard Gibb, who have a lovely flat in Belgravia, are setting off next month to holiday in Belgium, Holland, and France . . . Michael and Bunny Gardiner-Hill are receiving congratulations on the birth of their second daughter, whom they have named Carolyn.

MRS. ROSITA NASH, of Paris, is looking forward to "reunion with old friends" at the party she will give at the Belvedere Hotel on August 6. Mrs. Nash (formerly Mrs. Pierre Montalette), who lived at Rose Bay many years ago, is holidaying in Australia for three weeks. She will stay in Bowral with Mr. and Mrs. John Read, leaving, later next month, for Switzerland, where she will stay in Gstaad with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Nash, who, incidentally, will visit Sydney in October.

A MUST date for the diary . . . the Black and White Committee's "A Night with Winifred Atwell" at Chequers, on Sunday, August 16.



AT RECEPTION: Mr. Albert Joris (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Messara at the party given by the Consul-General for Belgium, Mr. Armand Coesens, and Mrs. Coesens, at the consulate in Woolahra to celebrate Belgium's National Day. More than 200 guests attended the reception. Mrs. Messara wore a two-piece grey suit.



FOURSOME (from left) Miss Anne Boase, Midshipman Michael Dunne, Miss Virginia Loxton, and Midshipman Vincent Nolan at the Graduation Ball which was held at the Royal Australian Naval College, Jervis Bay, after the annual Passing Out Parade. The midshipmen were among a class of 33 who graduated from the college.

A GALA NIGHT TO HONOR DOBELL



ABOVE: Miss Sancha Borill and Mr. Peter Ker-ville at the gala reception given by the Art Gallery Society at the Art Gallery of New South Wales, to mark the retrospective exhibition of the works of William Dobell. They are photographed beside Dobell's portrait of American businessman Mr. Frederic G. Donner, which was used as a cover on "Time" magazine in 1962.



THE ARTIST, Mr. William Dobell, who was guest-of-honor at the reception, chatting with Mrs. Humfry Henchman, wife of the senior vice-president of the Art Gallery Society (left), and Mrs. Arthur Chartres.



ABOVE: Sir Hudson and Lady Fysh pictured in front of the portrait of Sir Hudson exhibited by Dobell in the 1950 Archibald Prize Competition. The 223 paintings in the exhibition, which presents a survey of Dobell's work from 1926, were lent by the Duke of Edinburgh, and owners throughout Australia, Great Britain, France, the U.S.A., and Malaysia.



ATTRACTIVE Mrs. Brian Ettelson pictured beside Dobell's portrait of Dame Mary Gilmore which was an exhibit in the 1957 Archibald Prize Exhibition. Mrs. Ettelson wore a slim-fitting dress of re-embroidered ribbon lace and a black organza "Tom Jones" bow in her hair.

TRIO (from left) Mrs. Dick Opie with Mr. Justice and Mrs. Bruce Macfarlan, at the Art Gallery Society's reception. During the evening a champagne and chicken supper was served to the guests, who were welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Henchman and council members of the society. The exhibition will close on August 30.

Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964



SERIOUS effort to obey Dean Dixon's request, "Listen carefully," is made here.



LISTENER Paul Cadordato, of Glebe, Sydney, is watching the percussion.



SOME members of youthful audience found Bach and Beethoven too much at first, so they covered their ears.



GRIPPED by "spooky" snatches from Schoenberg is this four-year-old boy.

Dean Dixon's CONCERT FOR CHILDREN



● The first impact of great music on a child should be linked with pleasurable experiences. This is the view of Mr. Dean Dixon, director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.

AND so at his first concert of its kind for Australian toddlers at the Sydney Town Hall last week, 120 three- and four-year-olds had a wow of a time, while their subconscious minds soaked up the names of Beethoven, Bach, and "Mr. Mozart," along with snatches of their works.

The programme ranged from the opening bars of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to Schubert and Stravinsky, and ended on a party note with "Happy Birthday To You."

The children were then invited to "make friends" with members of the orchestra, to touch, and even play, any of the instruments.

The tiny tots took over and pandemonium broke loose. Mr. Dixon beamed.

"Although they're so young, in years to come this meeting with music will remain as memorable for most of them as their first visit to a circus," he said.

Dean Dixon believes a child's musical education should begin at home, with the playing of such recordings as Beethoven's

Fourth Symphony, as background music to domestic routine.

"It should always synchronise with happy events in the household, played when family is relaxing over a meal or as a bedtime story lullaby.

By **MARY COLES**

"No attempt should be made to make the child consciously in the work which has been played at least a hundred times."

"Then, when the composition has a familiar ring, parents can use its name."

He says a child should be guided to developing a great liking for music from beginning music lessons.

And beginners should start with "easy" instruments, such as flute, trumpet or even drums, so that their early musical education will mean playing with others.

"I prefer this group-effort approach to the long and lonely hours of isolation from others practising at a piano."

LEFT: Orchestra member Ceska Baret and young music lover play a viola "duet" after the concert.

RIGHT: Chris Livingstone, 3, is deaf and heard music for first time when Cliff Goodchild played a tuba.



FLAUTIST Colin Evans plays an original work with notes supplied by new devotee of the classics (at left).



JOINT effort by two boys (right) to play a viola supervised by Ronald Cragg, of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra.





CONCERT was conducted by Dean Dixon in the Sydney Town Hall, where children sat on kindergarten chairs surrounded by members of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Some children kept time by waving their arms and tapping their feet. Others covered their ears from the unfamiliar sounds.



HARP held such fascination for Natalie Gould she pressed her face against the strings to feel the vibration, after a try at twanging them.



ASPIRING conductors Michael English (left) and John Attard mounted rostrum to "stand-in" for Dixon.

ABOVE: During concert Pnina Bloch, of Bellevue Hill, was entranced by the playing of cellist Gregory Elmalogou. The little girl is four years old.



It can't wash the dishes

I help mother with the housework. But nothing beats a Honda for a shopping trip. It carries home a week's purchases for the whole family in one trip.

You see so many Hondas these days. And you meet the nicest people on them. So many everywhere are discovering this new way of living.

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MARIA IU with her koalas, reminders of the 12 years she spent in Queensland.



She speaks Chinese — with an Aussie accent

"WHENEVER my family see anything about Australia on the TV," she said in an accent unmistakably Australian, "they give a shout and, man, I'm dashing there!"

This same accent has startled many an Australian passenger being served aboard the aircraft on which Maria works as flight hostess. It is possible that the Chinese passengers are even more startled, for she speaks Cantonese — the dialect of Hong Kong — also with an Australian accent.

Maria spent 12 years in Queensland.

She attended St. Patrick's Convent School in Gympie and did her training as a nursing sister at Brisbane's Mater Hospital.

She returned to Hong Kong for six months, but came back to the Mater for her midwifery training.

● Maria Iu is a Chinese girl with a British passport, Australian nursing certificates, and an air-hostess job in the East. But her heart is in Brisbane.

By that time she had fallen in love with Brisbane.

"It's so quiet and peaceful," she said wistfully. "Hong Kong is beautiful, but so crowded."

"And the people in Brisbane were so kind to us."

"There were 60 of us in the Chinese Students' Club, and we all thought the people in Brisbane were the greatest!"

Maria returned to Hong Kong last year to live with her recently widowed mother, a younger sister who teaches school, and a small brother and sister still in primary school.

Until her two older brothers complete their graduate studies at Queensland University, her duty as the eldest daughter of a Cantonese family will be to remain with her mother.

In Hong Kong Maria wears the cheongsam, the high-collared, fitted dress so becoming to Chinese girls.

She wore one once in Brisbane and stopped traffic when she crossed the road.

"Since that night I have always worn Western clothes when I am away from home," she said.

The only thing Australian

which Maria finds second best is the cooking.

"Of course," she said, "I ate mostly boarding-school and hospital food, and it was always fashionable to complain about these, so I suppose I'm being rather unfair."

Her family look askance at her devotion to a beverage she learned to love in Australia — fresh milk!

The Chinese are not milk-drinkers, and even small children refuse it.

"When I drink milk here," Maria said, "they call me Sai Kwai — Western Ghost."

It is not hard to imagine where Maria will go when her brothers come home.

"It will be Brisbane," she said.

"I'll visit Sydney, which is a charming city, but too much like Hong Kong — too sophisticated, too noisy."

By
DORIS RICH

SIR JOHN'S CHAUFFEUR

From page 7

to £12,000, preferably by Hoopers.

The old Clement-Talbot I drove for Sir John weighed a couple of tons. I used to kid myself I could do 60 miles an hour on a straight road. A few weeks ago I drove a Ford Thunderbird at 100 m.p.h. for a friend."

Wally Hooke rejected an invitation to be chauffeur to Dame Nellie Melba in her Pierce-Arrow. She was a friend of Sir John and Lady Forrest and stayed at their house, "The Bungalow" (it stood formerly in now busy Hay Street, Perth).

"She was too temperamental," he said. "She had a wonderful voice, but we heard it too much. Give me Joan Sutherland any day."

"I can still remember Nellie Melba shaking cock-tails (very new then) in the butler's pantry in Perth, and Lady Forrest very shocked because she had only her negligee on in front of a young fellow like me."

"One had to use discretion. Another friend of Lady Forrest's had exactly the same kind of car, and after they had had a pleasant afternoon's entertainment she was very cross. 'What are you doing in my car, young man?' she demanded. Her chauffeur and I solemnly swapped cars for the trip home."

"In those days one could tell if a lady had had something to drink by the wobble of the ostrich feathers on her hat. People drank a good deal, but did not perhaps show it so much."

"We depended a lot on tipping, of course. I am very admiring of Snudge's technique on TV in 'Bootsie and Snudge' — I'll be leaving you now, Sir, h'mm . . ."

"I can remember receiving up to 20 sovereigns on Melbourne Cup day. There were always a few from Lady Forrest, too."

"The last time I saw Sir John was when I went off to the 1914-18 war."

"I went up to the Windsor (he was over for Parliament)

and he put his fingers into his usual little waistcoat pocket (it must have gone down to the knee, that little pocket, it was never empty) and gave me a fistful of sovereigns — about £8."

Mr. Hooke married a French girl when he was serving with the first Australian Army mechanical transport unit to go abroad, the Ninth Army Service Company. After the war he drove the Marquis of Linlithgow round the battlefields of France and Belgium.

The Hookees returned to Australia in the mid-twenties, and Mr. Hooke drove the late Sidney Myer for a while. Then they went back to England.

He says, "I never went back to chauffeur after returning to England, because by then all the glamor had gone out of it. These days it's cleaning windows and raking up leaves and all sorts of things — not the same at all."

In World War II he served as a first-class



DAME NELLIE

warrant-officer in charge of workshop repairs with the British Army. After the war he and his wife came back to Australia. Seven years ago he was widowed.

His son is now a senior French master in Melbourne, and his daughter is married to a B.O.A.C. pilot, after a career as a secretary.

"She used to take dictation in French from Premier Spaak, of Belgium, and write it straight into English shorthand, and she could do it the other way round, too. She also did some French Secret Service work," he said.

INVESTMENT GUIDE

This week: Poultry Suppliers

By MARY BROKER

● The defensive nature of the food industry is a subject I have discussed before, and as more and more Australian food processors are absorbed by large international concerns the desirability of the handful of excellent stocks remaining is increasingly attractive.

FOR those of you who are new readers, the term, "defensive" is applied to the food industry because food is the basic of all basics.

In a slump people must do without cars, television sets, and washing machines. Large industrial organisations must do without new plant and equipment.

But everybody must eat.

This is just one strong argument in favor of the food industry. Another is the continuous growth in Australian population, which by 1972 is expected to be more than 14,000,000.

This population rise is an inbuilt growth factor for the food industry; as markets widen, demand must continue upwards.

A third argument is the tremendous population upsurge north of Australia in South-East Asia.

These countries, and, in particular Japan, are experiencing vast improvements in their standard of living.

Enterprising food companies, noting the potential, have already opened up markets and, I believe, are doing extremely well.

One group of companies within the food industry which I have so far only touched on is the poultry processors.

I don't know if you have noticed, as I have, the displays of frozen chickens which have appeared in all food departments over the past few years.

Poultry, before that, was to Australians like steak to Americans — an expensive delicacy eaten only at Christmas and other special occasions.

Now, however, with new processing methods, poultry has come within the weekly budget of most families.

Americans, I am told, consume approximately 30lb. of poultry per head per year, and while Australian per capita consumption is only around 10lb. annually, this rate is increasing rapidly.

The biggest

With increased demand, the processors can benefit from the economies of mass production, and it is for this reason I am talking this week of only the two largest poultry companies in Australia.

The largest is Provincial Traders Holdings Ltd., which I mentioned at some length when discussing the growth of Queensland.

The company's basic business is the production of Kirrabelle margarine, which is still the main source of income and provides a good steady basis on which to build.

It was only in 1960 that directors decided to enter the broiler chicken field, and Provincial Traders is now the largest in the game, marketing under the Dixie brand throughout Queensland, N.S.W., and Victoria, where the great bulk of Australia's population lives.

Another still more recent innovation is the production of Dixie-Pit frozen vegetables, which use the same marketing outlets as the chicken division.

All in all, this is a highly successful company, with a solid increase in profits every year.

While issues to date have not been overly generous, the potential is there.

At current prices of 18/9, 100 5/- shares would cost about £96 for a meagre dividend return of £2/10/- a year. However, I feel a purchase would bring increasing benefits in the long term.

Golden

The second company is Golden Poultry Farming Industries Ltd., who were studying the future of the industry as far back as 1955.

Extensive breeding and cross-breeding experiments were conducted, and eventually a means was found of supplying a reasonably cheap chicken to the Australian market.

Tests are still being carried out from year to year, and the company's attention to quality is certainly paying off.

Only a small company (ordinary capital is just over £200,000), Golden Poultry was not listed until 1961.

The first year was not exciting, as earning rate was just 9.7%, but last year profit more than trebled, and earning rate soared to 26%.

Sales for the first half of the current year were 54% higher than in the previous corresponding period, and, according to directors, "sales showed a commensurate increase." The company intends to make a 1.5 new issue in September.

This is a company I find exciting, and I am sure that a purchase of 100 5/- shares at 16/10 would prove rewarding. Dividend return would be £2/10/- at the current 10% rate.



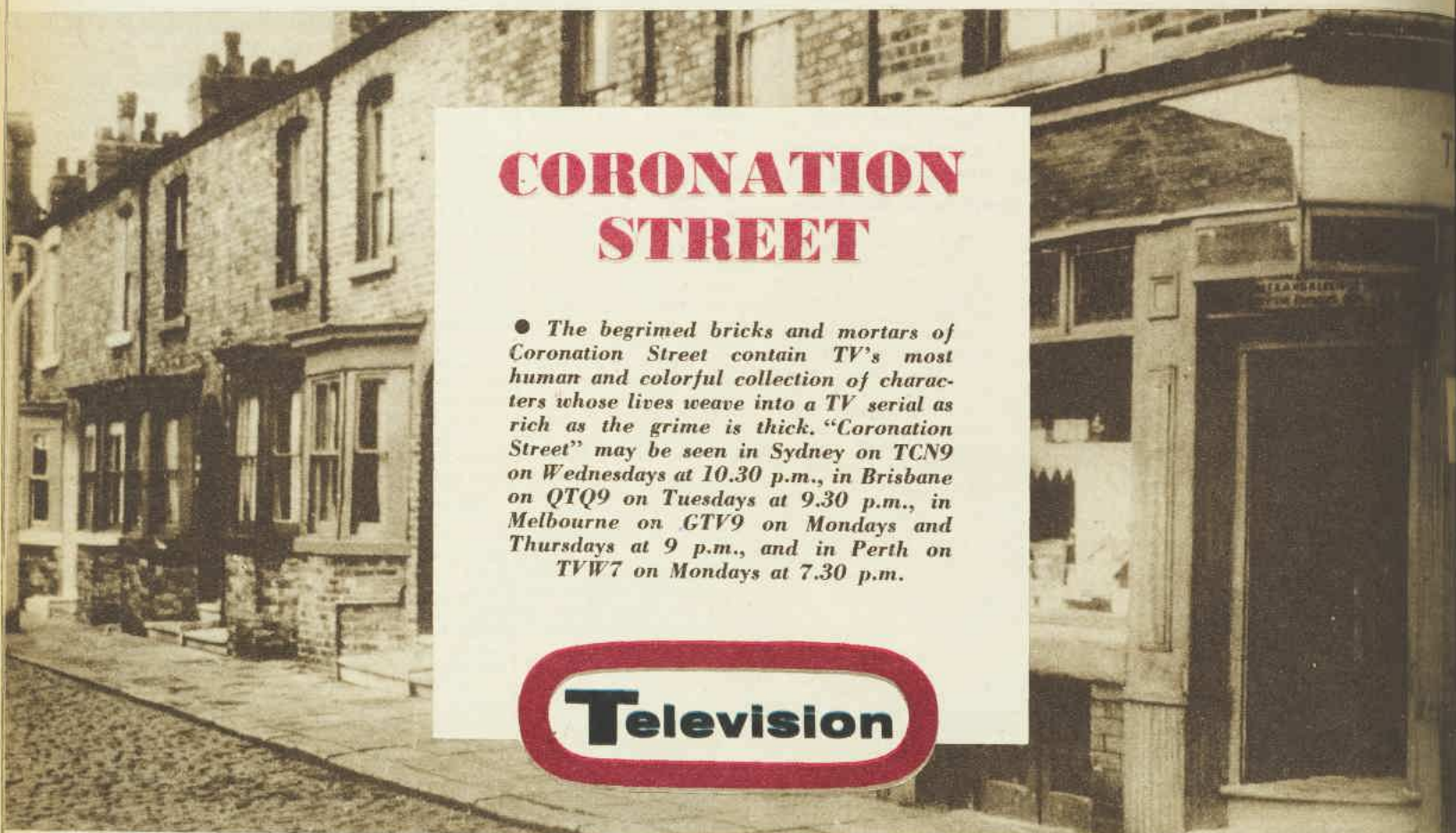
HARRY HEWITT (Ian Beavis), a bus inspector whose daughter is in a home.



FLORRIE LINLEY (Betty Alberge) runs the corner shop, knows everyone's taste.



THE BARLOWS. Ken Barlow (Bill Roache) with parents Frank and Ida.



CORONATION STREET

● The begrimed bricks and mortars of Coronation Street contain TV's most human and colorful collection of characters whose lives weave into a TV serial as rich as the grime is thick. "Coronation Street" may be seen in Sydney on TCN9 on Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m., in Brisbane on QTQ9 on Tuesdays at 9.30 p.m., in Melbourne on GTV9 on Mondays and Thursdays at 9 p.m., and in Perth on TVW7 on Mondays at 7.30 p.m.

Television

CONSTANT companion of Martha and Ena is doleful Minnie (Margot Bryant).



MARTHA LONGHURST (Lynne Carol) is a gossipy cleaning friend of Ena Sharples.



ENA SHARPLES (Violet Carson) is the garrulous caretaker of the Church Hall.



9's DOUBLE SCOOP

Rubinstein AND Jane Powell

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Music from the hand of a master, Artur Rubinstein, and from former movie singing star Jane Powell should make two coming TCN9 shows memorable.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN, 75-year-old pianist who has just finished a wildly enthusiastic Australian season, will make his only TV appearance on Saturday, August 1, at 8.30 p.m., a "BP Super Show."

Jane Powell will sing for half an hour in The Jane Powell Show at 9.45 p.m. on Sunday, August 2.

Rubinstein is a perfectionist. He arrived at the studio for a rehearsal at 3.30 p.m., rehearsed non-stop till dinner time, had a brief break and began taping in a session that lasted till midnight.

Rubinstein said he was "quite nervous" about the show, and would allow no one in the studio except his son John, who acted as entor.

Although he is a veteran of probably thousands of recitals, Rubinstein's TV appearances are rare. "The BP Super Show" is only the fourth TV programme he has made.

Dissatisfied with his playing in the first video-taping, Rubinstein insisted on repeating the whole show, and at the end of the second

take remade the last item, de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance," after a consultation with his son.

The full Rubinstein programme is "Polonaise in A Flat, Opus 53" (Chopin), "Le Plus Que Lente" (Debussy), "Prelude in A Minor" (Debussy), "Nocturne for the Left Hand"

Television

(Alexandre Scriabine), "Punchinello" (Villa-Lobos), and "Ritual Fire Dance."

In her own field Jane Powell is as much of a perfectionist as Rubinstein.

She spares no effort to achieve the standard she demands of herself, never ever lapses into that comfortable state of leaning on her former reputation.

Viewers are unhappily familiar with this act from some overseas entertainers who have visited Australia, but Jane Powell is a polished performer to whom such a performance would be alien.

The keynote of her show is simplicity, and with her personality and voice it adds up to a delightful half-hour.



● Alike in their dedicated approach to their art — pianist Artur Rubinstein, singer Jane Powell.



AUSTRALIA'S art calendar should certainly mark down July, 1964, as the month of Dobell.

The magnificent retrospective exhibition of his work at the National Art Gallery in Sydney began: a book about him by art critic James Gleeson was published, TV documentaries were made about him.

ABC-TV made two Dobell documentaries.

I have rarely enjoyed anything as much as the first of the documentaries. It opened at a Press preview of the retrospective collection, but concentrated on an interview by Peter MacGregor with Dobell — a splendid interview — at his home in Wangi on Lake Macquarie.

The interview revealed Dobell as painfully sensitive and painfully honest.

It also revealed the quality that I think makes ordinary people admire him so much — he is a real Australian battler.

He finds painting hard, he says; he doesn't think he is very good at "getting a likeness"; he finds it difficult to start painting; he is lazy. Yet, despite this, he continues to reward the world with his beautiful work.

He battles, too, against critics, the views and trends of art coteries, and public opinion.

He said it was the court case in which his award of the Archibald Prize for a portrait of artist Joshua Smith was disputed that made him really famous.

The story of the picture

of Joshua Smith, as Dobell told it on TV, was like one of those bitter O. Henry short stories.

He told how he won the case and held the prize, but felt the publicity and criticism so deeply that he left the city, when, for the first time, he could have made thousands of pounds; he retired to Wangi and didn't paint for 12 months.

The story had its 1964 footnote. Dobell showed viewers the remnants of the Joshua Smith portrait, as it is today, a remnant salvaged from a fire.

It had been returned to him for restoration, but all that remained was the hands. Dobell said he could not restore it, or did he plan to repaint the portrait.

"I was really glad when I heard it had been burned," he said.

It was a most interesting interview. Many of Dobell's pictures were shown and Dobell talked about them.

Dobell's own thoughts about some of the pictures he has painted were so down to earth, so straightforward that I was disappointed in the second documentary, in which art critic James Gleeson took viewers round the retrospective exhibition, giving their history, his views and interpretation of the paintings. It seemed synthetic after hearing Dobell.

I didn't enjoy the second Dobell documentary. I would rather have seen the first one again. Let us hope it is repeated before long.

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9662 Shadow-Prufe nylon Slip. Sizes 32-40. White, Pink Magic, Sea Mist and Spun Gold: 39/11. Matching Half-Slip 29/11, and Briefs 13/11.



THE FUR SET

THE ways-with-fur season has set in among the ladies of TV. Leader of the band is ABC-TV presentation officer Diana Ward, who wears a mink neckpiece in varying ways and really gave the girls something to compete with recently when she appeared in a very décolleté off-the-shoulder fur arrangement.

Keeping up with Diana, A.B.C.'s junior presentation girl, Robyn Slater, appeared one night later looking as if she were sitting in a box at the opera wearing mink.

Del Cartwright, a TV durable premiering her new ATN7 Sunday programme (an impressive one), entered the mink field next with a low mink-edged neckline and a jewelled, upswept hairdo.

The strictly head and shoulders view that is all that is allowed intrigues me. What do the ladies wear from the waist down in this bitter wintry weather with these grande toilette tops? Skirts? Leotards? Tapered woollen slacks? Fur-lined flying boots?



Del Cartwright



Diana Ward

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964



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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

"Members of the wedding"

STRONGLY disagree with "Not Sophisticated" (Jd.), who bemoans the fact that children are not welcome at weddings. A wedding is very much the bride's occasion, and her guests are those people with whom she and her husband wish to share their happiness. Go to a wedding to wish the happy couple well, and do not expect to have your all-inclusive reunion at the expense of the bride's parents.

£1/1/- to "On a Shoeing" (name supplied), Mount Lawley, W.A.

WHEN my husband and I were married last year friends brought their children along. The children had their eats before we arrived and were outside enjoying themselves while the breakfast was on, and that way everyone had a pleasant meal.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jean Iveron, Townsville, Qld.

A WEDDING is not a family reunion. The day belongs entirely to the bride and groom. Children do not appreciate weddings, and only provide needless expense.

£1/1/- to Miss L. J. Otto, Northgate, Qld.

AT the time of my marriage I had 27 nieces and nephews, all of whom were invited to the wedding. During the reception our minister said how nice it was to see so many children.

£1/1/- to "Family Affair" (name supplied), Lavington, N.S.W.

It is not sophistication but cost that excludes children from many wedding invitations. Even a small child takes a place at a table. Both my husband's parents and my own are members of large families, so our guest list had to be limited to our numerous aunts and uncles (with their respective spouses) and the eldest child only from each of their families.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. T. Baker, Montmorency, Vic.

THERE is nothing worse than children fidgeting, wriggling and giggling all through a wedding ceremony, which is supposed to be a sacred, serious, and beautiful thing. At the reception parents spend more time making sure their children behave themselves than in enjoying the festivities. A wedding is a time to join in the happiness of the bridal couple, not to exchange teasing troubles with old friends.

£1/1/- to "Don't Invite Them" (name supplied), Bardwell Park, N.S.W.

Give unto others?

FOR some years I've apparently been a thoughtless and selfish giver of gifts, quite unconsciously choosing for others things I would love to have myself. Recently my indulgent family turned the tables very effectively by presenting me on my birthday with a long-play Beatles record. I've learned my lesson.

£1/1/- to "Happy Teen Beat Mum" (name supplied), Norfolk Island, South Pacific.

Must make allowances

MY godchild, aged 2½, is learning to talk, but her limited vocabulary tends to fail her if she is called on to communicate with strangers. As she stood shy and silent recently, her elder brother put his arm round her and said defensively, "She doesn't speak English."

£1/1/- to Mrs. C. Morrison, Moonah, Tas.

Charcoal for the teeth

IN these days of fluoride talk it is interesting to hear of the lack of tooth decay in the highlands of Scotland, where the children cleaned their teeth with charcoal and were given raw stalks of cauliflower to chew.

£1/1/- to Margaret Wigg, Deniliquin, N.S.W.

Being on the safe side

THEY can say a woman is a kitten, but not a cat; a mouse, but not a rat; a chicken, but not a hen; a duck, but not a goose; a vision, but not a sight; slim, but not fat. If you keep to this you will be all right.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Alma Small, Chatswood, N.S.W.

Sugar and spice for father

MY father used to eat sugar sandwiches. He buttered a piece of bread and then sprinkled about a dessertspoon of sugar on it. Another of his favorites was bread and dripping with pepper and salt.

£1/1/- to "Sugar Baby" (name supplied), Paxton, N.S.W.

One way of doing it

MY small daughter came home from school saying that the teacher had told them to learn to read quietly to themselves. She added: "It's easy, really. You just think the words inside your head or brain." I suppose that's one way of doing it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D.P.L. (name supplied), Hastings, N.Z.

Note on return from holiday



NEW LOOK: From a conservative viewpoint.

One comes back to the city after studying the newspapers and TV

And is somewhat surprised to find that one can only see

Ladies who are muffled from neck to ankle in skivvies and boots

And who about the baretop look do not appear to give two hoots.

People, however, should restrain their optimism or fears, whichever apply,

And which vary according to age and contour and whether they are bold or shy.

December may be a more suitable month for studying form.

Meanwhile choice is not so much a matter of modesty as of keeping warm.

—DOROTHY DRAIN

When the children were ill

READING about bread and milk reminded me of melted egg (soft-boiled) and breadcrumbs, which we used to have when we were ill. I still have this sometimes when I can't think of anything else to eat.

£1/1/- to Miss P. Jewell, Moonie Ponds, Vic.

Apt description

"HE'S a sample and God never made another." This was the way a very charitable old friend of ours once described an unpopular and disagreeable acquaintance. A very quotable quote, don't you think?

£1/1/- to J. Bartlett, Glengowrie, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

A WORRIED-LOOKING woman was standing in the dress materials department fingering some grey cloth.

"What sort of garment do you want it for, madam?" the girl assistant asked.

"A rat costume," was the reply. "My boy is a rat in the school Health Week play."

The assistant showed no surprise; she was clearly used to theatrical outfitting jobs. "You might like to look at the stick-on whiskers we have in the basement," she said. "They're very good for rats and rats."

Mothers have to spend a good deal of time making costumes now. Schools are putting on plays and pageants all over the country.

At our place, for example, my son is being outfitted for a chorus part in *The Pirates of Penzance*.

The chorus in this show is divided into two sections — pirates and daughters. My son portrays a daughter, and his mother has been working flat-out.

She has to make a frilly blouse

SHOW BUSINESS

and a skirt, a mob cap, and a white nightgown.

"The pirates' mothers have all the luck," she said resentfully. "All they've got to provide is a colored shirt and pants."



My wife is an old hand at the costume business. She has handled fancy-dress parades as well as school plays.

Her advice is: Don't let them be animals or things with masks or wings. Wings tend to go lopsided — one up, one down. If possible, get them to be something that lets you use an old sheet.

Some mothers take a firm line and demand that their children have parts with easy costumes.

Mrs. Donkling is like that. When her boy, Wayne, was cast as Richard the Lion-Heart in *Robin Hood*, she flatly refused to co-operate. She said she was hanged if she would make a suit of armor, and insisted that he be one of the crowd of peasants.

Mr. Jones, the teacher who produced the play, was annoyed. He criticised Wayne's costume, saying he was too well dressed for a peasant.

But as a rule mothers have no say in the casting. It comes as a shock — as it did to our friend Mrs. O'Neill.

Kevin O'Neill was leaving for school when he said: "I've got a note for you, Mum."

He dived in the bottom of his case, under the bits of orange peel, and fished out a piece of paper that had been there a week.

"Dear Mrs. O'Neill," it said, "would you please have Kevin's Captain Cook costume for the pageant ready by Thursday?"

It was then Wednesday. She was on the job all day and had great trouble with the three-cornered hat.

Man trapped with Tiger!



Who can blame Dad for tracking down Tiger? Creamy-mild, yet full of zest, Tiger Swiss Gruyere Cheese is a delight few can resist. Cheese as only the Swiss can make it. Try it in sandwiches, on savouries or alone. Scrumptious!



Tiger Gruyere is available in handy sandwich slices as well as in the familiar triangle wedges. Buy some today!

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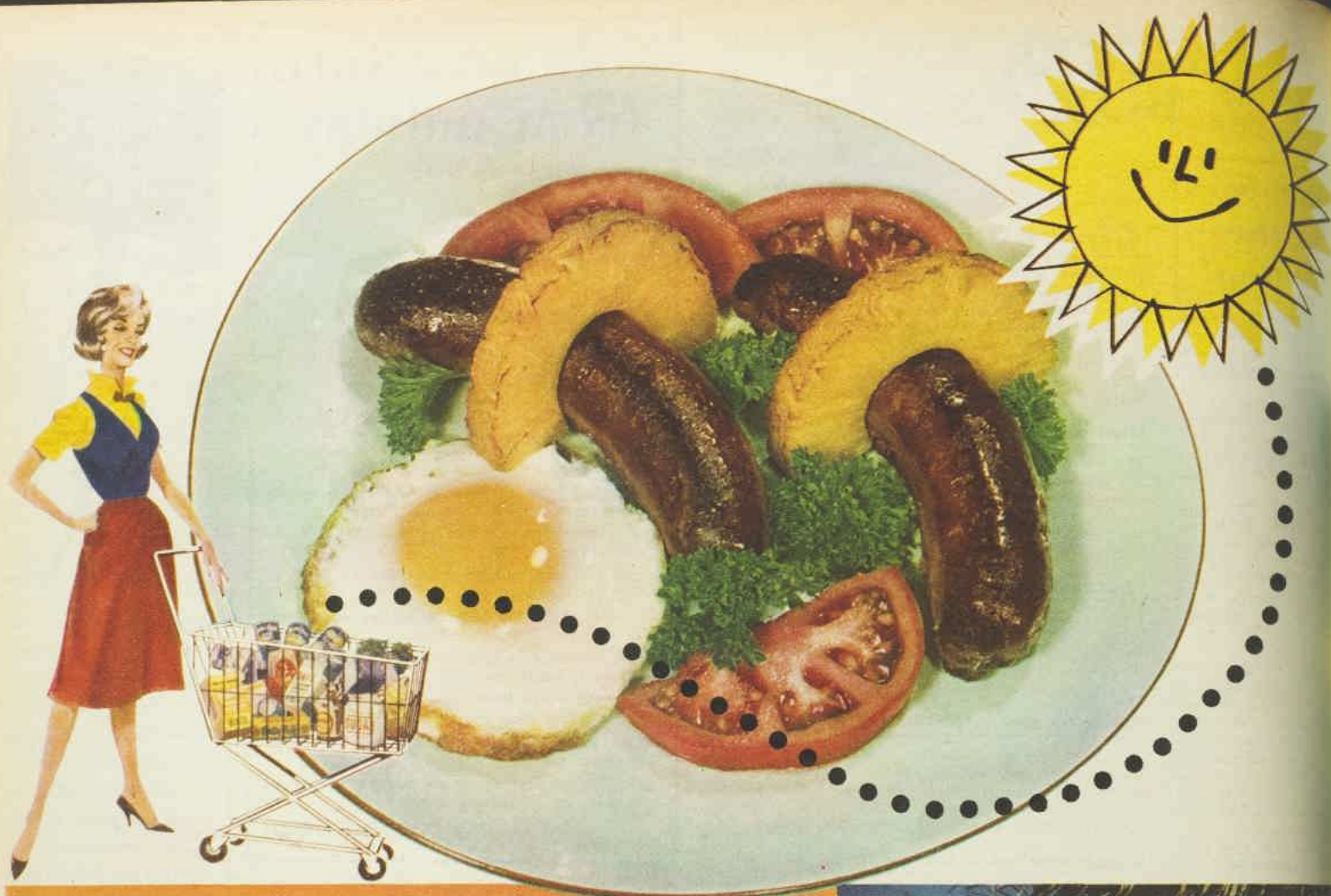
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When your back feels in a vice — muscles stiff and sore — every move a stab of pain — it is often due to accumulations of uric acid deposits in your muscles and joints. The wonder-drug THIONINE, one of the therapeutic ingredients in Mackenzie's MENTHOLS, helps your system throw off these harmful, pain-producing deposits.

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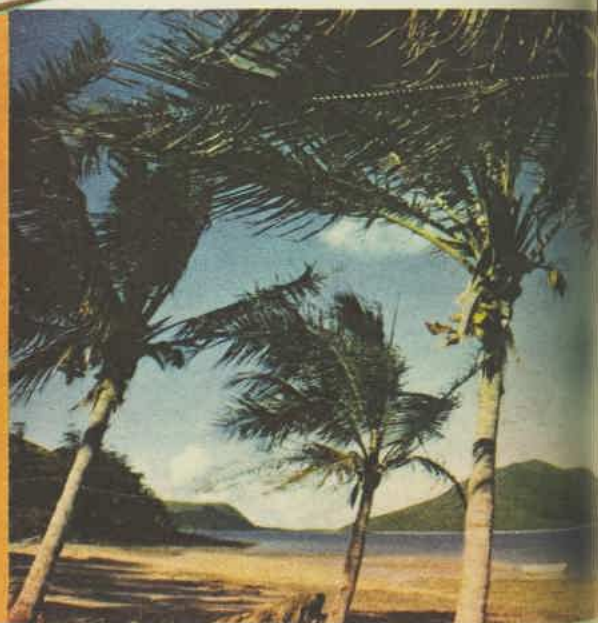


FOLLOW the SUN!

these winter breakfasts with
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SUNNY SAUSAGES

Prick and dust with flour 1lb. beef or pork sausages. Place in cold, greased pan and cook a rich brown. Place egg rings in pan and fry the required number of eggs. Place sausages and eggs on warmed plates. Drain 15oz. can **GOLDEN CIRCLE** Sliced Pineapple and pan-fry slices both sides. Place half slices over sausages and add garnish of tomato and parsley.



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Beautiful Australia

WATTLE TIME:

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

AUGUST 1 is Wattle Day, and in the first picture of our new Beautiful Australia series Golden Wattle (*Acacia decurrens*) blooms on the property of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Johnson, at Castle Hill, N.S.W. Black-faced Suffolk stud sheep laze contentedly under the fluffy golden boughs. The first organised move to name wattle the Commonwealth flower was made more than 50 years ago. For many years, on Wattle Day, the blooms were distributed (never sold) in city streets. Picture by Keith Barlow.

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● *Here, as the French wear them,
are pretty water color pastels
for the milder days to come.*

— BETTY KEEP



PINK in every shade from palest blush to deep rose is again part of the Paris spring story. Lanvin's slim pink wool coat has a self-tie belt.

BLUE of the skies is seen everywhere in Paris. Example above in smooth surface wool is by Lanvin. The coat is collarless, single-buttoned, and shows not a glimpse of the dress beneath. Note over-the-brow hat.

READY for an immediate departure into spring is this narrow pastel tweed coat with matching skirt. The turban matches a kerchief scarf.

PRE-SPRING PASTELS



MOHAIR wool suit worn with a silk blouse that is belted and worn outside the skirt is from the Guy Laroche spring collection. The hat, with its ribbon chinstrap tied in a bow, has enchanted all Paris.



CHECKED pink tweed suit from Guy Laroche has silk blouse with tie belt. Saucy little straw hat is swathed in matching silk.



DELICIOUS pink tweed coat, left, has a dress and lining of pink silk shantung. The easy-fit dress is lightly belted in narrow jewel-studded tweed. Laroche design.



ARE YOU BUSY?

Most income earners are busy people but none are too busy to ask themselves these basic questions:

Will the financial security programme I have arranged for my family do the job I want it to do?

Is it up-to-date, in tune with modern times and modern values?

Some important calculations are required to get the right answers to these all-important questions.

An A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP will enable you to get a clear picture of your situation.

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FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.



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M187



*On this cold winter's day he was
sure he could see the radiant
promise of spring in her smile*

I'LL WALK YOU HOME

BY HUGH CAVE

ILLUSTRATED

BY PETERSEN

WITHOUT consulting each other, Miss Ina Holly and Mr. Bill Mason had arrived at remarkably similar conclusions concerning matrimony.

For one thing, they were both in favor of it.

Bill, at twenty-eight, felt strongly that he had lived alone as long as any vigorous young man ought to. What was the point of having a good future and a respectable savings account—not to mention a whole hoard of stored-up affection—unless you had someone to share them with?

He wanted a wife. He had read dozens of books on marriage, was fond of children, and had all of the natural urges. Let the right girl come along and he was not only ready but almost desperately willing.

And Ina. She not only approved of marriage but

wanted a good deal more out of life than a career.

Bill and Ina lived in the same New England city and worked in the same office of the Four Winds Travel Agency. But they were practically strangers. Bill, born in New England, had never been farther west than Cincinnati, where his serenely married older sister lived. Ina had only recently been transferred from the San Francisco office.

They were aware of each other, of course. From nine to five daily they sat at desks only twenty feet apart. But it was a wide twenty feet and neither of them had done anything to shrink it.

Though Ina had often glanced at Bill's ruggedly handsome face from the corner of her eye and Bill had frequently made mental notes of her face and figure, they kept a respectful distance, lunched separately, and at the end of the day politely bid each other good night.

In spring the weather behaved abominably. Snow and sleet fell fast and thick, and traffic was at a standstill. On the worst morning of all, Ina arrived at the agency an hour late—most unusual for her—just as Bill was unlocking the office door.

They smiled at each other, took off their coats, and settled themselves at their desks. No one else even bothered to come to work.

Ina, busy sorting out travel folders, was not aware that Bill, who was an expert typist and didn't have to look at the keys, watched her as he caught up with a backlog of correspondence. Naturally, she was even less aware of what he was thinking.

He was thinking: She's wearing the dress that suits her so well. She's beautiful. We're alone for the first time. If I could just break the ice, we could talk.

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The world's finest tobacco is at your fingertips



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ONLY VIRGINIA
KING SIZE
PLAIN

To know good tobacco is to love it—
our experts know good tobacco



The world's finest tobacco is at your fingertips



THE
ONLY VIRGINIA
KING SIZE
PLAIN

To know good tobacco is to love it—
our experts know good tobacco



THE WASP

Relentlessly terror
pursues Kate—part
two of our serial
By Ursula Curtiss

LEAVING hospital after an accident in which her husband had been killed, KATE BARLOW had gone to live with her mother-in-law, GEORGIA, who shared a house with her daughter, JOANNA, and her son-in-law, GERALD SYMMES. Ten months later, after being nursed back to health, they had introduced her to an author, MR. CARPENTER, who had persuaded Kate to do his typing for him as a form of therapy.

One day in the car on the way home from shopping with Gerald, a wasp had flown at Kate's head, and she had swerved, felt a bump, then seen a four-year-old boy scramble away from his twisted tricycle. Leaving Gerald, she followed the child, who had remained silent, into a house, with the name J. MAYNARD on the mailbox. The child, BARNEY, is told by a man who comes to the door to go and wash. Kate wants to report the accident, but the man asks her not to, as it would worry his wife, who has been sick. Leaving the house, she hears a voice calling for MITCH.

The next day, steeling herself to drive over to Mr. Carpenter, she receives a call from Maynard asking her to come over, as they are having a doctor to see Barney. The doctor suggests a specialist, as Barney cannot talk. MRS. MAYNARD says they cannot afford this, and Kate finds herself offering financial aid. At the bank she transfers a thousand dollars to the Maynard account before going on to Mr. Carpenter. Later she is frightened when she gets a clipping in the post, telling how a woman had been killed by a wasp sting. Intending to inquire about Barney, she is put off when Gerald's father arrives with MRS. HOLDEN. However, in the middle of lunch the telephone rings, and, terrified, Kate senses trouble. NOW READ ON:

THERE were times when the sound seemed to contain a name, and this was one of them. Kate forced herself to sit still and even smile soothingly at Mr. Symmes while Joanna crossed to the telephone, said, "Hello? Yes, just a minute, please," and then, "It's for you, Kate."

This, and not the airy game the Barlows had just played with Mrs. Holden, was reality. Kate took up the receiver as though it were a yoke, and a brusque voice said in her ear, "Dr. Sanders, Mrs. Barlow. Did the Maynards phone you about the X-rays?"

"No. I've been wondering—"

"Well, they're pretty upset. All that shows up is concussion, not too severe in itself, but the boy's condition is the same. Trauma's a tricky thing, and Mrs. Maynard having herself a nervous breakdown isn't helping much."

Trauma: what a sinister, unexplorable sound it had. Kate's faint animosity departed with a rush: in the thin frantic woman with the trembling hands she saw herself ten months ago. She said, "If there's anything . . ." and heard it trail empty off.

A child wailed in the background, and Sanders' turned-away voice said something about two-tenths of a c.c., Nurse, and then came bluntly back. "Frankly, Mrs. Barlow, as long as they're in that house I don't think there's much to be done. Mrs. Maynard seems to have a phobia about the place since her husband lost his job and her father died, and hysteria is communicable. I'd guess that's a good part of the boy's trouble. Well"—the voice grew brisk, finishing-up, the voice of a man who has accepted the fact that he cannot heal all the ills of the world—"as you've taken an interest in the case, I thought you'd want to know."

"Yes . . . thank you, Doctor."

Thank you for what? A vision of Mrs. Maynard crying over her silenced son? Of Maynard, awkward in the small, blue-walled upstairs room, taking over the nursing duties to keep Barney from retreating deeper into fear? Of the unspeakable hostility they must feel toward Kate? The money would have deepened that, if anything; they would think it a matter of writing a careless cheque . . .

To page 43

Hearing a buzzing noise, Kate impulsively clung to Carpenter.





THE SHIELD

Claire hid her real self behind a screen of glamor and sophistication . . . a short story

By DOROTHY M. ROSE



**Mr. Sheen cleans, waxes and polishes
as you dust**

Mr. Sheen takes all the hard work out of polishing. With Mr. Sheen, cleaning, waxing and polishing are just as easy as dusting. Simply spray on Mr. Sheen, then wipe over for a mirror shine. Everyone knows what a long-lasting shine Mr. Sheen gives to your furniture, and you should see how wonderful he is with your refrigerator, stove, washing machine, chrome and venetian blinds—Mr. Sheen makes them gleam.

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SPRAY ON MR. SHEEN—WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



ALL the week, up until 10 o'clock every Friday, she could be content with what she was: Claire Bentley, head of personnel, with the glamor and prestige of that position.

The uniform clicking of typewriters ceased promptly at five, replaced by instant chatter as the young things in her department hurried past Claire's desk.

Claire smiled at them indulgently, seeing a reflection of herself ten years ago. The last minute addition of costume jewellery to a bargain-basement outfit meant a date. Most of them (as Judy, her baby sister, called them) were married young, in their teens, left to share their lives with mere boys who hadn't even established themselves.

Claire had not been able to do that; there'd been her mother then. She didn't envy these girls now. But her own dates were getting to be few and far between.

But she had a date tonight. Warmed by the thought of the babies, Claire hastily gathered up her shoes and gloves. Judy and Joe wanted her to be at the house as soon as she could make it.

At the last minute Frank Moffatt stepped into the elevator with one of the firm's other draftsmen.

Claire's expression instinctively jelled in its most set, self-mannered smile, an easy trick once you made the grade, no matter how flustered you felt inside.

"Oh . . . hello!" Frank said, seeing her.

"Hello . . ." she murmured, her ego leaning on the fact that she was wearing one of her best costumes, a soft green wool, with hat to match.

Frank cleared his throat. "How are your sister and Joe . . .?"

"Oh, fine." Claire gestured airily, holding the smile. "If you can call it fine; you know, the down at their age, the babies, the house, the bills . . ."

Frank nodded soberly and said nothing more.

Painfully, driving home, Claire reviewed the awkwardness of the brief encounter. As she had often in the past year, Claire wondered why Frank Moffatt had asked her out that one lone time. Gratitude, nothing more. She'd wangled the initial interview for Frank at the office when her brother-in-law had asked the favor for his friend.

So why must her heart pound at sight of Frank? Her pride pointed out he wasn't such a great catch. She made more than he did, in fact. She knew all about him from his personnel file, college, a long stint in the Service, giving him a late start; a job or two, a year in the firm's drafting room behind him now, and a long, slow, uphill path ahead.

She pushed Frank out of her mind once she reached home. Hurrying, she changed, automatically arranging the good daytime dress with meticulous care on the hanger. Her hand brushed against

he rest of her wardrobe: the wools, the silk.

If she'd made sacrifices, even if he were married, as every girl really wanted to do, there were compensations, and not just for herself. She passed on most of her clothes while they were still practically new to Judy; not cast-offs, but surplus. In Claire's position, she had to dress well.

Altogether, thinking fondly of Judy, Claire drew on paint-smattered socks and an old blue sweater for the baby-sitting. Judy could look great tonight in the beautifully cut green evening gown she'd given her. Poor Judy. Joe's lary didn't stretch to many extravaganzas. Claire hoped Judy would be the centre of attraction tonight at that high-school reunion dinner dance.

Joe and Judy would be getting home very late so Claire packed overnight articles in a bag and drove to the bungalow.

"How did Judy look . . . ?" she asked of the neighbor who had been minding the babies until Claire could drive.

"Oh, like a doll, of course."

Left alone, Claire fussed happily with the babies, bathing Joe, then rading from a picture book while he snuggled Ginny on her lap.

By the time the house had been quiet for an hour, Claire walked about, trying to get up. Poor Judy. The kids didn't have much time for perfect housekeeping. And that couch would do with a new slip-cover. Maybe a birthday present.

THE silence was suddenly broken when Claire decided she'd better get off on the bed in the baby's room. As she was adjusting the living-room lights, the phone rang.

"Hello, Judy . . . !" a man's voice said. "Is Joe there?"

Claire flushed, recognising his voice, and identified herself to Frank Moffatt.

"Of . . ." Frank paused after he'd listened to her explanation of Joe's whereabouts. "I was going to drop off my fishing gear. I thought you wanted to use it tomorrow, and I won't have a chance to drop it off tomorrow . . ."

"There was nothing else to do. Do drop it off now, then," she said to him, making her voice sound indifferently.

When she hung up she looked down at her dishevelled self: soiled socks, washed-out sweater. Did it matter? She'd accept the fishing gear at the door. But she didn't want Frank Moffatt to see her like this. At an instant, she thought of the solution presented by the fact that Frank lived nearby. But she'd have to wait five minutes . . . !

Most of the clothes in Judy's wardrobe were familiar. Claire grabbed for sweater and skirt at the back, then stopped. There the green evening dress hung . . . not in Judy at the dance, but right there in the wardrobe!

Pulled, Claire reached for it, held it up, stared at it. She took a step to sink down on the floor, but she soft green froth over her knees. Why hadn't Judy worn it? She'd asked for it, hadn't she? Judy had no other suitable gown, except an outdated one, years old.

Last week's conversation with Judy replayed in her mind. Claire forced herself to remember it accurately, wincing. No, Judy hadn't wanted the green dress. She'd tried to refuse it, in fact, against Claire's insistence.

Claire recalled the embarrassed look on her young sister's face, the confession that it hurt Joe's pride, all the reminders he couldn't buy his wife decent things. She herself had brushed aside Judy's refusal as nonsense.

Another bell rang, the door-bell . . . !

The shock of what she'd just learned, plus Frank's puzzled look when she opened the door, stripped Claire of the sophisticated smile she'd achieved earlier in the elevator. She reached for the fishing gear.

"Can't I come in . . . ?" Frank grinned at her. "Hard night with the kids . . . ?"

Frank chatted readily tonight, but she scarcely heard him. Sitting on the couch, her mind cringed from it, how she'd patronised Judy all these years. Judy had chosen early what she wanted: life itself, not a shield. And Judy had the sense to guard it.

"What . . . ?" Claire said, into a waiting pause.

"I said," Frank repeated, his gaze mocking but personal, "You're

different tonight. I didn't know there was another you, besides that cocksure girl at the office . . ."

Claire swallowed hard. Cocksure. Polished. Yes, she'd always kept her defences up. She'd never shown Frank Moffatt, or any other man, anything but the self-sufficient head of personnel. "Yes, there's another me," she managed. There was, a self she camouflaged, for fear no one would want that self, a hungry, longing self who wanted the chance to worry over a man's pride just as Judy did.

Claire smiled shakily. "How about some coffee . . . ?" Frank nodded. From his look, she hoped, she almost knew he'd be following up that first outing of theirs from now on.

(Copyright)



Rock by arrangement with the Reid Quarry, Kelso.

Time was, when a chair was the nearest rock (ouch!)

Well at least it was good for a lifetime of use! Why, even as recently as four centuries ago the chair, as we know it today, was far from familiar. It was exclusively the seat of the Mighty. The status symbol of Power.

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such as Pirelli Suspension, Dunlopillo cushions and covers of Vynex Doehide or two-way-stretch Helanca Bri-Nylon.

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Over-tinted hair.

Revolutionary new hair beauty treatment nourishes damaged hair—actually makes it feel stronger—restores body, strength, elasticity—helps prevent dryness, brittleness, split ends.

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'KIRONE-R' is one of the internationally famous L'Oreal of Paris hair beauty products brought to you by Nicholas Marigny Pty. Ltd.

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The Piebald Pony



Mike leant on the fence as he called to the pony. "Come here, feller," he said.

AS soon as the boy recognised the piebald pony he knew for certain he was lost. Before, it had been just a vague wondering; now he realised he was not even in his father's property. He was not, in fact, anywhere that was familiar to him. Certainly he knew the pony, but the trees grew differently in unremembered shapes and the sudden knowledge of it was a little frightening.

Leaning now on the fence, his plump chin rested on his arms along the rails. It gave him a feeling of comfort. Then he gestured to the pony. "Come here, boy," he called, his husky voice imperious with the demand. "Come here, feller. Come on." For this was his pony, or would be one day very soon—the day he was to start school.

His father had promised it to him. For the time being, however, it still belonged to the Jeffersons and it was in their paddocks that he must be now. They had a great many more paddocks, and bigger ones, too, than his father. He could not remember in which one they kept the piebald pony.

Everything, Mike realised, was becoming hard to remember, harder still as the sun let fall its scorching breath from directly overhead so that his flushed face and sweat damp hair began to worry and annoy him. How stupid to have left his hat hanging on its peg on the verandah. His mother would be angry when he came home. Another tiny tongue of fear licked at his consciousness; whether it was concern for his mother's anger or awareness of the difficulties of ever finding his way back, he could not tell.

He slid from the rails and kicked with his square-toed sandals at the yellow dry Mitchell grass. The parched soil lay like the pieces of jigsaw puzzle with which he played on wet days. It had been a long time since there had been a wet day, but here were small patterns of flat, broken earth that one could pick up and lay down again over the dark, moistureless soil beneath.

He was old enough to know the meaning of the word drought. Even though it meant to him little more than his father's going away very early in the mornings and coming back very late at night, tired, quiet, and worried. There was no longer time for talking or playing between them. Sometimes his father did not even come home at all, but would camp out in some far paddock so that there were only his mother and himself, all alone. And the baby.

There was no longer time for Mike to help with the work, either. That was what upset him most. Once, his father had always let him help and would stand by, patient and encouraging, while his small fingers fumbled at the tasks. But it was different now.

"I really should ride out to the tank in the horse-paddock," his father had said that morning, swinging his tucker-box and billy into the cabin of the old truck. "But there's no time today."

"I could go," the boy had spoken up eagerly. His mother had looked at him with annoyance. "Don't be silly, Michael." She always called him Michael, even now that he had turned five.

"I could, too," he had protested, unusually rebellious. "It's too far for you, Mike," his father had said in a tone of finality. "When you're older..."

It was terrible to be too young to help. "If I had the piebald pony, I could ride easy."

"Easily," his mother had corrected him.

There had been a pause. His father had leaned from the cabin, saying slowly and carefully, "Don't set your heart on that pony, son. Things aren't going too well for any of us, you know. And if this keeps up..." his voice had

trailed away again as he had scanned the browned acres around him. It was bad to break a promise to a child. But perhaps it might not come to that.

All that Mike remembered of that moment was his father's eyes hardening in anger. How was he to know that the anger was for the brittle, dry grass and the waterless creeks and for the things that his father could not give to his mother and himself. He remembered only the hard eyes and the final "Don't worry us, Mike. There's a good boy."

Later, the boy had thought, well, I can go over by myself and not tell anyone till I come back. It would be easy, like he said. He could check the level of the water in the tank. He was no baby like his brother Ivan, asleep in the cot. He had gone many times to the tank with his father, riding behind him on the broad, warm back of the big grey gelding.

Once his father had even let him take his own horse, the quiet old bay on which he had learned to ride and which had died of age in the heat of the previous summer. It would be easy, really. But this time, going on foot, the way had seemed so much longer.

He tried to remember back through all the hours of the morning, right to the beginning. In his thoughts he walked again through the home-paddock and climbed the fence to the cow-paddock. His mind retraced his steps through the scattered mob of cows, silently watchful as they turned their heads after him.

He had gone on through the thin scrub and along the familiar, twisty stretch of the track. His father did not hold with clearing away all the timber. The boy had heard him say so many times. So the sheep and cattle were allowed to graze on among the stubborn clumps of gidgee and brush, past the slender, pale trunks of the gums.

Mike did not know all the trees yet, as his father did, which ones to lop in severe drought for the sheep to eat and which could be eaten even to the bark, which were the ones that could taint milk and meat and those which could be brought in and used for the building of sheds.

A fence cut at an angle across the winding part of the track. He remembered crossing it. Or did he? The boy slithered down suddenly to sit for a while in a patchy segment of shade which blotted the sun momentarily from his eyes and his burning face and arms while he stared about him in a kind of stupor.

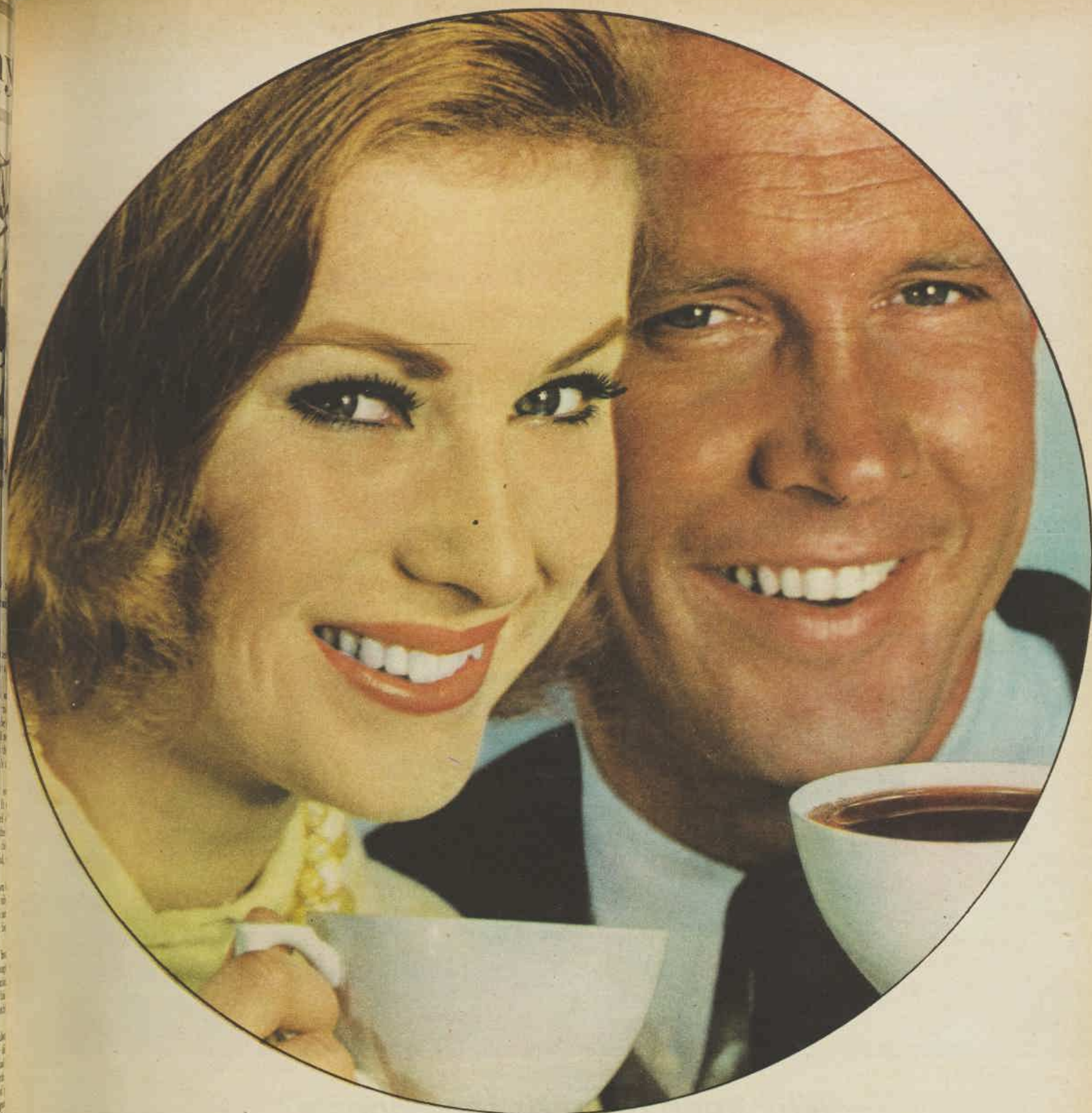
Had he been anywhere near where he thought he should be, there would be two bottle-trees close together somewhere along the fenceline. But he couldn't see them now, nor could he recall having passed them. How many fences had he climbed altogether? How many miles? How many hours?

He became conscious of an aching and overwhelming thirst that had become a continuous part of his thoughts, like something clinging to him that he could not brush off. Suddenly, he was very much afraid.

What time would it be really? Dinner time? Past dinner time? He knew it was long past dinner time. What was his mother doing? He had not really thought. Now he could see her, anxious and frowning. She was often like

To page 65

An appealing short story by JILL HELLYER



"You know you're drinking coffee . . . when it's Bushells!"

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Add boiling water and Bushells Flavor-Buds burst into life to give you perfectly brewed coffee.



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Who says teenagers are soft?

A plea for a little respect for the next generation —

from Charlotte Edwards, a sympathetic parent

I'll tell you who says teenagers are soft. The man who works eight hours a day, drives home, flops in a chair with a whisky or a beer, and stares at TV all evening.

ILL tell you who says it. The man who plays golf all weekend, is too weary to mow his own lawn, and can't be bothered to crawl out of bed in time to help with the weekend shopping.

I'll tell you who says it. The woman who pushes a button to start her washing, has the great labor of lifting a load from the confines of the machine to the clothesline (or perhaps an automatic drier), and has little ironing, because almost everything is wash-and-wear.

The woman who spends her afternoon, girdled and girlish, at a bridge table, after a heavy morning having her hair touched up in the beauty salon.

The woman who moans that all children are "such terrible problems" and, if she has to contribute to a local fete, spends £1 on cakes from a fancy bakery rather than make them herself.

I'll tell you who says it. The teacher who spends a class hour having the children mark one another's papers, to give himself or herself a free evening, and teaches none of the subject itself during the class. The teacher who doesn't consult any other teacher in the school to discover the amount of homework assigned and comes up with the straw that is enough to break any camel's back.

I'll tell you who says it. The psychiatrists who analyse and probe and label every single youthful outlet as an expression of some Freudian mother hate or sibling rivalry or secret compulsion.

Above all, I'll tell you who says it! The parents who, panicked by the competition of their own world, heave the whole truckload on to their kids' shoulders and expect perfection! The parents whose sum total of conversation with their young is to pick, nag, fuss, and harry.

These parents managed to get by high school or university (if they did) by the skin of their teeth, and most of them couldn't pass a 1964 high-school standard exam if their lives depended on it.

These parents hunt around for a scrap of free time in their children's world and fill it with status symbols — dancing lessons, music lessons, modelling courses. These parents go to the football and complain bitterly to their sons if they're not right in there aiming for a broken leg every minute of play.

Soft? Today's teenagers have to be Atlas himself, to carry the world they do. They are the toughest, strongest, most flexible, most competitive, most prideful generation this country has produced in a hundred years or more.

And it's high time we recognised it and told them so.

How would we like that "middle-ager" label?

It's time we got off their backs, all of us who have folded under the pressure.

All of us, with our ulcers, our sudden heart attacks, our terrible divorce rate, our lip service to religion, our lack of charity for our neighbors, our indifference to manners on the highway or at cocktail parties, our minor and major cheatings, our scurry on the road to nowhere.

It's time we laid off the teenagers. Time we stopped lumping them together. Time we gave them something to live for, to work for, a "tall ship and a star to steer her by," as Masefield said.

"Give a dog a bad name, and he'll live up to it." All right. How would we like to be labelled "middle-ager" and have everybody think of us as being as licentious as some of the movie stars? Or as vicious and crooked as murderers and criminals? Or as daft as those who pack our mental hospitals? Or as alcoholic as the country's heavy drinkers? How would we like to carry that bag of rocks?

Yet we saddle the adolescent with just that type of load with the title "teenager." We paint the picture of a blank face under a crazily puffed hairdo.

The minds of the world see a knife-toting, jacketed, long-haired hoodlum, skulking around in search of old

ladies to beat up just for kicks. Or a mob of howling imbeciles twisting their bodies to the accompaniment of jungle music.

Suspect, everywhere suspect, the majority of our teenagers have to pay the bill for the delinquents' damage.

Wherever they go and whatever they do, millions of hardworking, decent teenagers have to make that extra effort to break down the public picture of, the public resistance against, their generation.

This is not easy. Too many of them, wearily, decide to live up to the evil public image. In defence, they lock it all in, not trying to explain or be different any more, to steer by any star.

Teenagers have things to say, they have thoughts to think; but nobody asks their opinions or would listen if it occurred to them to question anything except their whereabouts and their dating habits.

There was the boy, loaded with troubles, who told his friend: "One day, I thought, I'm really going to talk to my mother. I need her ideas. I'm going to unload."

"Know what? We were in the car, and as we drove along I began to let go. It felt good, once I got started and stopped being nervous. I went on and on. Then I sat there and waited. I finally said, 'Well, what do you think?'"

"Know what she said? She said, 'Do you think we ought to get petrol at the next garage?'" I didn't try to make conversation again."

Remember about sleep for a growing child? Hah!

They do not try again. Then the parental moans begin: "Teenagers are so secretive. They close the doors when they phone. What awful things are they saying?"

They write in their diaries, hide the key, and Mama can't find it, no matter how hard she hunts. They send letters to one another and hit the ceiling in tears or tantrums if Mama opens them.

Now, let's get to the educational business.

Walk past any high school at home-time and where is the smile? The sparkle? The happy laughter? The sombre young faces have circles under the eyes worthy of us; most lips turn down.

Know why? An easy sum in mathematics.

Dad has an eight-hour day and a free weekend. Mother has a similar day, if she's honest enough to count her goof-off time. Yet Brother and Sister have a full day in class. If they go the whole way, striving for the top in every field, it is possible for them to add as much as two more hours for extra activities—the school paper, the athletics, the piano practice.

Then, perhaps, an hour of homework for English. Another for history. One for maths. Two hours for a foreign language. Two hours for science. One hour for social studies, etc. etc.

Add it up. It comes to sixteen hours, give or take a little. Day after day. Week after week.

The good student, the one impelled by parents, or by self-drive, or by pure brains, finds that 16 from 24 leaves just eight hours for sleeping and eating.

Remember the days when we were told, "A growing child needs his sleep?" Hah!

Who can be soft and face up to a schedule like that? Thousands of them can and do and are willing to try.

Thousands of them can't and don't. They cut the homework short, heavy-eyed and yawning, minds still and bored, crammed to the hilt, and ready to regurgitate in muddled answers. These get their sleep. Or go to see their girls and pretend to study with them—but they don't get top marks or top opportunities for higher education and better jobs.

Time was when a boy could leave school at 14 or 15 with a little pride in his pocket. At least he was going to work and make money to help his family or to save for a future.

Now, for such boys (and girls, too), there is Dead End, unless they've succeeded further at school. There are fear of failure, lack of self-respect, the "What's the use? I'm stupid, anyhow." Nobody, adult or adolescent, can live long with such tangled emotions.

To be thought of as worthy is a deep, basic necessity for all who bear the burden of life. You have to count for something, somewhere. But few jobs are left to young people without higher education.

Where do the delinquents come from? Silly question. They come, many of them, from the teenagers who can't find jobs with a challenge or a future.

All right. Now, friends, let's get down to this yammer about flabby young bodies.

Look at the athletics records. Every record as we knew it in our time—not so very long ago, either—has been smashed, then resmashed, then smashed again by our youth.

"Soft" boys and girls cannot break physical records. They cannot break scholastic records either, for these standards are much higher, much more competitive, than they were just a few years ago.

Instead of condemning or ignoring them, there is one gift we can give them. It's the only gift I've heard them ask for—the teenagers' Lost Weekend.

Betty says, "I never can read for fun. I never can go to tennis or a picture show on Saturday. I never go on a Sunday picnic to the beach. There is always the weekend homework. More than I ever seem to be able to do."

Jane says: "I love music. I wanted so much to go to a concert the other night. To go, I had to study until 7.45 p.m., slap on lipstick, hear the concert, rush home to work until 1.30 a.m., and set the clock for 5 a.m."

Joe says: "All right. Sorry I was rude, but everything about my life is narrow. I haven't time for girls. Sometimes I get the feeling that I have to break out of my cage. So I yell. So I'm rude. Sorry, sorry."

These, and others like them, are students. Betty and Joe are at university, and Jane has her final year at high school to do before going to a conservatorium of music.

Tell me something so I'll understand it, you analysers who know so much. Why should the teens work a longer week than Dad? Than Mother?

Why should they put in hours more than the teacher who guides them? Or the old people who cluck in horror over them? Or the psychiatrists who speak authoritatively about them? Or ministers, plumbers, house builders, landscape artists? Or anybody?

Question, World of Education: Is it possible for the quality of teaching to be so improved and the tension of pressure to be so loosened that the high-school-level young ones can have a five-day week?

Why not a five-day week for the young people, too?

Could they, please, and do you suppose, leave school on Friday with a high, gay plan for freedom until Monday?

Isn't there even the possibility that they might learn more, learn deeply, learn eagerly, if they had that Lost Weekend for refreshment and ebb? For fun, for reading, for a noncompetitive game?

All right, I'm not qualified. I am no educator. No psychologist. I am a parent.

I am also one of the fortunate who somehow have become involved with young people. Our house is always filled with teenagers.

Funny thing. You show some interest, they spill themselves all over you.

As a writer and a parent, I am proud of them, sad for them, wistful for them. As a human being, I know that we could never have faced up to life as they do.

I look at them with respect, and a little awe, for their strength of will, character, body, and mind.

Go ahead, you say it. You say, loud and clear, "Today's teenagers are soft."

LOOK! FROM FRUIT CANNED FARM FRESH

These glamorous colourful desserts are a sample of the many wonderful recipes you can make from farm-fresh canned fruit.



FRUIT MEDLEY AMBROSIA

(Serves 8 to 12)

- 1½ cups shredded coconut (fresh or dried)
- 1 can each of peaches, pears, apricots, cherries

Drain off juice. Place half of the fruit in a bowl. Sprinkle with half shredded coconut. Top with remaining fruit. Pour 1 cup fruit juice over top. Chill. Sprinkle with remaining coconut and dot with cherries. (Before serving a light sparkling wine may be poured over.)

PEACH FLUFF

(Serves 8 to 10)

Mix together —

- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 pkt. lime jelly crystals
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ cup peach juice
- ¼ cup lemon juice

Cool. Stir occasionally until mixture is partially set. Beat thoroughly and fold in —

- 1 can (14½ oz.) evaporated milk, chilled icy cold and stiffly whipped.

Then fold gently in —

- 1 small can drained peach slices.

Pour in mould or individual dessert dishes. Chill till firm. Serve plain or with whipped cream.



CREAM CHEESE STUFFED PEAR

Place chilled drained pear halves on a bed of lettuce on a salad plate. Fill hollow with softened cream cheese mixed with a little finely chopped candied ginger and walnuts. Serve with fluffy mayonnaise.

Fluffy mayonnaise:

½ cup cream, whipped with 1 cup mayonnaise.



PINEAPPLE UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

Topping:

Melt ½ cup butter in 9" round cake pan. Sprinkle with ½ cup brown sugar. Arrange pineapple slices, cherries and nuts (if desired) on brown sugar.

Cake:

Cream together —

- ½ cup shortening (2 oz.)
- ½ cup sugar

Add — 1 egg, 1 tsp. vanilla. Beat till fluffy.

Sift 1½ cups S.R. flour and add ½ tsp. salt. Mix a little at a time with ½ cup pineapple juice. Beat smooth after each addition.

Pour batter over pineapple.

Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 40-45 minutes.

Note: A prepared white cake mix may be used instead of cake recipe.



Juicy sun-drenched fruit... that's Nature's gay health and flavour festival. Picked for you at the perfect moment and delivered with all the farm-freshness sealed in... that's the delight of canned fruit. Orchardists know—they're proud to see the pick of their precious crop come to you in sturdy steel cans. Proof against breakage, light, spoilage, heat or cold. With all the flavour sealed right in. Protected by the strength of steel...and nothing seals like steel.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

Cake Decoration

● To decorate a cake beautifully is one way a woman, working in her own kitchen, can express her artistic ability. And it is not as difficult as it may appear. Patience and practice will soon bring success, enabling you to decorate cakes for every gala occasion. This eight-page feature tells you how it is done, including a new, easy way of modelling.



LOVELY ROSES, above, are the decoration (enlarged) on the cake at left. They are made of fondant.

BOWL OF FLOWERS CAKE was decorated by Miss S. Watt, of Marrickville, N.S.W., won a first prize. See directions on page 7.

● Continued overleaf

Book of Cake Decoration — Page 1

Hints for ^{★★}beginners

★ You can teach yourself cake decoration at home, or you can learn at one of the classes held in city and country centres. Whichever your choice, these hints will help you.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

If you decide to learn cake decoration at home, begin with a simple design, so you will be more sure of a successful result; then, as you gain in experience, you can become more adventurous in decorating your cakes.

For those who are not experts with a piping-bag, a good design to try is the heart-shaped wedding cake shown in color on pages 4 and 5, and described on page 6.

Instead of trying to do elaborate piping-work to fill up the decoration on a cake, use artificial lily of the valley, fine

ribbons, silver leaves, and sprays of tulle.

Use small dots or forget-me-nots, piped freehand with royal icing, to fill empty spaces.

Always work out your design beforehand and practise it a little before piping it directly on to the cake.

Roses, moulded over plastic ones, are simple to make and are recommended for beginners. Try other types of flowers with this method, too.

The method is explained on the opposite page.

In next column are recipes and a guide to the quantities of almond paste and fondant required to cover and decorate cakes. Recipes for cakes suitable for icing are on page 6.

EASY-TO-MAKE CAKE DECORATIONS



TULLE BOWS: Cut paper patterns, then cut tulle from them. Pin on waxed paper, pipe designs in soft royal icing, hang over rods to dry, then assemble.

FROM 6in. circle, cut tulle handkerchiefs (right). Fold, decorate edge with icing.



ALMOND PASTE

One pound icing sugar, 4oz. almond meal, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sherry, squeeze lemon or orange juice, almond essence.

Method of making is given on opposite page. The amounts in recipe above will make one basic quantity.

Below are the quantities needed to cover cakes of three sizes:

- 6in. cake—1 basic quantity.
- 8in. cake—1½ basic quantities.
- 10in. cake—2 basic quantities.

FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, 1 rounded tablespoon glucose, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, vanilla.

Method of making is on opposite page. The amounts in recipe above will make one basic quantity.

Below are the quantities needed to cover cakes of three sizes:

- 6in. cake—1 basic quantity.
- 8in. cake—1½ basic quantities.
- 10in. cake—2 basic quantities.

THE CONSISTENCY

Almond Paste: Should be kneaded well, adding as much icing sugar as necessary to give a good rolling consistency. Roll out to about ¼in. thickness and put on to cake in sections or in one piece, whichever you find easier.

Fondant: After fondant has been mixed, place on to board lightly dusted with icing sugar and knead well, adding extra icing sugar as you knead. To test for correct consistency, pinch a small piece of fondant between fingers until about ¼in. to ½in. thick — it should stand straight and not stick to the fingers.

Royal Icing: Can be mixed with wooden spoon, blade of

LEAVES: Make paper piping-bag, trim tip or use leaf pipe. Move hand back and forth for ridges in leaves.



YOUR EQUIPMENT

● Below is a list of the items of cake-decorating equipment a beginner will need. Buy them gradually and build up your stock as you learn.

DEPARTMENT stores, health food stores, and shops that specialise in cake-decorating equipment usually carry all the items listed below.

The most important items are:

PIPING-TUBES: These range from fine writing-tubes to the larger star- and petal-tubes. A complete collection should include 2 fine writing-tubes, 1 leaf-tube, 1 ribbon-tube, 3 rose star-tubes (1 small, 1 medium, 1 large), 3 petal-tubes (1 small, 1 medium, 1 large). Cost of tubes is approximately 3/3 each.

Note: The numbering of the icing-tubes (such as No. 00 for the finest writing-tube in N.S.W.) varies in the different States. The N.S.W. numerals are used in this book.

PIPING-BAGS: These are made of jaconette, a canvas-like material. Cost is approximately 1/3 a bag. Jaconette can be bought by the yard, and ¼ yard (cost about 3/-) will make 4 bags.

Screws for the bags cost about 1/6 each.

COLORS: Many food colorings are available, but the most useful colors are burgundy, scarlet, rose-pink, leaf-green, yellow, blue, and black. The cost is approximately 1/4 per bottle.

OTHER ITEMS: Toothpicks (on which to pipe small roses, etc.), fine millinery wire (to group the moulded flowers), millinery stamens for centres of flowers, waxed paper.

knife or in electric mixer. When mixing with a wooden spoon it is easier to gauge the proper consistency. Continuous beating, while adding the icing sugar, is important.

For piping flowers icing should be rather stiff. There are two ways to test consistency:

1. Icing is of the right consistency for piping when a spoon will stand upright in the icing without falling over: or

2. When spoon is knocked against side of basin and then quickly pulled away, the icing

left behind stands up in stiff peaks.

For fine piping, such as extension work on sides of cake, icing should be a little softer, smoother-running. Acetic acid makes royal icing dry out; use only a small amount (say, 1 drop per egg-white) when preparing royal icing for extension work to ensure the piping will not be brittle and thus easily broken.

COLORING ICINGS

It is sometimes difficult to judge the intensity of colorings; so remember to add them gradually. You can always add more, but it's impossible to take away.

Always mix colors in daylight, if possible; the night light can be deceptive. Keep to pastels; deep colors should be used only for novelty cakes.

To Color Fondant: Take small pieces from fondant and spread a little food coloring on them. Place back in fondant and knead until color is well distributed. Repeat until desired color is achieved.

To Color Royal Icing: A small eye-dropper is ideal for this or drop a little coloring from end of skewer. Add very gradually, beating in well.

When doing moulded work, such as roses or other flowers and wanting a pastel effect, it is better to use colored fondants rather than to paint them later.

But with bright, gay colors allow fondant to dry, and paint with liquid food coloring, diluted with water if necessary.

Where to learn

TECHNICAL colleges in most States conduct classes in cake decorating. The fees range from £1/10/- to £4/10/-, depending on the number of lessons in the course.

Adult education classes in cake decorating are conducted at local State schools, colleges, and high schools in many suburbs and large country centres in most States. These are usually held in the evening.

There is also an evening class at Canberra.

Fees for the evening course are approximately £2.

Gas companies in State capitals also conduct cake-decorating classes.

ROSES: With petal-pipe, make roses round cocktail stick, each petal a little larger than the one before.



★ If you've had trouble in modelling flowers freehand for cake decoration, you'll find the new method described below very simple and easy — and you'll be able to make flowers that, perhaps, you've thought too difficult and too time-consuming to attempt before.

IN this new method, artificial flowers made of plastic are used as moulds on which to model beautiful fondant flowers that have a very natural appearance.

The three exquisite wedding cakes shown in color overleaf—the heart-shaped cake, wedding-bell cake, and orchid cake—are all decorated with flowers made in this way. The wedding-bell, also, was moulded on a plastic bell.

Mrs. N. G. Reed, of Wentworthville, N.S.W., decorated the orchid cake and the bell cake for *The Australian Women's Weekly*, and the heart-shaped cake was decorated by our Lella Howard Test Kitchen, also using the new method of modelling.

Directions for moulding the flowers and for making other decorations and assembling the cakes begin below.

Here are the directions for moulding the new, easy way—

1. Buy one large artificial

flower of plastic, of the type and size required to decorate the cake. Plastic flowers in wide variety can be bought at artificial flower counters in chain stores and at most department stores.

2. Use the plastic flower as a mould. First take all petals apart and with scissors trim any waste plastic material from edges of petals.

3. Rub cornflour well over each plastic petal.

4. To make fondant petals, roll out thinly a small piece of fondant (use fondant pieces left over after covering cake, or special moulding fondant recipe on page 6). Use plenty of cornflour when rolling out.

5. Lay fondant on reverse side of plastic petal, press gently into this mould: cut off excess fondant at edges.

6. Smooth petal with fingertips and set aside.

7. When petal is dry enough to handle, take small knife and, with knife point, lift off plastic petal.

Then proceed as directed in individual cake decorations.

★★★★★ WEDDING-BELL CAKE ★★★★★

SIX large roses and a wedding-bell, all moulded on plastic replicas, are the featured decorations on this cake.

Make 2lb. rich wedding-cake mixture and divide it over 3 cake tins, 10in., 7in., and 5in. Bake cakes at least a month before the wedding day.

Cake Boards: Cover boards for the 2 top tiers with silver paper and neaten off with square of silver paper pasted underneath.

Level cakes and place on prepared boards. Using almond paste, fill in any uneven areas and glaze with sugar syrup; cover sides, then tops, of cakes with almond paste. Stand aside to dry out a few days.

Prepare Fondant: Mixture made with 1½lb. icing sugar is termed "one batch." Six batches of fondant will be needed — 3 lots for base, 2 for middle tier, and 1 for top. Knead until smooth the remaining scraps left over after covering cakes with fondant; place in plastic bag. Allow fondant on cakes to dry for a few days.

Using No. 12 star-tube, pipe shell edge round base of cake; when set, take large No. 20 petal-tube and decorate each shell with a frill.

Eight lattice pillars and eight butcher's skewers will be needed to support the tiers.

Approximately 50 iced lilies of the valley on wire will be needed, as well as 2 bunches of cotton lilies of the valley (buy these ready-made) in white or tinted to match bridesmaids'

frocks. White violets and small roses are piped and used as space-fillers at the base of each posy.

About 160 pieces of lace are required for side design on cakes, and 4 little blue birds for corners.

TO MAKE ROSES

Mould 6 large roses from plastic rose as described in moulding method.

Petals: After moulding the full set of petals for one rose, the first ones made should be dry enough to begin the next rose, so remove them carefully from plastic petal mould and continue until 6 roses are completed.

To Assemble: With soft paint brush, dust off cornflour, lay petals in rotation of flower formation. Rub off any rough edges gently with the finest white sandpaper. Have icing-bag ready with firm royal icing. Place icing in centre petals, place together with dab of icing. Proceed to put all petals in place round centre bud until completely assembled. Lay on wax paper in dessert plate until set.

TO MAKE BELL

Bell is made by same method as large roses — it is moulded on plastic replicas. Use 2 plastic bells from Christmas decorations, one about 1in. wide, and for the top mould a larger bell approximately 4in. in diameter at base and about 3in. high.

Dust plastic bells with cornflour. Roll out fondant for each bell, cut fan-shaped piece the size of bell. Moisten one edge,

join to other side, making a cone. Insert this into bell, gently work to shape of bell with fingers. Trim edge with knife, smooth off.

Remember it is essential to use plenty of cornflour, and to handle fondant gently or it will become warm under the fingertips and stick.

Large bell should stand 2 days to dry out before being turned out on wax paper. It should be left another day for outside to dry off.

The small bells can be turned out of the mould soon after being formed.

Dust off cornflour before working, fill any cracks with matching royal icing. Cover large bell with cornel-design piping.

Prepare loops of light silver-thread ribbon and spray of cotton lilies of the valley for centre of bell, place in position round inside of bell edge; tiny roses and violets alternate for charming finish against lace edging.

Outside edge of bell is also trimmed with small piped flowers (sweet peas can also be used) decorated with tiny silver leaves.

Set piped lilies of the valley and violets round base of bell on cake, add bunch of looped ribbon to finish.

Use silver brackets to hang the little bells. When these bells are removed from moulds, pierce two pinholes at top about ½in. apart, thread cotton or wire through holes and tie a loop. Finish off corner with a small bow of ribbon.

★★★★★

New Easy Way to Mould

★★★★★ ORCHID WEDDING CAKE ★★★★★

HIGH pillars are used to give an impression of spaciousness between the tiers of this cake which is decorated with five large orchids and a prayer-book.

One 12in. cake for the base and one 7in. cake for top tier are needed to balance size of orchids. Bake cakes at least one month before the wedding day. Base cake can be made first, using 1½lb. mixture (1½lb. butter, etc.), and ½lb. mixture for smaller cake, which could be made the next day.

The following recipes should be prepared to decorate the cakes:

SUGAR SYRUP (for glazing)

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon glucose.

Combine ingredients, bring slowly to the boil, stirring constantly until sugar has dissolved. Allow to simmer 15 minutes. Cool; pour into open-necked jar, ready for use.

ALMOND PASTE

Three-quarters pound marzipan meal, ½lb. fine white coconut, 3lb. pure icing sugar, 4 egg-yolks, 1 tablespoon egg-white, 7½oz. sherry, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice (strained), 1 teaspoon almond essence.

Sift icing sugar into bowl, add coconut and marzipan meal, mix well. Combine liquids, beat well with rotary beater and add to dry ingredients; mix well; knead. Store in airtight container until required.

If mixture then appears to be drying out, add a little extra sherry; knead well before using.

FONDANT (Plastic Icing)

One and a half pounds pure icing sugar, 3oz. liquid glucose, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2oz. boiling water, ½ teaspoon cream of tartar (dissolved in 1 teaspoon cold water), flavoring.

Sift icing sugar into bowl. Put water, gelatine, and cream of tartar into saucepan. Cook over gentle heat, stirring constantly, until gelatine is completely dissolved. Remove from heat, add heated glucose; stir well. Allow mixture to cool a few minutes, then add to icing sugar. Mix and knead well. Add flavoring, knead again. Place in clean plastic bag; keep airtight until required. Keep in cool place but do not store in refrigerator. For best results make plastic icing the day before it is needed. Then, just before using, knead and roll out on board lightly sprinkled with cornflour.

Four times the quantity above will be needed to cover the two-tier orchid wedding cake.

ROYAL ICING

Six to 8oz. pure icing sugar, 1 egg-white, 3 drops acetic acid or lemon juice.

Put egg-white into basin, break up a little with clean wooden spoon. Gradually add sifted icing sugar, stir until mixture is thick and will draw up to firm peak. Add acid, stir well. Store in airtight container until required.

Hints for royal icing: Stir royal icing — never beat. Beating fills mixture with air bubbles which cause piped threads to break.

Measure acid carefully. Too much makes icing brittle, causes breaking.

After three days royal icing begins to granulate; it is then of no further use for piping, but can be used for setting-up work.

TO PREPARE BOARDS

Cake Boards: Base board should be at least 18in. square and mounted with 1in. wooden bars, nailed and placed about 3in. from edge; this lifts the board and cake is easily moved.

Cake boards should never be painted.

Top board should be 2in. larger than the cake, e.g., 7in. cake will need a 9in. board. Cover top board underneath and

over top for neatness. Cover base board with matching silver paper, also cover wooden bars (prevents scratching if board is placed on polished tables).

Pillars: On base wedding cake, pillars are always placed 3½in. from centre hole, in from corner of cake.

A set of paper templates are handy to keep with this measurement marked and also a centre mark. Just place required pattern on cake and pin-prick positions on fondant.

Push butcher's skewers in marks. Place pillars on skewers and mark height with pencil; at the same time number both skewer and matching pillar; e.g.: Nos. 1 and 1, Nos. 2 and 2, etc. Then saw off tops of skewers at heights marked to ensure that the top tier sits level when placed on pillars.

If pillars are latticed, paste silver paper on the part of wooden skewer above cake. Insert a good squeeze of icing in skewer-hole to help keep airtight covering on cake.

Lace Frill: Cut 2 14in. squares from double thin cardboard. Then draw an 11in. square inside the 14in. square. Cut out, leaving 2 cardboard borders 1½in. wide. Fasten cardboard together on inside edges in 4 places, using staple machine or needle and thread.

Buy 5yds. plastic lace ribbon (at gift-wrapping counter). Pull draw-thread at each end until ribbon is approximately the size of cake. Fit lace ribbon between outside edges of cardboard, covering drawn-thread line. Staple or tack into place.

Paste underside of bottom square and place on silver paper on cake board. Cover with waxed paper to give protection while decorating.

Stand cake in centre of square. Brush with sugar syrup, cover with almond paste, then with plastic icing.

Now glaze cardboard surrounding cake; cut strips of fondant to fit and place round base of cake.

Decorations: Prepare all decorations and keep in dry storage until cake has been iced.

Cut patterns to fit cakes and pipe scallops in position. Pipe forget-me-nots directly on to cake, between bars connecting top and bottom scallops. Add lace when work is dry, together with a little white bird between centre bands. Finish corners with true-lover's knots. Place narrow ribbon round both cakes, and below ribbon pipe a series of shell curves and base line, using No. 5 star pipe.

Lacework: Copy designs from real lace or pipe design free-

Directions continued on page 6

● Color pictures overleaf

Book of Cake Decoration — Page 3



TOP TIER of heart-shaped wedding cake at right, showing spray of flowers.



HEART-SHAPED wedding cake



ORCHID WEDDING
ORCHID (left)



our Leila Howard Test Kitchen.



KE was made by Mrs. N. G. Reed.
p decorates the wedding cake above.
● Continued overleaf



BELL shown in close-up. It decorates top of three-tier cake below.

WEDDING BELL CAKE in three tiers was made by Mrs. N. G. Reed.



FRUIT CAKES TO ICE AND DECORATE

★ These recipes give a selection of fruit cakes, all suitable as a base for decoration. They range from simple to rich cakes.

Recipes from our Leila Howard Test Kitchen

WHEN the cooked cakes have cooled, wrap them in a towel or aluminium foil and store in a cool place for at least one month to allow flavors to mature.

RICH FRUIT CAKE

Ten ounces butter or substitute, 10oz. castor sugar, 6 eggs, 12oz. plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 12oz. sultanas, 8oz. currants, 6oz. raisins, 4oz. chopped blanched almonds, 6oz. chopped glace cherries, 4oz. chopped mixed peel, 1 teaspoon each vanilla and almond essence, pinch bicarbonate of soda dissolved in 1 teaspoon milk.

Sift flour with salt and spice. Beat butter well, gradually beating in sugar until mixture is light and fluffy; add essences. Beat in eggs one at a time. Fold in flour, fruit, and nuts alternately to creamed mixture until all has been added. Lastly fold in milk and bicarbonate of soda. Bake in 9in. cake-tin, lined with three thicknesses of paper, in slow oven approximately 4 to 4½ hours.

SEMI-RICH FRUIT CAKE

Five ounces butter or substitute, 5oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. plain flour, 1½ teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 6 tablespoons milk, 10oz. mixed fruit.

Sift together flour, salt, and baking-powder. Beat butter or substitute until creamy, gradually add sugar, beat until very light. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. (If mixture curdles, sift in little flour.) Add flour, milk, and fruit all at once. Cut through mixture lightly with edge of spoon and lift up spoonful of beaten mixture, folding it over flour and fruit. Do this until all ingredients are folded together evenly. Spoon into greased, lined 7in. tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 2 hours.

SPECIAL BOILED FRUIT CAKE

Two and three-quarter cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, ¼ teaspoon each of salt, allspice, ground cloves, and cinnamon, ½ cup walnuts, 2½ rings glace pineapple, ½ cup glace cherries, 2 eggs, 1½ cups water, 1½ cups sugar, 2½ cups raisins, ½ cup butter or substitute, ¼ cup chopped peel, ¼ cup sultanas, 2 tablespoons sherry or rum.

heat until gelatine is completely dissolved. Remove from heat, add glucose; stir well. Cool a little, then add to icing sugar; knead well.

Cake-boards: Smaller cake-board was cut 1in. larger than cake and bigger cake-board 2½in. larger. The boards were covered with silver paper, the board for top tier being covered underneath also.

White tulle was cut into 4in. strips and gathered up with a fine running stitch to form frill; this was attached round base of bottom board. Tulle in any color to match bridesmaids' dresses could be used.

Flowers: Ten full-blown roses, moulded on a plastic rose, and three or four small buds were used. Buds were made in the same way as full roses, but only the first four or five inside petals were needed.

One bunch of artificial lily of the valley was used.

Bluebirds: About 12 bluebirds added to the charming appearance of the cake. These are rather intricate to make but well

Cake Decoration

... continued



Sift flour with baking-powder, bicarbonate of soda, salt, allspice, cloves, and cinnamon. Set aside ½ cup of flour mixture. Chop walnuts coarsely. Cut pineapple and cherries into small pieces. Mix water, sugar, sultanas, and raisins together; cook 10 minutes, stirring constantly. Add butter, stir until melted, remove from heat. Add beaten eggs to butter mixture. Gradually add the liquid to the dry ingredients. Mix nuts, pineapple, cherries, peel with remaining ½ cup flour, stir into cake batter. Stir in sherry or rum; mix all together very well. Spoon into prepared 9in. tin, bake in slow oven 3½ to 4 hours. Remove from oven, let cool on cake-cooler.

ECONOMICAL FRUIT CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 8oz. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, pinch bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt,

2 eggs, 4 tablespoons milk, 6oz. mixed fruit.

Sift together flour, baking-powder, salt, and soda. Cream butter until light, gradually beat in sugar. Add eggs one at a time; beat well. Add milk alternately with flour mixture. Stir in fruit. Spoon into greased, lined 6in. tin; bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours.

BOILED WHISKY CAKE

One pound butter, 1lb. brown sugar, 10 eggs, 1½ wineglasses whisky (prepared as directed below), 1lb. raisins, 1lb. sultanas, ½lb. chopped dates, ½lb. glace cherries, ½lb. blanched almonds, ½lb. shredded peel, 1½lb. plain flour, ½ teaspoon baking-powder, ¼ teaspoon salt.

Boiled Whisky: Melt and brown 1oz. butter with 2 tablespoons sugar then remove from stove and add whisky. Return to heat and simmer until sugar dissolves. Use at once.

TWINS' birthday cakes are two half-pound cakes covered with fondant, trimmed with moulded roses, real ivy leaves grouped on top.

Cut butter into pieces in large bowl. Beat until smooth, add sugar gradually and beat until white and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well. Stir in boiling whisky, then fold in prepared fruit mixed with sifted dry ingredients. Turn into paper-lined 10in. cake-tin, bake in slow oven 5 hours. Cook in tin, then wrap until ready to ice and decorate.

Spoon measures and this eight - liquid - ounce measure are used in all recipes in this feature.

NEW EASY WAY TO MOULD . . . cont. from page 3 HEART-SHAPED WEDDING CAKE

THIS attractive wedding cake with two tiers in the shape of hearts is adorned with 10 full roses and a few small buds, moulded on plastic roses, and leaves and bluebirds.

One and a half pounds (butter weight) of rich fruit-cake mixture was used to fill two heart-shaped cake-tins. Across widest part the larger tin measured 12in. and the smaller 7in.

These cakes were made two months ahead and stored until about three weeks before the wedding day.

A slightly thicker layer of marzipan was put on top tier to give more balance to the cakes. Four quantities of fondant were needed to cover cakes.

Make up this fondant to use for moulding roses.

SPECIAL MODELLING FONDANT

One pound pure icing sugar, ¼oz. glucose, ¼oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Sieve icing sugar into bowl. Put water and gelatine in saucepan, stir constantly over gentle

worth while. They were made in three sections:

● Wings were piped in pale blue royal icing on waxed paper, using plain fine writing-tube, with outward and backward movement, graduating size of feathers or tapering them to base, then allowed to dry.

● Tail was piped with icing-tube held close to waxed paper, making three small outward and backward strokes for small pointed tail, then allowed to dry.

To Assemble: Using full pressure on icing-tube, a small section for bird's body was piped on waxed paper. When large enough for body, icing-tube was lifted from neck, still with slight pressure, then pressure was eased to make pointed beak. Dried wings and tail were lifted carefully from paper and inserted into wet body. Bird was allowed to dry thoroughly.

Other Decorations: Twelve large and 6 small tulle leaves were made, and three yards of fine ribbon were needed to tie round top and bottom tiers and to make bows. A little gathered tulle was placed on top tier on which to rest roses and give cake a soft effect.

A fine tube was used to do the simple forget-me-not design round sides with royal icing.

ORCHID WEDDING CAKE

(Continued from page 3)

hand. Freehand designs usually give smoother, more even effect. To copy a piece of lace, put a sheet of waxed paper over it and pipe royal icing to follow the outline.

Piped lace need not be geometrically exact: if the sections are reasonably even and work finely executed, attractive results will be achieved. It is easier to pipe lace designs upside down, starting by piping the base line, then adding loops and dots.

Pipe required number of designs on to waxed paper, set aside to dry. This is delicate work and a few designs may break, so extra pieces will be needed. When dry, remove each piece from waxed paper by carefully bending paper from behind and placing fingernail under dry icing.

Attach lace to cake by means of a line (or dots) of royal icing, either standing straight up or at an angle, depending on chosen design. Finish off with a row of snails' trail or dots in front of lace.

Prayer Book: Cut slab of fondant 4in. x 2in. and ½in. thick. Mark side and ends with knife to represent pages; leave to dry.

When dry, roll out piece of fondant in thin sheet, place half portion on fondant, secure with dab of sugar syrup; cut ½in. from edge. Roll book over to form closed book, trim away fondant from other cover; leave to dry. Leaves of book can be painted silver and the cross on cover painted also. Print writing finely on side of cover.

TO MAKE ORCHIDS

Mould five orchids from one large plastic orchid as described in the new method on page 3. When dry, remove from plastic mould and dust off cardboard with a soft brush. Rub off any rough edges with small piece of fine white sandpaper. Hang icing-bag ready, filled with fine royal icing.

Place icing on corner of cake and set petals in position. Place other floral decorations round orchid, as shown in picture on page 4.

Finish off orchid spray on top tier with cluster of fine, silver threaded florists' ribbon, ¼in. wide, tied in loops and three tails.

Narrow ribbon is not suitable for orchids such as cattleya. Finish off corners of top tier with three violets, lily of the valley buds, and silver leaves.

PRIZEWINNING CAKES

● One of the most interesting exhibits for women at the Royal Agricultural Society's annual Show in Sydney is the decorated-cakes section. On this page four of this year's prizewinners tell how they decorated their prize cakes.

Paddle-steamer novelty cake

(Picture overleaf)

Decorated by Mrs. R. Chard, of Killara, N.S.W.; won first prize for the most original cake.

Basis of cake is 8in. block fruit cake, cut in half and joined lengthwise.

FONDANT ICING

One egg-white, 4oz. glucose, 1lb. pure icing sugar, pinch cream of tartar (for whiteness). Sift icing sugar into basin. Make well in centre, add the softened glucose, egg-white, and cream of tartar. Beat, drawing icing sugar into centre, until the mass is stiff paste. Turn on to board which has been lightly dusted with sifted icing sugar; knead into dough easy for handling.

MODELLING PASTE

Three-quarters pound pure icing sugar, 1 teaspoon solid white vegetable shortening, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1½ tablespoons water, pinch cream of tartar.

Combine white shortening, gelatine, water, and cream of tartar in small saucepan. Place over gentle heat, stir until shortening and gelatine have dissolved. Sift 1lb. icing sugar into basin. Make well in centre, add cooled gelatine mixture. Stir into icing sugar. Turn out on board dusted with remaining sifted icing sugar, knead until good consistency for moulding.

TO DECORATE

Cover large board, approximately 2in. larger than bottom deck of cake, with shiny blue paper to resemble water. Make bottom deck of board cut into shape and covered with white fondant.

Cover cake with blue fondant, then with white from which windows and doors have been cut out. Place on bottom deck, secure with egg-white.

Make decks, paddle-wheel, and funnel from modelling paste, allow to become very dry. Assemble into position with egg-white.

Using royal icing and No. 00 tube, cover each deck with very fine lattice to resemble decking. A very good light is needed for this fine lattice work because each line of icing is laid down on the shadow of the one before.

Pipe curtains in windows with icing. Pipe on waxed paper the rails, wrought-iron pieces, boat's name, etc., and then assemble later. Make covering between 2 decks and bridgehouse walls in 1in. panels on wax paper; flood in and allow to dry quickly, then assemble.

With same tube, pipe miniature figures of men and women in period dress: women's figures are built up from standing position and the men's figures are piped on waxed paper — first one side, then the other. When dry, paint all figures with food coloring.

Classic rose birthday cake

(Picture overleaf)

Decorated by Mrs. B. Vercoe, of Castlecrag, N.S.W.; won second prize in birthday-cake section.

An 8in.-round fruit cake was covered first with almond paste, then with deep cream plastic icing. It stood on a board covered with gold paper.

ALMOND PASTE

One pound pure icing sugar, 4oz. almond meal, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons sweet sherry, squeeze of orange or lemon juice, almond essence to taste.

Sift icing sugar, add almond meal. Stir in egg-yolks, beaten with sherry and orange or lemon juice, and mix to stiff paste, adding more fruit juice if required. If a strong almond flavor is desired, add a few drops of almond essence. Knead slightly on board coated lightly with icing sugar, then roll out to 1in. thickness. Glaze cake with egg-white or warm apricot jam. Lift paste on to cake, smooth surface with hands which have been dusted with icing sugar. Trim base with knife. For easier handling, the icing can be cut in 2 portions and lifted on to cake, one half at a time, moulding so the join is smooth.

PLASTIC ICING

Two pounds pure icing sugar, 4oz. glucose, 1oz. gelatine, 1oz. glycerine, 2oz. water, flavoring.

Sieve icing sugar into bowl. Put water and gelatine in saucepan, stir constantly over gentle heat until gelatine is completely dissolved. Remove from heat, add glycerine and glucose, stir well. Let mixture cool a few minutes, then add to icing sugar; knead well. Place on board lightly sprinkled with cornflour, knead well again, add flavoring.

MODELLING PASTE

One pound pure icing sugar, 1oz. glucose, 1oz. gelatine, 2oz. water.

Method of making is exactly the same as for plastic icing above.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 2 drops acetic acid, pure icing sugar (approx. 8oz.).

Beat egg-white very lightly, beat in acetic acid. Sieve icing sugar, using as fine a sieve as possible. Beat into egg-white, a spoonful at a time. Amount of icing sugar depends on size of egg-white. Use whatever amount of sugar will properly take up egg-white. Beat until mixture is very white, firm enough to stand up in points.

DECORATIONS

Flooded design was worked in small flowers containing 5 petals; the stem and leaf designs were piped freehand with No. 00 tube. Side decorations were same flooded flower design as the top, and a band of small icing dots, piped with No. 00 tube.

Work was trimmed at both edges with lace, piped on to wax paper beforehand with No. 00 tube, then allowed to dry well.

No. 3 tube was used for built-out extension at base, giving soft scalloped finish.

Moulded work on top contains a large rose and smaller ones, made in golden fondant, moulded green leaves, and lily of the valley, arranged on frill of gathered tulle.

How to Mould Roses: Using deep and pale shades of golden orange tonings, mould roses by pressing small pieces of modelling paste between cushions of thumb and index finger until required size is obtained, in the shape of rose petal.

Build up petals round a bud or cylindrical column and attach with a little water until desired size is obtained. As the rose increases in size so do the petals.

For full-blown rose, centre can be picked out with a pair of tweezers and stamens added.

Try to mould roses freehand rather than cut the petals from a pattern. This freehand moulding gives a more natural look to the finished flower.

The moulded rose leaf has been used with this spray. Roll out small pieces of paste very thinly and cut leaf shape; mark veins with back of vegetable knife.

Frangipani birthday cake

(Picture overleaf)

Decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield, of Panania, N.S.W.; won first prize in birthday-cake section.

A 9in. or 10in. round fruit cake is suitable base for this cake. Cover cake with plastic fondant.

PLASTIC FONDANT

One pound crystal sugar, 1lb. glucose, 5oz. water, 1oz. glycerine, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1oz. gelatine dissolved in 5oz. boiling water (extra), 4oz. white shortening, 3 to 3½lb. pure icing sugar.

Combine sugar, glucose, water, glycerine, and cream of tartar in saucepan. Bring to boil and boil until temperature reaches 240 degrees. Remove from heat, add dissolved gelatine; stand 5 minutes. Add white shortening, stir until melted. Turn into basin, gradually add icing sugar. Cover with plastic, allow to stand 24 hours. Knead well before rolling to size of cake.

This quantity will cover a three-tier wedding cake.

ROYAL ICING

One egg-white, 6 to 8oz. pure icing sugar.

Beat egg-white a little to break

up. Add sifted icing sugar, a little at a time, beating in each lot thoroughly until mixture will hold its shape.

TO DECORATE

Using No. 3 writing-tube, attach frame for extension work to base of cake, using scallops about 1in. long. When dry, pipe fine line from cake side to extension work frame. Finish with 1 row of lace.

Place narrow band of ribbon round cake side. Finish with neatly tied bow.

Scalloped small edge round side of cake about 1in. down from top of cake, and form 8-point star shape on top of cake. Fill in with fine embroidery, edge with lace.

Do all piping with No. 00 tube and royal icing.

Arrange spray of moulded flowers on top of cake, smaller blooms in front. Place green leaves and flower buds in position to balance spray, and use fine tulle to soften the arrangement.

Lace: Draw basic pattern of lace on paper and cover with small pieces of waxed paper. With piping-bag and No. 00 tube filled with royal icing, trace design until a general idea of the pattern is obtained.

But much smoother, more even designs are done by working freehand. Allow to thoroughly dry, then carefully peel lacework from the waxed paper with fingers. Using a little royal icing, secure into position on cake.

This lacework is very fragile and breaks easily, so make sure you pipe a few extra to allow for this.

Floral Spray Frangipani: Use plastic fondant because frangipani is a difficult flower to mould; if modelling paste is used flowers will crack in centre when final stage of putting together is reached.

Mould 5 long, narrow, creamy-white petals, working as quickly as possible. Place one overlapping the other; brush each one with egg-white. Curl left-hand edge of each petal slightly at this stage, then roll together, making sure first and last petals overlap to keep wheel shape in the centre. Place in neck of small bottle, allow to dry. Paint deeper creamy-yellow centre when dry.

Mould 8 flowers, all in different stages of bloom, and 4 buds made from long pieces of fondant marked with back of table-knife for petals; paint in green and brown with food coloring (diluted if necessary with a little water), to give balance to flowers.

Boronia: Mould small pieces of pink fondant over end of knitting needle to get bell shape, cut with scissors to shape 4 petals. Place small piece green fondant in centre or pipe with green royal icing; place several small stamens in centre. Attach wire to base of each flower.

Green Leaves: Mould leaf shape in various sizes. Attach some to wire. Paint green when dry.

Flower-bowl novelty cake

(Pictures on page 1)

Decorated by Miss S. Watt, Marrickville, N.S.W.; won first prize in the novelty section.

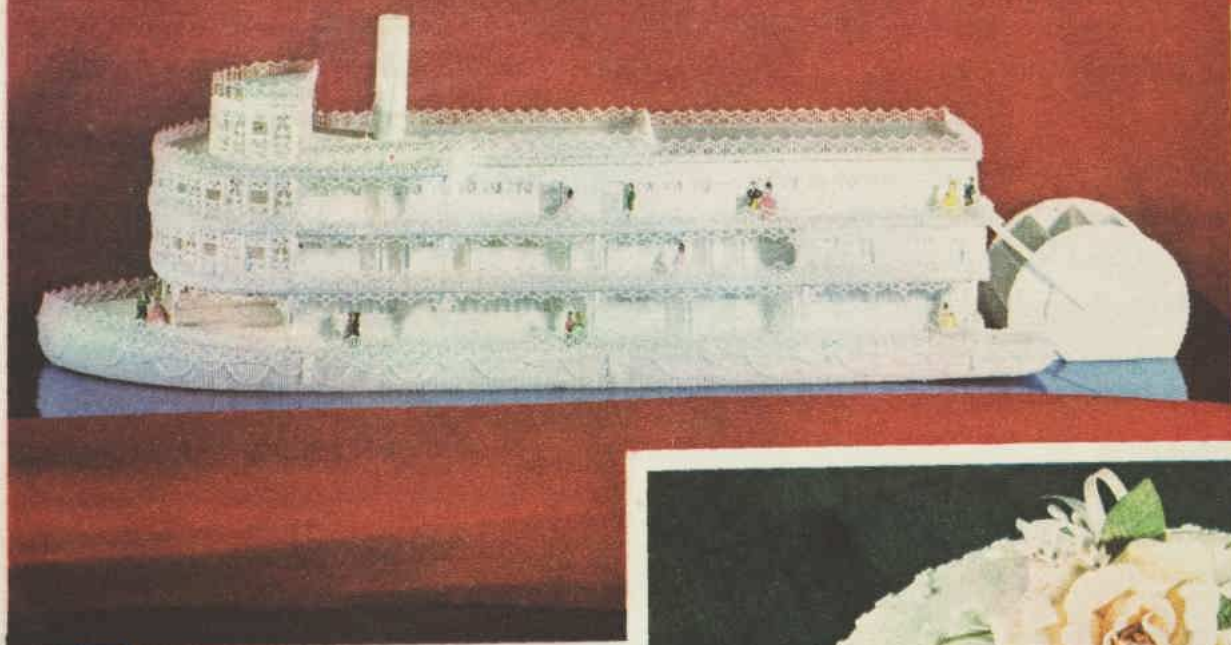
Bowl was shaped from a block fruit cake, covered with marzipan, allowed to stand until completely dry, then covered with pastel-grey fondant.

Large polka dots were piped with No. 1 tube in royal icing.

Or roll out scraps of fondant thinly on board dusted lightly with sifted icing sugar and cut out small rounds of fondant (about 1in. to 1½in.) with a little cutter. While still moist, attach to bowl with a little slightly beaten egg-white.

Roses in varying shades of lemon and pastel orange were moulded in modelling paste, allowed to dry, then assembled and arranged on cake.

Rose leaves and ivy leaves were cut from modelling paste, arranged in various positions to dry, then tinted with green coloring. Ivy leaves were trailed over side of bowl to give a natural effect.



PADDLE STEAMER won the first prize for Mrs. R. Chard as the most original.

Cake Decoration . . . concluded

THESE CAKES

WON PRIZES



CLASSIC rose design (above) on this birthday cake won a second prize for Mrs. B. Vercoe.



FRANGIPANI birthday cake (left) was a first-prize winner. Decorated by Mrs. A. L. Oldfield.

● Directions for these three cakes are on previous page.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

● These hints to help you with your cooking, knitting, and housework win £1/1/- each.

BEFORE beginning to knit socks, jumper, or cardigan, etc., take a similar garment and weigh it. This will give an indication of how many ounces or pounds of wool you will require. — Mrs. D. McIntosh, 18 Glen Rd., Roseville, N.S.W.

Prepare rhubarb the day before required for pies or stewing. Sprinkle required amount of sugar over it, let stand overnight, then simmer in its own juice. Do not add water. — Mrs. J. Congreve, 124 Dunmore St., Wentworthville, N.S.W.

Keep empty cotton-reels and soak them in kerosene. They make excellent fire-starters. — Miss Kay Phillips, 11 Seville St., North Parramatta, N.S.W.

Use up leftover stewed apple or apple sauce: Grease ramekins with butter, line with bread slices (crusts re-

moved), spoon in leftover apple, add sultanas (if liked), dash of lemon juice or grated lemon rind. Sprinkle cinnamon over, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. — Mrs. V. Rowe, 252 Tyler St., Preston N.18, Vic.

Make a basic potholder with thick interlining and plain calico cover, then make two covers for it in gaily patterned cotton, with press-studs for fastening. When soiled, the cover is quickly removed and easy to wash and dry. — Mrs. Lara Semeczko, Darlington Downs, Meandarra P.O., Qld.

For an interesting new flavor, line bottom of steamer with parsley before steaming fish. Place fish on top of parsley, then cover steamer and cook. — Mrs. Florence Cress, "Conniston," 31 MacGregor St., Eagle Junction N.18, Brisbane.

To prevent floor-rugs curling at the corners, stitch a triangular pocket under each corner and slip a piece of stiff cardboard into each pocket. — Mrs. W. Schubert, "Avenel," Baranduda, via Wodonga, Vic.

To remove fat from hot soup, stand two spoons in ice water and use them alternately to skim fat from top of soup. The fat will cling to the ice-cold spoon. — S. V. O'Sullivan, 29 Stewarts Rd., Ashgrove, Qld.

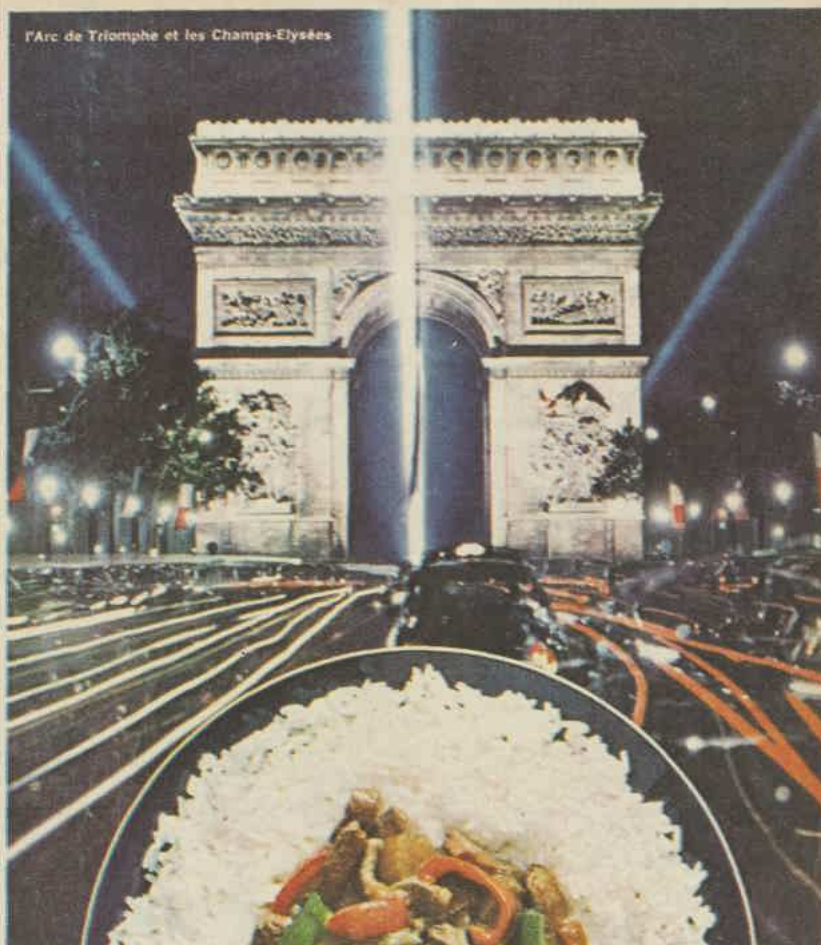
Brown sugar is an antidote to salt. Should you by accident make soup or gravy too salty, add 1 teaspoon of brown sugar and the briny taste will disappear. — Mrs. Helen Ross, 1 Agnes St., Innisfail, North Qld.

Keep a small plastic nail-brush in the kitchen for cleaning between fork-prongs. — Mrs. B. Sharman, 15 Kuranda Ave., Armidale, N.S.W.

Before you start the family darning, thread several needles with different-colored wools. For large holes, thread two needles with the same color. This saves time and trouble finding the right yarn and re-threading when you are halfway through. — Mrs. L. A. Lawry, Gladstone, N.E. Coast, Tas.

INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURE

L'Arc de Triomphe et les Champs-Élysées



Boeuf Provençal

The French have a way with food.

They take what appear to be normal every-day ingredients—then voila!—magically transform them into saucy continental dishes like Boeuf Provençal.

INGREDIENTS: 1½ lbs. topside steak, 1 tablespoon oil, 1 small red capsicum, shredded, 1 small green capsicum, shredded, 2 tomatoes, chopped, 1 clove garlic, crushed, salt and pepper, ½ cup beef stock, 1 cup Sunwhite Rice.

METHOD: Cut beef into fine slices. Fry briskly in hot oil until brown. Add red and green capsicum, tomatoes and garlic. Season with salt and pepper. Add beef stock. Simmer 15 minutes. Stir through cooked Sunwhite Rice.

SERVES 4.



SUNWHITE RICE — THE PICK OF THE CROP

Meat rolls for a buffet awarded £5 main prize

● Tiny meat rolls, filled with an unusual selection of fruit, win the £5 main prize this week. They would be ideal for a buffet meal or a snack round the fire.

TWO consolation prizes of £1 each have been awarded — one for a recipe for simple golden syrup pudding to serve on cold nights, and the other, from South Africa, for a delicious oxtail casserole, full of flavor and goodness.

All spoon measurements are level.

FRUITY MEAT ROLLS

One pound topside or round steak, 1 potato, 1 peeled apple, 1 banana, ¼ cup sultanas, juice and grated rind 1 lemon, 3 sprigs parsley, 3 sticks celery, 2 rashers bacon, 1 small onion, pinch nutmeg, salt and pepper, seasoned flour, little warm milk, fat or oil for frying.

Mince together the meat, potato, apple, banana, sultanas, parsley, celery, bacon, and onion; mix in lemon juice and rind, season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Allow to stand 1 hour to blend flavors. Form mixture into small rolls, toss in flour. Dip in warm milk, then again in flour. Fry in hot fat or oil until cooked through (about 10 minutes). Keep turning until nicely browned. Drain on kitchen paper, serve piping hot for buffet supper with small colored cocktail-sticks and accompany with a piquant sauce.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Mawer, 4 Dambrell Rd., Bulli, N.S.W.

GOLDEN SYRUP PUDDING

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, good ½ cup milk, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2oz. butter, 1 cup boiling water.

Rub butter into sifted flour and salt, mix to soft scone-dough with milk. Place in heat-proof basin the golden syrup, sugar, and butter, pour over boiling water, and stir until butter dissolves and mixture is well mixed. Fill scone mixture into greased pudding-basin, pour over prepared syrup. Place in saucepan of boiling water, place lid on saucepan, and steam in this way (without cover on pudding) about ½ hour. Serve hot with cream or custard.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. R. Collins, Somerville, Vic.

RICH OXTAIL CASSEROLE

One large oxtail, 2 large onions, 1 large potato, 2 bayleaves, salt, cold water, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 carrots (cut into rings), seasoned flour, ½ cup dry sherry, 1 teaspoon sugar.

Wash and cut tail into sections, put in saucepan with 1 onion and potato (chopped), bayleaves, and little salt. Cover with cold water, bring to the boil. Simmer until tender (about 3 hours or, if cooked in pressure-cooker, cook about 1 hour). Remove from heat, discard bayleaves and vegetables. Cut off surplus fat from joints, put in basin, set aside to cool. Cover and leave in refrigerator overnight. Strain stock, cover, and chill. Next day, sauté remaining sliced onion in butter until golden brown, add carrot-rings, and brown lightly. Dredge meat-pieces with seasoned flour, place in casserole. Cover with onions and carrots, add sherry, sugar, and at least half the 'jellied stock' (having removed fat from top) to ensure sufficient gravy. Cover casserole, bake in slow oven further 1½ to 2 hours. Serve with vegetables in season.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. I. Somerville, South Africa, c/o Mrs. S. Soliague, P.O. Box 148, Mildura, Vic.

Low-calorie recipe

A GOOD recipe for a sugarless conserve is not easy to find—but here's a beauty! It is richly colored, good-tasting, and easy to make.

Make up this colorful conserve only in small quantities; it will not keep indefinitely because it contains no sugar, which is a preservative. Store covered in refrigerator and use to spread on slimming biscuits or plain, thin slices of toast.

RHUBARB CONSERVE

One bunch rhubarb cut into 1in. pieces (this should make 4 cups of rhubarb pieces), 2 tablespoons liquid sweetener (or to taste), 1 tablespoon grated orange rind, ½ cup orange juice, 1 lemon (thinly sliced), 1 cup raisins.

Combine all ingredients in large saucepan, bring to boil, stirring constantly. Reduce heat and simmer, uncovered, 1½ hours, stirring occasionally. Spoon into clean, hot jars; seal immediately.

SURGICAL STOCKINGS worn UNSEEN

Varicose veins cause much discomfort. Positive relief can be obtained with a correct surgical stocking. Today, the Scholl company offers surgically-correct stockings that you can wear without embarrassment.

Lighter and finer than earlier stockings of this type, seamless, no hems or ridges. No one knows you're wearing them. They make your legs more attractive because they hide unsightly veins. Exclusive Scholl soft-grip top and instep eliminate constriction, give complete comfort.

Scholl Surgical Stockings are recommended by Doctors, renowned all over the world. All fittings, either in nylon or elastic yarn, from Chemists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Scholl

"Friends can make old age a wonderful time of life"

By "A GRATEFUL SENIOR CITIZEN" (name supplied)

When, after 40 years of earning my living as a housekeeper, the time had come to think about retirement, I felt upset. You see, I had a much-loved little dog, two elderly cats, who deserved to end their days happily, and a budgerigar. I therefore decided I must get a small house - but where?

I TRIED in all the neighboring towns and found the rents were far beyond my means. Then some old friends whom I had not seen for a long time came to my rescue.

Taking the trouble to make inquiries and look around, they found for me a really charming little house off the beaten track, with a rent I could afford. I have a lovely big garden, fruit trees, a fowl-run, and electricity, and, most important of all, the kindest of neighbors.

A READER'S STORY

When you turn off the main road the track to the house is very rough. Some young friends who came to see me by car named it the Birdsville Track.

Behind me are tree-covered mountains and a number of banana plantations. In front are lovely undulating farmlands. There is a creek at the bottom of the hill, and to cross it one has to use a rough bridge, so rough that when I and my furniture arrived the removalists wouldn't cross it.

I was devastated, especially as a torrential rainstorm had just begun.

After much discussion a smaller truck was sent for; my luggage and furniture were moved on to this and brought up the hill in five loads. Not a thing was damaged.

Kind friends came to help me settle in. One special friend stayed with me for three days, and with her skill and resourcefulness soon turned a house into a home.

The first night, tired out, we found we had no plug for the bath and no pipe to carry the used water away. My friend found a small tin of fish-paste, covered it with a piece of plastic, and lo! we had a plug.

Then she ingeniously stitched plastic into the form of a pipe, tied it to the water outlet, and put the other end through the hole in the floor. The first bath was therefore memorable.

My nearest neighbors live at the bottom of the hill, on the other side of the creek. They were away when I arrived here, but when they returned I found how lucky I really am. A husband and wife, they are the kindest people in the world.

Their daughters are as charming as they are. The wife suffers from diabetes, but seldom have I seen her without a smile. She is such good company and so thoughtful for the "old lady who lives on the hill."

Bachelors' dinner

The husband comes up and cuts my lawns when he does his own. He refused to allow me to pay him for this service, saying that if only people would do things to help one another without always thinking of payment the world would be much happier.

These people take me to town with them when they go in their car, and are always ready to do any shopping for me. Whatever they do for me is done so graciously that they really make me feel they like doing it.

Often on Sundays two elderly bachelors, friends of many years' standing, come to see me, bringing a beautifully prepared dinner.

A very happy experience I have had since coming here is entertaining an old friend I had not seen for ten years.

She arrived to spend a fortnight, laden with books and magazines, also with many plants for my garden. We talked so much we had little time for anything else.

Lately I have had two young friends to stay with me. I have known them since they were born and to them I have always been "Auntie."

Nineteen-year-old Judy, a medical student at Sydney University, and her engineer brother brought all sorts of goodies for me from the city, and when they left after a few days they were loaded up with fruit and fish.

Having them here made me feel young again. Judy had quite a lot of study to do, but found time to help with the chores and go exploring the mountains and banana plantations and picking wild raspberries and guavas, which we enjoyed with ice-cream and icing sugar.

There is, too, another kind friend whom I have never seen, though in a recent Australian Women's Weekly I had the great pleasure of seeing her photograph. I referred to Mrs. Ellen Sinclair, the cookery editor.

When I wrote asking her advice on meals for one person she replied in a most charming and heart-warming letter which I shall always prize.

It is truly wonderful to have so many good friends when one is old. And I must not forget my little animal pals.

My dog, Chris, would never let you feel lonely, and is somewhat of a tyrant when she wants to play ball. My budgie, Dabby Boy, sings and talks all day long, and my two elderly cats have taken a new lease of life.

I'll admit there are times when I could be very lonely without my pets.

Then there is my garden. My flowers, fruit, and vegetables keep me busy and happy. And I have my windows and my beloved books, which at last I have plenty of time to read and enjoy.

Yes, I guess it would be wonderful to have plenty of money and security in one's old age, but I am sure it is better still to have kind and loving friends. These can make old age a wonderful period of life.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 5, 1961

Fragile...handle with Johnson's

Johnson's Baby Powder is the softest, purest powder in the world... specially made absorbent to keep Baby's tender skin smooth and chafe-free. What a wonderful, happy time for Baby... the caress of Johnson's Baby Powder along with pure rich Johnson's Baby Cream that helps prevent chapping and dryness.

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BEST FOR BABY... BEST FOR YOU

Bethal Tablets clear away STUFFY HEAD COLDS!



Winter time can be very miserable when you suffer from Head Colds. If you do, take Bethal Tablets. Then you'll get the same fast relief Bethal has given thousands of others. Bethal Tablets act through the blood-stream, break up congestion and dry out messy sniffles and sneezes. Chemists have recommended Bethal Tablets for years. You ask them.



2/9, 6/3 or 19/6

Is your baby BREAST-FED?

Soon it will be time to wean baby. When the time comes for bottle-feeding you should know what type of test to choose so that baby is weaned without difficulty. Most baby authorities recommend a test with similar softness to mother's breast. Maw's Tests are made by a 'dipping' process which gives every test a unique softness. Because Maw's Tests are soft, baby is able to control the flow of milk itself. Maw's Tests, in 4-hole sizes, fit any bottle with the new Maw's Adaptor. Maw's make a full range of baby-feeding needs. Ask your family chemist about the Maw's Dinky Feeder for baby's 'little' drinks... Maw/Milton Sterilization Unit that keeps bottles and teats germ-free.

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by "EXHAIR" Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.
Janet Glenville, 247 W Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

SKIN ITCH & TINEA
To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, itching, rashes, red blotches, blemishes and tinea, use NIXODERME. Get NIXODERME from your chemist. Clears skin while you sleep.

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia.
See this week's new architect-designed home on Home Plan page.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● My favorite cookery book is a thick exercise book with an undercover of garish puce, criss-crossed irregularly with black and yellow lines, and decorated with tempting (not quite straight) pictures of meringue pies, and ice-creams, and jellies. The top cover is clear plastic, put on askew, and wrinkled.

INSIDE, in large unsteady letters, it is headed Meat Dishes, Fish Dishes, Biscuits, Cakes, Puddings, Toffees, and Handy Hints.

Under each heading the maker of the book (Kay, aged six at the time of compilation) has contributed one recipe to guide me in the right direction.

Under meat dishes is a recipe for Potato Pie which ends "serve with lots and lots of tomato sauce"; under fish dishes is the economical hint that "fish and chips is best, from the shop"; the biscuit recipe is for peanut cookies, of which she has not tired yet; the cake recipe is a most elaborate one for a fruit cake, which I think must have been contributed by her kindergarten teacher.

The pudding recipe was economically cut out from a magazine—yes, you guessed it, lemon meringue pie; the toffee recipe is one of those awful stickjaws beloved of six-year-old beginner cooks, and the Handy Hint is a beauty—ALWAYS keep a tray of ice-cream in your fridge for children and visitors.

This was one of the Christmas presents, made in secrecy (right under my nose) along with pot-holders, teapot-stands, needle-books and bookmarks, that I could never throw away, no matter how repulsive they were—and most of them were!

The cookery book is still an embarrassment to Kay, because it's always in evidence, as I've used it over the years for copying out tested and tried recipes given me by friends.

Each recipe has the donating friend's name written beside it, which is meant to warn me not to choose that one on the day that particular friend is coming.

But recipes, like any bright ideas or brilliant opinions, become so much your own after a few times' use that you usually forget you didn't invent them or think them up yourself.

The fringe benefits that come with "pot luck"...

WHAT made me think of this recipe book and how much most girls of all ages like experimenting with new recipes that Mum has never tried was a review I saw of a new cookery book called "Pot Luck," which has been compiled by the sixth-formers at an English school as a contribution to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

The girls have written to all sorts of famous people in different countries of the world, asking them for their favorite recipes. Fifty-nine different countries are represented in the 300 recipes, and famous people like violinist Yehudi Menuhin and Sir Malcolm Sargent and the ambassadors of foreign embassies have contributed.

The book costs very little (except hard work) to produce, because nearly everyone concerned in the printing gave part or all of their services free, and all the proceeds will be given to the Freedom from Hunger Campaign.

There'd be fringe benefits, too. Probably quite a lot of those sixth-formers have learned lots about cooking that will stand them in good stead later on.

When Hugh and I were engaged, a friend of my family's who lived in Adelaide sent me a cookery book that had been compiled by a committee of parents connected with a boys' school in Adelaide.

I don't know what it was called, but I know it had a green cover and that it was quite a thin volume, about half an inch thick.

I remember these details because of the fruitless hours I spent searching for it some years ago when Hugh reminded me of it and of the fact that it contained his very favorite biscuit recipe.

This was a frightfully simple recipe (it must have been, if I was able to make them at that stage!) for a nice, crisp biscuit with lumps of chocolate in it.

It was this recipe that saved my reputation as a cook in the first weeks of our marriage, after the roast pork that was luscious and golden on the outside and completely raw in the middle and the sponge cakes that turned out to have the thickness and consistency of cork mats.

I don't know whether it's a case of distance leading enchantment to the remembered taste, but Hugh swears that other recipes I've tried for biscuits with bits of chocolate in them are NO GOOD.

Obviously, some friend (or enemy?) borrowed this cookery book and forgot to return it. If you've got a copy of a battered old green cookery book about half an inch thick with the name of an Adelaide boys' school on it (perhaps King's College), look in the front and see if it's got YOUR name in it, or mine.

There are flaws in this kitchen floor idea

IN America, carpet manufacturers, against stiff opposition from housewives, have launched a campaign to persuade women to put wall-to-wall carpets in their kitchens.

"Women will have to be educated in the right direction," they say threateningly, knowing that women will fight to the death for their easy-to-clean lino or rubber or tiles.

The manufacturers claim that if tightly woven flat-loop synthetic carpet is used it's just as easy to wipe up spills as it would be from tiles. What about fat, I wonder, which does get spilt on kitchen floors occasionally?

They wouldn't get far with me. I think I'd always insist on at least two it-doesn't-matter floors in any house I lived in—the kitchen and the bathroom. All I ask for is more bathroom floors!

Hugh arrived at breakfast in a black humor the other morning. Someone showering before him had left the curtain outside, so that the floor was awash; someone had taken the shower-compartment's soap and put it in the basin, which he didn't discover until he was wet, and someone (blackest crime of all) had used his razor for shaving legs and had been foolish enough not to cover tracks by removing the evidence.

"If I had three wishes, my first would be for another bathroom," I said.

"You're crazy," Hugh said. "If I had three wishes I'd wish for three new bathrooms — then maybe I'd be able to get into one of them on time."

Announcement of winners in Dawn's "Name the Doll" Contest

Congratulations to all of you from the makers of Dawn toilet tissue

GRAND PRIZE WINNER: (doll and 5 sets of clothes)

Mrs. M. MacPherson, 22 Hendy Ave., Collaroy, N.S.W.

The following successful entrants receive a doll each:

NEW SOUTH WALES:

Mrs. Jean Bryson, 26 Ethel Street, Burwood
Mrs. E. Byfield, 22 Rose Street, Punchbowl
Mrs. M. Colbron, 55 Victoria Road, Marrickville
Miss Anne Collis, 39 Foveaux Street, Ainslie, Canberra
Susan Curry, 42 Glenayr Avenue, West Ryde
Miss Susan East, Marshall Mount, Yallah
Miss Margaret Fletcher, 31 Pacific Highway, Murwillumbah
Mrs. B. B. Francis, P.O. Box 20, Dorrigo
Mrs. D. N. Goodes, 154 Dobie Street, Grafton
Mrs. J. Halloran, 30 Knight Street, New Lambton
Gai Maree Ingle, 19 Marion Street, Gympie
Mrs. J. McCaw, 42 White Street, Leichhardt
Mandy Meatchem, 5 Burns Street, Eastwood
Elizabeth Nulty, 40 Catherine Street, St. Ives
Joan Reese, 25 Hobart Street, St. Mary's
Mrs. M. I. Sidonio, 79 Joslin Street, Kotara
Miss Diane Willis, 87 Bannockburn Road, Turramurra

VICTORIA:

Mrs. D. J. Allen, Cnr. Lawrence & Price Streets, Mt. Waverley
Mary Rose Arkell, 62 Landcox Street, East Brighton
Mrs. Susan Austin, 59 Pakington Street, Kew
Mrs. J. I. Beck, 170 Hudson Road, Spotswood
Miss June Caron, 30 Belmont Avenue, Glen Iris
Miss Susan Christie, 13 Ametta Avenue, Ashburton
Mrs. G. I. Claridge, 47 Leonard Avenue, Glenroy
Helen Clarke, Glenormiston South
Mrs. J. W. Ellis, 10b Hazel Street, Camberwell
Miss Pauline Hoare, 329 Camp Road, Broadmeadows
Elizabeth Hutchins, 7 Jellicoe Street, Ivanhoe
Mrs. H. M. Kilmartin, 32 St. Georges Road, Elsternwick
Lisa Maxwell, 100 Jetty Road, Rosebud
Mrs. W. M. Millar, 9 Linton Lane, Highton, Geelong
Mrs. L. M. Ninnis, 24 Wilson Avenue, Montmorency
Miss Y. Simons, Range Road, Olinda
Mrs. Marie Skinner, 255 Doncaster Road, North Bawlyrn
Mrs. C. W. J. Williams, 39 Philip Avenue, Doncaster

QUEENSLAND:

Mrs. O. M. Bartlett, 34 Bally Street, Kelvin Grove
Miss Beryl Hawkins, 27 Clark Street, Labrador, Southport
Miss Christine Mitchell, 108 Bawden Street, North Rockhampton
Mrs. Mary Tytherleigh, "Corners" Queen Street, Caloundra
Miss Robyn Williams, 18 Maher Street, North Ipswich

SOUTH AUSTRALIA:

Miss Dorothy Braunack, 21 John Street, Balaklava
Mrs. Mary Brennan, 23 Burrimul Street, Woomera
Mrs. Gloria Howard, 44 Gosfield Crescent, Hampstead Gardens
Miss Dianne Luckraft, Baraita Station, Via Carrieton
Miss Sandra McMennamin, 3 Alberta Avenue, St. James Park
M. C. Mosey, Private Bag 16, Saddleworth
Miss Heather Poole, Box 50, Curramulka, Yorke Peninsula
Mrs. Vicki Trent, C/- 14 Clovelly Avenue, Graymore

WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

Mrs. L. E. Rumball, 224 Railway Parade, Meltham

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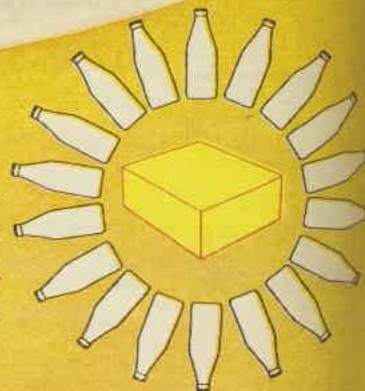
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IT TAKES 18 PINTS OF MILK
TO MAKE A POUND OF BUTTER

Here's a
pastry recipe
anyone
can follow,
a true
all-purpose
pastry

Butterflake PASTRY

5 oz. Plain Flour (2 cups),
Pinch salt, 6 oz. butter (firm),
1 egg beaten with 1 cup cold
water, or 1 cup iced water.
Beaten egg yolk and milk or
milk for glaze.

METHOD: Sift flour and salt
into mixing bowl, roughly
cut butter into flour with 2
knives. Add liquid and mix
lightly to form dough. Chill
in refrigerator at least half
an hour. Lightly flour board
and roll out $\frac{1}{2}$ pastry to fit
an 8" or 9" pie plate. Trim
edges. Add cold filling and
refrigerate. Roll out remain-
ing $\frac{1}{2}$ pastry. Moisten edges
of pie crust and cover with
colled pastry. Press edges
together firmly, trim pastry
and pinch a frill around
edge. Refrigerate for 10
minutes. Glaze and bake in
hot oven (400° gas, 425°
electric) for 12 minutes.
Reduce heat to moderate
(350° gas, 375° electric)
and continue cooking 18
minutes approximately.

SUGGESTED PIE FILLINGS

CHERRY. 1 large can red
cherries, 1 tsp. grated lemon
rind, 2 tbsps. blended cornflour,
r 1 tbsps. blended arrowroot,
cup sugar to sweeten cherries
(necessary).

Drain cherries and reserve juice.
Fruit cherry juice up to 1 cup
with water. Heat juice in a
medium size saucepan, add corn-
flour, lemon rind and sugar. Stir
over heat until smooth and
thickened. Add cherries, then
set aside to cool.

FRUIT MINCE. 1 lb. mixed
fruit, grated rind 1 lemon or
1 tablespoon chopped mint, 1
sp. Alspice, 2 tablespoons
sugar, Rum or Brandy, 2
tablespoons any jam, 1 can
apple pulp or 1 small can
strained crushed pineapple.

Chop fruit finely, place in
bowl, add lemon rind, spice,
sugar, jam and apple pulp.
Stir to combine. Use as
directed. This fruit mince
improves on standing but
it is not necessary for a
good result.

APPLE & RHUBARB. 1 can
unsweetened apple pulp or 2
cups well strained sweet apples
(unsweetened), 1 cup stewed
rhubarb, 1 cup honey or 1 cup
sugar (more or less according
to taste), 1 tsp. ground cloves,
grated rind of one lemon.

Combine apples, rhubarb,
honey, cloves and lemon
rind, blend well and use as
directed.

Another golden Butter
Recipe
from the Dairy Foods
Kitchens
of the Australian
Dairy Produce Board



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 5, 1964

Luckily, during Kate's
short sojourn on the phone,
Georgia and Joanna had
been occupied with being
affable to the vanquished
Mrs. Holden — it had been
so pleasant, hadn't it?—and
the party was moving to-
ward the door. Kate went
with them out to the lawn.
For no good reason she felt
safe from wasps in the
presence of other people; it
was as though she gained
some kind of anonymity.

When the car had driven
off, Joanna said matter-of-
factly, "Well, I think that's
that," and then, to Kate, idly
curious, "Who was on the
phone?"

The light struck into her
eyes for a second before she
raised a shielding hand. They
were brown, like Robert's; a
brown so clear and golden
that it looked at times as
though something shone be-
hind them.

"Oh . . . about the May-
nard boy, Kate's going to be
all right," said Kate.

The evasion astonished her.
Shame entered into it, and a
sense of guilt, and a childish
conviction that the less public
notice taken of anything the
more likely it was to go away.

But there was a sensible
basis, too. Given the facts to
date, Georgia and Joanna, and
possibly even Gerald, would
leap into action right away,
not caring how Kate felt
about it.

They would get lawyers to
demonstrate that she had not
been at fault, and that
only her consideration for a
mother's feelings had kept
her from reporting the acci-
dent at the time.

By the same token, they
would have it proved that
Mrs. Maynard's disturbed
emotional state was already
in existence and not to be
linked with the accident.
They would say that Kate had
already provided financial
assistance not legally required
of her—and, having settled
everything to their satisfac-
tion, they would leave her
with her own private and un-
dignified spectres.

Because she had hit
Barney, or Barney's tricycle;
there was no getting away
from that. If only she could
study a slow-motion film of
her fatal progress along
Maple Avenue, to see how
much the wasp entered into
it . . . Gerald had been
there, but if the circum-
stances seemed to require it
Gerald would say cheerfully
that Barney Maynard had
arrived on the crest of a
flood, wearing defective water
wings.

Or if only Carpenter had
provided her with more copy,
something to concentrate her
attention on . . .

That day was Kate's first
intimation of being a prisoner
—in a charming apartment
in the summer countryside,
where the llocks would turn
at a touch. She did not want
to drive more than was
absolutely necessary until her
licence came, if it came.

SHE rinsed a
few drip-dry things and did
not hang them out on the
line behind the apartment,
because she was stopped, with
her hand on the doorknob, by
the occasional caravel wings
in the sunniness there. It was
not so much a fear of being
stung (wasp sting fatal); she
felt she could have stood it
if someone had told her that
at exactly four o'clock every
afternoon she was to be stung
by a wasp. She would be
prepared for it then, and the
pain was easily bearable.

It was the element of sur-
prise, learned in all its hor-
ror from the episode in the
car. The sudden dry rasp of
wings—or, worse, the random
glance at arm or shoulder
that would discover the
infinitely delicate prowling of

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jointed legs, the decision still
to come: crawl on under the
sleeve or the neckline or the
hem or fly harmlessly away,
or sting—here!

I will have to go to a doc-
tor, Kate thought lucidly. I
can't, no one could, live like
this.

She could only make a pre-
tence at dinner that evening.
Georgia remarked upon it in
her soft but implacable voice.
"Don't you feel well, Kate?"

"Large lunch," explained
Kate with an effort at non-
chalance.

"Mrs. Holden's thrown her
off her feed," said Gerald pro-
foundly, "and no wonder.
She's a dreadful woman. Do
you know that last Christmas
she invited a lot of unsuspect-
ing people and served bran
mash, or whatever that vegeta-
rian stuff is, shaped like
a turkey?"

It made a diversion, for
which Kate was grateful; she
only caught a flicker of
Gerald's olive eye. He had
learned this kind of thing, she
suspected, as a means of duck-
ing away from the sternnesses
of the Barlows; it was entirely
possible that Mrs. Holden had

THE WASP

She tried again at one, and
at two. At two-thirty, with
a landscape turned purplish
and a mutter of thunder in
the west, she got into the car
and drove carefully to Maple
Avenue.

The street looked strange
without its mask of dappled
light; strange and still. Houses
Kate had never noticed before
seemed to have crept closer
to the edges, but, of course,
that was the overcast sky, the
stiller branches, her own fool-
ish feeling of being watched.

Was raw-nerved Mrs.
Maynard frightened of
thunderstorms? It was to be
hoped not, because this one
was coming to a fast black
boil. Kate got out of her car
to the first rap of rain among
the maples.

The milk bottles were there
on the step again, but empty
this time except for a note
furled into the top of one.
Kate glanced at it and rang
the bell—an automatic ges-
ture, because she had realised
by now that the old black
sedan was not in the drive-
way, and an empty house had
a certain quality of blankness.
Barney was not ill in the

Maynards lost their piercing
edge. It was not that Kate
felt less responsible; they had
simply moved to an unknown
area where her imagination
could not follow them with
such painful exactitude.

Paradoxically, her fear of
wasps grew instead of lessen-
ing. A moth muttering behind
a curtain, an over-exuberant
housefly, even the uncrinkle
of balled cellophane carelessly
tossed in an ashtray: any of
these caught her breath and
brought her head flashing
around in the direction of the
sound.

There was no concealing it,
not after a yellow jacket pur-
sued her to the door of the
house and, in her frantic
urgency to get in, she pulled
the screen door slashing
shut on three fingers of her
left hand.

Georgia said in her soft,
relentless way, "Really, Kate,
you must . . ."
—not give in to anything
so childish," said Kate, inter-
rupting. She was shocked at
her own tone, but she could
not seem to help it. "I'm
not really enjoying it, either,
Georgia, much as I appear to."

"Of course you're not," said
Georgia gently. "But don't

nerved little laugh, "Couldn't
you have found someone
fonder of wasps?" but he was
armed with a kerosene-
soaked cloth and a box of
matches.

Kate watched him from the
apartment with a queer trans-
ference of fear. With the go-
ing of the sun, the wasps
would have retreated to their
nests — and be there in force,
a seething, constantly moving
mass that did not bear think-
ing about.

GERALD, in the
watery grey light, was like
some menacing creature from
another planet, broad-faced,
huge-headed, as he walked
along a distant line of bushes
that grew thickly along the
small ditch at the back of the
Barlow property.

Was it too dark to see . . . ?
No, because he had made a
gingerly reconnaissance
earlier and a sudden trium-
phant flame bloomed through
the dusk. Against it she could
see Gerald duck his head and
begin to run.

A feeling of security stayed
with her almost all the next
day, until there was a sudden
dry buzzing from inside the
lilacs at her front door and
Kate felt, or imagined, a
breathlike touch on her hair.
Without stopping to think, she
struck at the place so vio-
lently that she was dizzied;
for an alarming second or two
her head rang. It cleared,
and Joanna was crossing the
grass, her pointed face amused
and exasperated. "For heav-
en's sake, Kate! After all,
Gerald burned the nest."

Kate nodded tersely in the
direction of the lilacs. "That
one was out late," she said.

In a short span of days, her
life had changed dramatically.
She had stopped wearing any
kind of cologne and changed
to a scentless soap, because
fragrance attracted bees and
very often found bees you
were often found wasps. She
went out in the early morn-
ings or the shadow-hung after-
noons, avoiding the quiet
sunny mid-section of the day.
She drove only when
absolutely compelled to.

Once, when Joanna was
out and Georgia remembered
something forgotten on the
shopping list, she pleaded a
bad headache; at another
knock, she flung on her robe
and said apologetically that
she was just about to step into
the shower.

If she rose at eight o'clock,
this regime left her with over
eight hours to fill. With Car-
penter apparently tired in
his book and no copy to type,
she cleaned the spotless apart-
ment, read a great deal, and
played endless games of soli-
tary in which, if she did not
get a certain number of cards
out, she would have to pay a
hair-raising forfeit.

After that first night
Georgia had not offered sleep-
ing pills, and, grimly, Kate
did without them. She also
did without a good deal of
her sleep. Her eyelids grew
more delicate and noticeable,
and belts she had worn at the
third notch went into the
fifth. All her useless time-
killing occupations gave her
time to think, and she thought
not only about Barney May-
nard but, inevitably, Robert.

It would once have seemed
impossible to her that such a
scene would blur, but it had;
or perhaps there were too
many other scenes piled on
top of it.

If she were not absolutely
sure whether or not Robert
had dozed for a second be-
hind the wheel, mustn't that
mean that her eyelids had
fallen, too — warned as she
was, aware of his fatigue? If
she had said decisively,
"Robert? No, I won't wait;
let's change over right here,"
might he still be alive?

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• Australian place names

Gerrington (N.S.W.)

Natives from here saw Captain Cook's
vessel in full sail. The word "gerrington"
is said to signify "fearful."

Childers (Q'ld.)

In the early days was Isis Scrub. Takes
its name from H. C. E. Childers, once
a tally clerk on the Melbourne wharves.
He later became a school inspector,
entered the Victorian Parliament, became
Victoria's Agent-General in London, went
into British politics and became suc-
cessively First Lord of the Admiralty,
Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster,
Secretary for War, Chancellor of the
Exchequer, and Home Secretary. He
brought in several reforms, including the
abolition of flogging.

Mitta Mitta (Vic.)

From native Mutta Mutta, "thunder,"
according to some authorities. Others say
it is derived from Mida Modringa, "where
reeds grow."

Lottah (Tas.)

A native word for gum tree.

American River (S.A.)

Some American whalers were wrecked,
but, building a boat from the wreckage,
got away. Flinders' map had it as "Pelican
Lagoon."

Backstairs Passage (S.A.)

Flinders wrote in his journal: "It forms
a private entrance, as it were, to the two
gulphs and I named it Backstairs Passage."

Stirling Range and Stirling Gardens (W.A.)

Named in honor of Sir James Stirling,
who fought hard with the British authori-
ties for the establishment of a settlement
in the west of the Continent and ultimately
had the satisfaction of fixing the sites of
Fremantle and Perth with absolute power
as Lieutenant-Governor. He had naval
experience and, on leaving W.A., com-
manded battleships in the Mediterranean.

Black Eyes Ck. (N.T.)

Named by explorer McKinlay after a
bullock, 1862.

done no such thing. But it
worked: Joanna said with con-
tempt, "I'm surprised. She
looks more like a cannibal
than a vegetarian," and
Georgia said musingly, "I
don't believe I've ever seen
hair like that before. What
would you call it? Puce?
Plum . . . ?"

Kate slept badly again that
night. She saw the useless
tremor along Barney May-
nard's throat; she heard May-
nard say in a beseeching
voice, "Alice, it'll be all
right," and in the dream, with
tears clamping her own
throat, she knew that it would
not be all right. Barney would
scribble on little pads instead
of talking, or use his fingers
in a hard-learned sign lan-
guage, and all because of her.

She woke with her throat
aching. The morning was
grey and cool and windy;
what she had come to think
of, in the last seventy-two
hours, as unwasp. At ten
o'clock, driven by her
thoughts, uncertain as to what
she would say, she dialled
the Maynards' telephone num-
ber.

It didn't answer. That
didn't mean that things had
taken a turn for the worse,
that they had taken Barney
back to the hospital, but at
eleven Kate tried again. And
at twelve. She knew now
what she would say: "Do you
think it would help if you
took Barney on a sort of vaca-
tion? My own finances are
limited, but I'll do what I
can."

usual sense, of course; per-
haps they had taken him for a
drive or to a movie in an
attempt to coax his speech.

The sky split above Kate's
head, and she ducked in-
stinctively and saw again the
note in the milk bottle. No
one wrote confidences to milk-
men, and with the rain be-
ginning to pelt down she bent
and took it out. Her
heart rose instantly, because
the bribe pencilled printing
said, "Please discontinue milk
for two weeks."

She simply stood there a
minute, getting progressively
drenched, not caring in her
relief. They had had the
same thought as she and gone
away somewhere, removing
Mrs. Maynard from the scene
of her hysteria, putting be-
hind Barney a place of fear,
and possibly unlocking his
tongue. Two weeks wasn't
long, but it might be long
enough—

The landscape leaped
whitely around her, there was
the torn-canvas prelude to a
crackling roar of thunder.
Kate turned and ran through
the rain to her car.

The heat returned and
broke records that week.
Georgia basked in it like a
gratified lizard, Joanna grew
browner and thinner, Gerald
devised new means for
appearing to toil at the plant
while he did nothing. Kate
did not hear from the Motor
Vehicles Bureau, but she did
not get any more clippings
either. Little by little the

you think — now, don't mis-
understand me, Kate — that
it might do you good to be
stung?"

Stung. The single thump
of recognition from her heart,
then the stoppage, then the
dangerous race . . . "Prob-
ably," said Kate, voice still
tight and even, "but I don't
intend to find out if I can
help it. I'm sorry, and I'll get
over this, but couldn't you
all just — look the other way
when I'm making a fool of
myself?"

She knew as she said it that
she was being ungrateful and
unfair, public flinchings were
hard to overlook, and they
all nursed her so patiently
over her car phobia, after
Robert's death, that she could
understand their weariness at
another.

But even though she ad-
dressed herself with far more
scorn than they did, the fact
remained: it was as useless to
tell her not to be afraid of
wasps — not to rush through
doorways, or turn in a whirl,
with her hand pressed blindly
against her cheeks — as it
was to tell Gerald not to
sneeze at goldenrod or cat
hair.

It would pass. It had to.
Sternly enjoined by both his
wife and his mother-in-law,
and prudently wearing a bor-
rowed bee-veil, Gerald went
in search of wasps' nests at
nearly dusk one evening. He
made no pretence of daunt-
lessness, saying with an un-

The wonder dropped on her like water on stone, ceaseless and hollowing. When Carpenter called one morning and asked casually if she were free for dinner, it was like an oar flung to someone drowning.

Or so Kate thought until she discovered that the others had been invited to something connected with Madge Perlmutter's belated engagement. She knew the burden she was in cases like this, with strangers who didn't know of her existence; she had heard more than once Georgia's deft, "Oh, and have you met my daughter-in-law? Yes, Kate's with us now . . ."

But they need not have called Carpenter on this occasion. Angrily, Kate put on a very pale pink sheath of a dress that should have fought with her caramel hair but did not. She was finished with dressing for

Carpenter as though he were someone rare and special, someone who must be guarded against.

With the decision, she armed herself all over again, although at the restaurant, a pleasant one with low lights and good but unobtrusive service, Carpenter was easy and companionable. He said that he had got his ghosted hero out of a Canadian lumber camp and into the office by means of a savage black bear, and, when Kate asked warily if there had really been a bear, "All lumber camps are totally surrounded by bears."

His gaze swept over her in a detached, friend-of-the-family examination. "What's happened to you, Kate?"

How much had they told him? Kate was used by now to being discussed — that was the price of sanctuary — but she managed to

Continued from page 43

give him a look of surprise. "Nothing."

"Oh? You look," said Carpenter bluntly, "the way you did when you came back from Arizona."

Back from Arizona. Back without Robert, her future abruptly emptied like a basin, trying to live up to the Barlow strength . . . The restaurant slipped a little, the pink dress was suddenly a sheath of dampness. Kate had to stare at the cigarette in her left hand to realise that her fingers were holding it; her right wandered automatically to her hair. From very far away Carpenter said gently, "Kate."

She had to lift her gaze gradually, so that the table would not tilt. This made . . . how often?

THE WASP

Three times in ten days . . . "Take some of your drink," said Carpenter's quiet voice, and she raised the glass obediently.

The iciness of the drink as well as the stimulant seemed to restore her balance; Carpenter was all at once the proper distance away, the table was perfectly steady, her fingers knew the texture of cigarette paper again. She said with an effort of lightness, "I'm never much good in the heat—will it ever break, do you suppose?"

Carpenter accepted that casually. "They say tomorrow . . ."

All through dinner he led her through neutral, no-strain subjects: people they both knew, the unplumbable mystery of most best-

sellors, a cat of his acquaintance who ate green peppers, fastidious spitting out the seeds.

Over coffee he said in the same negligent tone, "Have you ever thought of getting a regular job?" Kate gazed at him blankly. "In town?"

"Well, no — I don't suppose you know how to make soles and measuring ribbon. I meant New York."

"With an hour and a half's commuting? Thank you, no."

"In New York," said Carpenter mildly, "they've come a long way. They have places called apartments, buildings, some of them very pleasant."

In a flash Kate saw her security ripped from her like a bandage from an unhealed wound, competitors measuring her competence, a fast cold grey eye carrying her to places she did not want to go. She said flatly, "No," and then, her face burning suddenly, "Did — is this Georgia's idea?"

"No," said Carpenter. "You apparently, but my own. Remember? No? . . . You won't want to realise the extent of my selfishness." His eyes were grey. "To find someone literate, who can read my writing, type beautifully, look—"

"I think I've dropped a glove," said Kate rapidly, and thought of irrelevance as he bent how to arm his hair was, as smooth as innocent and light brown as a child's. She couldn't have said why it always took her by surprise.

A STRANGER

had sprung up between them, and they drove back to the house in silence. The others were still asleep. Kate had forgotten to leave a light burning in her apartment, and the windows looked black and dry in the glitter of Carpenter's headlights almost as though they had succeeded in sucking something in out of the night. She was grateful when Carpenter said matter-of-factly, "I'll just see you in."

But the lamps, when she looked them, lit up only serenity; the covered typewriter on its table in the corner, the book face down on the couch; in the bedroom, her misty splash of blue over the foot of the bed where she had tossed in after her shower.

Something hummed, but that was the electric clock. Something rustled dryly — Carpenter, who seemed too much, had just opened a pack of cigarettes. Kate's harshly caught breath, not quite a cry, checked him at the door. She rushed blindly into him; her muffled voice was against his tie, "On the lamp is the couch—"

It was a very large yellow jacket enlivened by the warmth of the bulb, crawling hungrily up the shade, seeming to Kate's wild mind to plough with its feet at the textured fabric. When Carpenter advanced on it with a rolled magazine it shot obliquely to the ceiling directly over where she crouched against the door, buzzed angrily there, and fell almost at her feet. Carpenter's shoe covered it instantly, but there was a faint

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Spaghetti, magnifico!... with the flavour of MAGGI Bolognese Sauce

All you do is cook the spaghetti in your own special way. While it cooks, open a pack of Maggi Bolognese Sauce, mix, stir and heat. It's ready! Then pour it, fragrantly steaming, on the spaghetti, serve, and accept the acclamation of the house!

There are five deliciously different Maggi sauces: Savoury Mushroom, Curry, White, Brown Onion and Bolognese — a sauce for any and every dish.



Try this idea too!

RICE MEXICANA

Place $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of washed rice in greased oven-proof dish. Sprinkle on 1 pkt. Maggi Bolognese Sauce and 1 tsp. salt. Add 3 tbsp. tomato paste dissolved in 1 pint hot water. Mix lightly with fork and cover. Bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hr. moderate oven. Serves 4 as an entree.



pain in the very centre of her chest. Not imaginary; she could locate it with her fingers, press on it, feel it ebb. Had Mrs. DeJong felt like this when she saw the delicate brown body, too late, wince under the vicious thrust? Carpenter's face looked shaken. He said slowly, "Kate, dear . . . and Kate's defences went crumbling. She said almost in a whisper, "Well, you see. Do you think — no, don't, I mean this seriously — do you think I could be on the way to losing my mind?"

Kate had expected to lie awake. Instead she slept like someone stunned. Part of that was a catching-up on the last few broken nights; part was Carpenter's rough "Don't talk nonsense!" to her desperate query.

He knew about her driving accident; Joanna had told him. He said sensibly, "If a robin had flown at your windshield you'd hate robins for a while, even though the boy's all right. I gather you're not involved with these people in any way?"

So many lies to undo, so many puzzled frowns to face—Kate was too nervous and too tired to argue the thousand dollars, and already she had begun to feel that by lying to him for protection she had somehow handed herself to Carpenter, unasked. She said elliptically, "They've gone away for a while," and he looked relieved. He made a thorough inspection of the apartment, and at the door he said, examining the knob, "Go to a doctor, will you?" "An ordinary doctor, you mean?"

"Certainly," said Carpenter crossly. "You've lost weight, in case you haven't noticed, and you're as jumpy as a witch. Maybe vitamins or tranquillisers—"

MAYBE they would, thought Kate as she got ready for bed; maybe it was something as simple as that, the physical part of it, anyway. She had a distant cousin with hypoglaecemia, and the symptoms of dizziness were remarkably similar. When Dr. Patwick got back from his vacation she would sleep.

Sleep took her then and held her until—who knows exactly how long before waking? In a vivid dream she was out on the angle of grass behind the apartment when she saw in the sunlight something that looked at first like a small bird. But it was not, it was a cluster of wasps locked together in a fuzzy brown broadened Y, drifting lazily but purposefully toward her. She knew that she would not survive if it caught her, and there was no time to run. She flung herself flat in the shadowed grass, shielding her head with her crossed arms, and woke with her face plunged into her pillow and her heart thundering. When the mail came that day there was a letter for Kate, postmarked Bridgeport.

Joanna said of her mail, "Shepherd's has a sale of English china that might be worth looking into." Gerald, examining a Brooks ad, said to no one, very thoughtfully, "Would you like me in a vest?" Georgia read aloud an invitation to tea for Madge Perlmutter, and under the sheer pressure of events, fighting an instinct toward secrecy, Kate opened her letter.

It was typed, which surprised her until she looked at the signature, "J. Maynard," in the sharp haken hand of someone unfamiliar with a pen. It was also full of queerly archaic misspellings and capitals.

"Dear Mrs. Barlow: I don't know whether you know we have moved, my Wife was in very bad nervous shape and couldn't stand the house. I thought you would like to know that Barney is better now only he has a terrible Stutter. Also he can not remember being hit. We are staying with my Wife's brother, he is a forman here and will try to get me a job. Very truly yours, J. Maynard."

The simplicity of it caught at

Continued from page 44

Kate's heart. And the stammer: her father's speech had faltered after a stroke, and she could still remember the delicate agony of standing in his bedroom doorway, tray-laden, fearful of looking either patient or impatient while his tongue struggled.

She said to the expectant silence, "The Maynards have moved," and Georgia said placidly, "There, you see? I told you they wouldn't dare try to hold you responsible. When I hit the horse that time—" Joanna cut across that, pouring coffee for herself and Gerald. "Have they moved permanently, or do they say?"

"I gather it's a matter of his finding work."

THE WASP

"There are lots of jobs in Bridgeport," said Joanna coolly. "Who knows, it may be a blessing in disguise."

Kate felt an actual flash of nausea. Gerald said deprecatingly, "Personally, I like my blessings a little less disguised. Coffee, Kate? That must be cold."

Kate tipped her coffee into the sink and refilled her cup. Gerald had brought in the mail. How sharp-eyed of Joanna to have read the Bridgeport postmark . . .

Carpenter's book proceeded, for which Kate was grateful. They were punctiliously shy of each other since the evening when she had

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TRUDY



"Why is it every time we have an argument you never take my side?"



RICE

(Oryza Sativa)

One of the world's most nourishing grains



The cheeriest way to get the goodness of rice

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES*

"THE BEST TO YOU EACH MORNING"

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

Day lilies keep on blooming

By R. H. ANDERSON

● The day lilies (*Hemerocallis* species), with their attractive foliage and long-flowering period, are among the most useful of the garden perennials.

THE large masses of gracefully arching leaves are distinctive at all times and provide a suitable background for lower-growing plants.

They flower for most of the year, the flowers opening successively along the tall stalks.

Each flower lasts only one or two days (*Hemerocallis* is derived from Greek words meaning "beautiful for a day"), but others keep opening out.

Day lilies will thrive under most conditions, in full sun or partial shade. In good moist soil they perform prodigiously, but they tolerate poorer, drier sites.

The usual height of growth is 2ft. to 5ft.

There are about 10 species of *Hemerocallis* found naturally from Europe to Japan, but the ones commonly grown are *H. flava*, *H. fulva*, *H. aurantiaca* and *H. dumortierii*.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 47



"RAJAH," another magnificent variety, blooms for five months. Day lilies can be grown from seed, but a piece of well-rooted material from the break-up of a clump produces quick results.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 49



"MARGARET PERRY," one of many large and brilliant hybrid day lilies produced to replace the old-fashioned cream, lemon-yellow, or orange-colored flowers. They revel in heat.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 48



"RED TARTAN" has wide, richly colored petals. Although free from disease, day lilies need attention to thrips and the removal of dead leaves. Pictures from Yarra Farm Bulb Co., Monbulk, Vic.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2 — page 50



Continued from page 45

taken shelter against his chest, and when he gave her the copy he said only, "No rush on this. How are things going?"

"Oh . . . fine."

"Been to the doctor yet?"

"He isn't back from vacation."

"I'm in the wrong business," said Carpenter dryly. "How's Mr. Symmes faring?"

"It depends which side you're on. He seems very much taken with Mrs. Holden."

"Heaven help her," said Carpenter sincerely.

On his remembered advice, Kate went to the hardware store and bought a can of D.D.T. powder and an Army-surplus mask, a grey snoutlike nightmarish thing. She

had asked Georgia's permission to spray the window frames and doorways of the house, too; a new awareness of her own financial status prevented her from calling a man to do it.

With a rented pressure sprayer, suspecting the futility of it in a wide country landscape, she proceeded stubbornly around house and apartment, spraying behind shutters as well. That night, as though a mocking Providence had ordered it, there was a hard sweeping rain.

On the foolish premise that knowledge destroyed fear, she went to the local library and got out a book on insects.

After struggling past praying mantises and ichneumon flies she

got to wasps (order Hymenoptera) and was horrified to discover they had biting mouth parts as well as, in the females and workers, formidable stings. She read also the habits of mud wasps and the irritability of white-faced hornets, and when she reached an entomological drawing of a yellow jacket she closed the book firmly. She had never imagined that tiny legs were furring along the lower legs.

Whoever had said that terror lay only in the unknown had never read up on wasps. Now that Kate knew where to look for nests—in woodwork, in certain low-growing bushes, in hollow trees, or suspended from branches—she felt exposed in the languid summer landscape. And how that was exposed in song and story, especially "bee-loud glade." Obviously there were people walking around as though as air who liked that concentrated humming, found it soothing and innocent and pleasant.

As though to underline the terror of this, on the first Wednesday of August, in another of the metropolitan addresses empty-seeming environments from Bridgeport, came another newspaper clipping. Kate knew roughly what it would say, but her midriff still went hollow at a small-point headline: "Bees Kill Child."

The story had an Ohio date. "A four-year-old girl was killed by death by swarming bees near farm in outlying Briarley," Playmates reported that Mrs. Dvorsky . . . Kate crumpled the clipping savagely without reading any more, but that did not take out a vision of a small girl fleeing from a cloud of stinging darkness.

It was the kind of coverage for bottom-of-the-column filler almost every daily newspaper. Accomplished Mrs. Maynard must be by now, skipping the average life span of the planet and the population of Peru in stopping only on key words: bee, sting. Because it was certainly Mrs. Maynard who, with or without her husband's knowledge and consent, addressed those envelopes. J. Maynard's cramped shaky signature could never have curved and swelled into those carefree loops. Or . . . ?

IN her apartment not even finding it strange that she should be doing it, Kate picked up pen and paper and wrote "Robert Barlow" in a number of scripts as different as possible from her own forehead. She had not been enough to know the significance of pressure and looped letters and the opening or closing of vowels, but she altered those deliberately. The effect was startlingly alien and proved nothing at all.

But: "My Wife was in very nervous shape"

And was striking out in the vindictive way she could think of without exposing herself and her child to lawyers, documents, and examinations by untrusted doctors. It was almost as though the thought Kate had selected a victim and aimed the car, and must be back.

Was Kate, who had recoiled bitterly when she heard that Robert was dead, and braced herself with terror for so long in even the slowest-moving vehicle—was Kate to sit in judgment?

She understood now the more that had left for the milkman, and the lack of any return address on Maynard's letter. They had not wanted their creditors to know that they were leaving town permanently; they did not want a collection agent to find them. Again, the circumstances, who was to moralise about obligations and living in good faith?

But she grew to dread the thought and a new fear had been planted as to the legitimacy of bees. She had always thought of them as single-mindedly pollinating, some or gathering honey, but apparently this was not the case. When they swarmed (and when did they swarm in this part

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She does
well at work
or play

Busy at school . . . busy at play . . . children use up a lot of energy. Mother makes sure they get extra nourishment with Arnott's Milk Arrowroot biscuits in their school lunch every day.



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Connecticut?) they would strike down anything in their path . . . Every bee she saw, and in the penes of August there were many of them, looked unmistakably like queen, and two bees looked like outriders of a swarm.

Dr. Patwick came back from vacation, and Kate went to him. John Deering Patwick, head of the local hospital, was a man whose every aspect endowed him, and correctly, with quietly perfect antiques, wife who came from a long line money, and handsome grandchildren on Shetland ponies. Kate expected uncharitably that his looks had a good deal to do with his eminence, because if it came to raising funds for a new hospital wing what wealthy widow could refuse him?

Sitting on the corner of his desk, he listened courteously over folded arms to Kate's description of her illness, her inability to sleep, her terror of wasps. She felt her face burn as she came to that; she had known she would feel foolish, but not how foolish.

Dr. Patwick, however, only nodded his tanned blue-eyed face uncommittedly. "I see. Well, let's have a look, shall we?"

Heart and lungs and blood pressure, throat and ears and reflexes; the end of it Patwick said that though if she liked he would make laboratory appointment for blood-sugar tests he very much doubted hypoglycaemia. He did frown over her weight. He prescribed sleeping capsules and a tranquilliser, and said deprecatingly, "As for the wasp business, I think you're the only one who can help yourself there, don't you?"

"I suppose so," said Kate out of quiet despair.

"Wasps are unpleasant," conceded Patwick generously. "So are snakes and rats and ticks, but they do not bite and there isn't much we can do about it. Frankly, Mrs. Barlow, I think if you were stung a few times you'd lose this . . . phobia."

"Doctor," said Kate in a steady voice, "even when you say that it makes my skin prickle."

Patwick frowned thinly, less out of surprise, Kate felt, than a dislike of any kind of argument. He said pleasantly, "It's been — how long since your husband's death, Mrs. Barlow?"

"Ten months — a little more. It isn't that."

Patwick smiled. "You think it isn't that." His glance at his watch was fleeting as a polite hostess in the presence of an over-staying guest, and as unmistakable; Kate stood up, clutching her gloves. He had already dismissed her from his real attention, but she said, anyway, "Is there any preparation I could put up, any repellent . . ."

It was a moment or two before Patwick glanced from busily recording her idiocy in a file folder. "I doubt it. In any case, the thing to do is discourage this phobia, not help it along . . ."

Kate asked herself as she left what she had expected, but she knew. She had hoped to be told

that her trouble was physical and that an aberration such as hers was common in such cases; that when the condition itself was cleared up, the terror would go with it. Instead, in a flash of panic, she looked forward to a lifetime of this driving about in sealed-up boiling-hot cars, feeling her skin pepper with fright at innocent noises, starting violently back at a scrap of dried leaf, a tangle of thread, a grape stem.

Georgia said expectantly at dinner that night, "What did the doctor say?"

Just what you did, that I ought to be stung . . . A childish resentment, plus a firm determination not to see this piece of advice carried out, made Kate reply carelessly, "Oh, nerves, and he gave me some pills. Don't I look tranquil?"

Continued from page 48

"As a matter of fact, you look quite irritable," said Georgia.

Joanna preserved a tactful but observant silence, and Gerald plunged into the tale of an irritable and successful business acquaintance who, driven to ask his doctor for a tranquilliser, became as mild as milk, lost all his money, and returned to his doctor to beg for pills to make him irritable again.

Georgia listened seriously; like many people who laugh often and effortlessly, she was totally without humor. "How perfectly ridiculous. As though bad temper could be a business asset—!"

I know what I'll do, thought Kate, retreating into her own private

THE WASP

world. Even when I'm alone I'll pretend I'm being watched and that everything hangs on not being found out . . .

And for a day or two it worked surprisingly well. When she had to cross the lawn or go out to her car, she kept her vision only on her goal and walked with such purpose that she created an air-clearing draught. She worked zealously at her typewriter and was careful not to glance at the sunny, sheltered windows. If a fold of curtain stirred against the edge of a magazine, or paper settled dryly in a wastebasket, she said aloud, "I wonder what that is?" because she had evolved a theory that sound-vibration frightened wasps off.

Of course, she was talking to herself, which was not a particularly comforting realisation, but she did very well until an afternoon when there was a sudden heavy hum in the bedroom and she said her usual talisman, "I'll go look," and did.

There, above her bureau, apparently believing the mirror to be a window, floated the most enormous thing she had ever seen, furred light brown and black, its drone like a motor. She snatched at the door-knob and, although it slipped from her fingers, the stir of air pulled the thing — was it a bee? — toward her. Blindly, forgetting all her resolutions, Kate ran through the living-room, wrenched the front door open, and escaped, crashing her shoulder hard against the door frame.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

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A real mushroom sauce of the finest cultivated mushrooms, gently simmered in cream and butter. Delicious with fish, rissoles or sausages. Great with grills.

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Heinz Spaghetti Sauce
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A smooth, easy-to-pour sauce of many uses—with fish or vegetables, as a topping for spaghetti or macaroni, or as a delicious cooking ingredient.



She could not measure the effectiveness of the tranquilliser, but the sleeping pills certainly worked. It was an healthy sleep, leadenly deep, but it was dreamless and sure. Unfortunately, the is affected her stomach, and er several days of vague ous she stopped them. She did not realise, until came on a morning of raining rain, that her whole tem had been waiting for other communication from Maynard.

THE second er was longer, oddly nitalled as before and bed with the same eezed-out "J. Maynard."

te read it rapidly and then, the gurgled sound of rain, side the lighted kitchen, red the parts that mattered. Barney hides from other idren because of his Stut- it is getting worse. He is aid of bicycles when he sees on the street, but he does remember why.

My Wife is worse, doctor says Mellancolia she should go to a nurse-home as it is bad for Barney. We have to pay my bro-aw board. They have a who makes fun of Barney. you can help us out until I work we will be very nkful.

P.S. If you can send cash ause the people around e do not trust cheques dly you send it to General ivery so my bro-in-law will get hold of it."

he kitchen door opened denly on blowing rain, and ald came in, looking wet harassed. "Forgot my it badge," he explained to e and disappeared into the er regions of the house. He e back presently with an osing leather briefcase h, he confided, contained blank letterheads, inven- sheets, and some old cor-ondence filched from the ce files for verisimilitude.

Whenever my father turns I grub around in it and rn," said Gerald. Kate's ionlessness seemed to ater then, and he laid the fcase down and examined anxiously. "Something matter?"

Oh . . . I keep wonder- about — you know, the ident," said Kate. She d to keep her tone ran- n, so as to get at the truth. it hadn't been for the p, could I have stopped time, do you think?"

"No," said Gerald sturdily without any reflection at

"But I wouldn't have been izing that close to the edge I hadn't had to pull off road," pursued Kate, red- less with herself, "and if hadn't braked in a panic way I might have been e to swerve."

"Nonsense," said Gerald, his long face showed a ker of discomfort. "Any- y, I don't see—" His ne fell on the letter under- te's hand, and the discom- t became alarm. "You it mean they're talking out suing?"

"No," said Kate, but her

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heart sank; it was clear which way Gerald thought a suit would go. Not that she hadn't always known—frightened blue-eyed Barney had only to be produced before the court by his frantically haggard mother — but having it confirmed was a little worse, because it bore out her own conviction of her part in the accident.

"Then—?" said Gerald in a puzzled voice, and Kate felt the letter crackle under the involuntary pressure of her hand. She said, looking down at it, "They need money."

"Oh," said Gerald profoundly, and sat down across from her, polishing the lock of his briefcase with a bony forefinger. Kate realised with a little stab of guilt that she would not have mentioned the letter if the house had not been empty except for the two of them; Georgia was at one of her numerous civic com- mittees, and Joanna was having her hair done.

Rain blinded the windows on a sudden sweep of wind, and Gerald said, as though the hiss of it had roused him, "Well, any advice of mine is almost infallibly wrong, but if you do give them money oughtn't you to get a release of some kind? I mean —" his long-lashed olive glance lifted to her—"this could go on for a long, long time."

He looked earnest and con- centrating, but Kate could see his mind beginning to ramble in a peculiarly Gerald-like fashion. "I have a vision of him going off to kindergarten and falling off swings, going to elementary school and getting beamed by baseballs, on to high school and football injuries—"

"Stop," said Kate im- plorely, and the telephone rang. Gerald seized his brief- case, said rapidly, "I left ten minutes ago," and was gone in a slicing spatter of rain.

The call was for Joanna, and it seemed somehow in- credible that it should actually be Madge Perlmutter. Kate wrote the message on a pad beside the telephone — you would never have to hunt for paper or pencil in any house- hold run by the Barlows — washed her cup and saucer, flicked off the kitchen light because Georgia was irritable about the bill, and went out into the rain.

For the first time in weeks she lingered on the lawn; with no one to see her, she stepped out of her sandals and walked barefoot through the wet springy grass. The soak- ing air was safe, and for a

THE WASP

short interval she forgot the letter in her pocket in the pure pleasure of reacquaint- ing herself with sky and wind and vivid dripping green.

A sudden vision of coming out only when it rained, like something in a Swiss clock, turned up her mouth- corners in her lifted face — and there all at once, as though he had come out of a crack in the ground, was Carpenter.

How long had his car been there, parked in the very end of the driveway? How long had he watched her amusedly, studying at his leisure her wet hair, her clinging dress, her general air of abandon?

"Hello," said Kate non- chalantly, her face pink under the cool rain, her sandals dangling from one hand.

"I've brought you the rest of the copy. I imagine you'll be glad to see the last of this guy."

For a startled second Kate did not realise that he meant the lumber baron. She said, "I'd better get it under cover," but Carpenter did not relinquish the sheaf of yellow copy paper. Instead, he walked with her to the apart- ment door and, almost ab- sently, accompanied her in- side.

To Kate, the envelope in her pocket seemed all at once very large and noisy. She put the copy beside her type- writer and slid her bare feet into her sandals; only a few blades of grass and clover leaves remained on the rug as mementoes of her brief free- dom.

"What did the doctor say?" inquired Carpenter.

"Oh — to get a grip on myself."

"How helpful. Patwick, I assume, in his very best im- ported slacks?"

AT Kate's nod he picked up Mr. Symmes' gift bowl, which she had for- gotten to put away, looked incredulously at the bottom of it, and put it down again. "Any more wasp trouble?"

The monstrous thing in her bedroom . . . "Very little," said Kate.

"That's one unpublished advantage about living in New York — no wasps to speak of."

It took Kate a second or two to follow that. "There won't be any wasps here either in a month or so," she said steadily.

Carpenter glanced in silence at her thinned and shadowed face and began to walk idly around the sitting- room, flicking up the cover of a magazine, pausing to stare attentively at a small water-color seascape that had hung in Kate's room when she was a baby. He said with his back to her, "You do know, don't you, that they adored Robert?"

After all his idleness and amiability, it fell on Kate like a lash on an unsuspect- ing back. "Well, of course I . . . naturally they—"

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Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manu- script or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2600 to 4000 words; short short stories, 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manu- script in case of rejection.

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OH NO, HE'S VERY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT IT, HE'S GOING INTERSTATE ON BUSINESS.



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IN AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

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HERE'S THE FAMOUS CHOCOLATE CRACKLES* RECIPE

8 ozs. Copha[†], 8 ozs. icing sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons Cadbury's Bourneville Cocoa[‡], 1 cup coconut, 4 cups Kellogg's Rice Bubbles[§].

Method: (1) Combine all dry ingredients in good-size mixing bowl. (2) Melt Copha gently. Pour onto dry ingredients and mix well. (3) Spoon into paper cake containers and allow to set. (Keep in cool place, or in refrigerator, in hot weather.)

* Chocolate Crackles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

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The kids will love these exciting party variations!



Chocolate Crackles Party Pleasers

To basic mixture add ¼ cup hundreds and thousands and 1 cup of jubes cut into pieces. Spoon into coloured paper cups. If desired, decorate with cut jubes and hundreds and thousands. Leave to set.

Party Treats

Add 2 cups popcorn and ½ cup chopped walnuts to basic mixture. Spoon into paper cups and allow to set.

Fruit Salad Chocolate Crackles

Add 1 cup chopped dried apricots, ½ cup chopped glace cherries and ½ cup glace pineapple cut into pieces to basic mixture. Spoon into paper cups and top with a piece of glace cherry.

Chocolate Crackles Snowballs

Drop spoonfuls of the Chocolate Crackles mixture into desiccated coconut. Roll into balls. Set on waxed paper.



All you need are these three old friends: icing sugar and coconut.

"I don't believe you have any idea at all," said Carpenter quietly, turning to face her. "He was an idol, and nothing less, in this family. People who knew them always said heaven help Robert's wife."

Kate felt like striking him. She said out of a bleak throat, "How nice for them all that they needn't worry now," but Carpenter went on as though he hadn't heard.

"When he married you, from the time they knew he was going to marry you, Georgia made up her mind not to be the general notion of a mother-in-law, and Joanna was handsome enough to withdraw her claim, too. 'Yes,' he repeated to Kate's uncomprehending face, 'claim.'"

It was as though the walls had begun to warp in toward her, destroying every known perspective. Kate felt equally bewildered by what he was saying and the fact that he was saying it at all; she had somehow gone past anger. "Even if all this were true —"

"You know the old saw about losing a son and gaining a daughter-in-law. What I'm getting at," said Carpenter abruptly, "is that I wonder how good this set-up is for any of you — you particularly. You don't appear to be exactly thriving here."

"Just possibly," said Kate, getting her stiff lips open, "running over small children doesn't agree with me. There are people like that."

"And," said Carpenter controlledly, "that was some time ago. Aren't you going to tell me this is none of my business?"

WHEN Kate did not answer he went to the door, turned, said in a driven tone she had never heard from him before, "You don't think I want you to go away?" and walked out into the rain.

When the sound of his car had died away, Kate took Maynard's letter from her pocket and stared blindly at it. "Mrs. Robert Barlow" — that, she supposed, was what Carpenter had been fumbling around the edges of; that while she lived here with Robert's mother and sister she had no identity except that. It was not true, she thought sharply; she had . . .

What exactly did she have? How odd that the rain which had charmed her less than half an hour ago should seem suddenly so grim, curtaining the apartment like mist. Kate looked away from the drop-scribbled windows. She had to think what to do about the Maynards, had to put this new bewildering thing out of her mind.

"... they adored Robert," Carpenter had implied a fanatical, almost an unnatural attachment, and Kate did not believe it. If that had been the case, Georgia and Joanna would have resented her survival of the accident that had killed him; her very continuing existence, in those first few weeks, would have been a constant reproach. Not even the Barlow discipline could have concealed that.

Still, was it possible that for some unrelated reason Georgia had asked Carpenter to sound her out on the question of moving away? Kate glanced almost wildly around her known, safe shelter. She had a sudden appalling vision of elevators full of staring strangers, crowded subways, restaurants where you were as conspicuous as an obelisk because you sat alone.

She would have to talk to Georgia. Before that, she had to answer Maynard's letter—or request. ("... they have a boy who makes fun of Barney.") She had lived so long with Barney's image that it came effortlessly: round blue eyes, round fair head, wary, chiselled little-boy mouth. Kate sat staring at the telephone for minutes on end before she got out the phone book and looked up the number of the local post office.

The bus to Bridgeport two afternoons later was crowded. Kate sat toward the front, trying not to advertise, by her tight grip on her flat straw bag, that she was carrying eight hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

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Although the post office had given her mail-delivery information, she suspected that she had very little chance of encountering Maynard at the General Delivery window. He would be anxious about the money, but any number of things might prevent his coming today, the logical date he would expect it if Kate responded promptly.

She had explained her position in a letter folded around the bills in the envelope in her bag, but if she could talk to him she would feel surer that she had made it clear. For both their sakes, the Maynards would have to understand that she was at the end of her resources.

THE WASP

She had left her cheque account perilously low. When that was gone there was only the land Robert had left; land-conscious Georgia would buy it happily, but Kate had an almost superstitious fear of letting it go. She would have to get a job—but in order to be even half-way employable she would first have to lay this private ghost.

The bus stopped at the post office. Kate shrank from the strange hurrying faces, the onslaught of city heat, the glare that seemed to burst up out of the pavement. She had to force herself up the littered steps and into the building that echoed with the beat of busy heels.

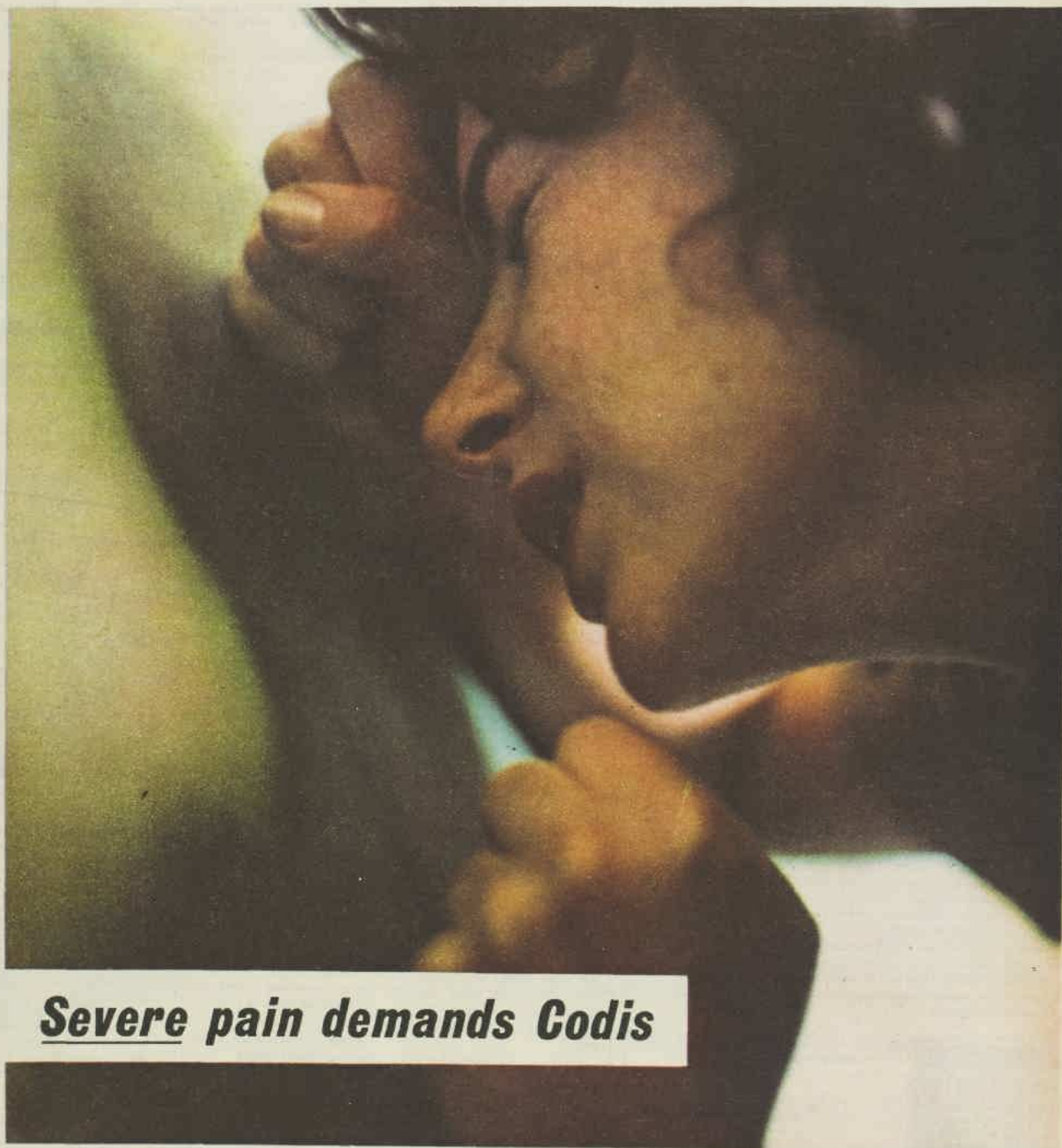
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HAZEL by Ted Key



"Hammocks broken."

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 6.20 p.m., Thursdays.



Severe pain demands Codis

For most pains, soluble aspirin alone is your wisest choice. But exceptionally severe pain, and those pains which occur periodically, demand an exceptionally strong pain reliever. Codis is such a product. It contains a strong formulation of soluble aspirin and other pain relievers — including

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"AERODYNAMICS" ... or how to dry washing in winter

A RECENT line-watching survey showed that most women cling to traditional ways of hanging out the clothes no matter what the season.

By using a few simple principles of "aerodynamics" you'll be amazed at how much you can speed up the drying process.

In fact, you'll probably

● Does the thought of drying the weekly wash in wet weather give you cold shivers? Do you grumble all winter that you "haven't had a line clear all week"? Read this feature and discover new ways to plan your clothes-line for fast, efficient drying.

socks at airports billowing out even on a comparatively still day? Air pours over and through them; every surface is exposed.

With twisting, juggling,

potential of all parts of the article.

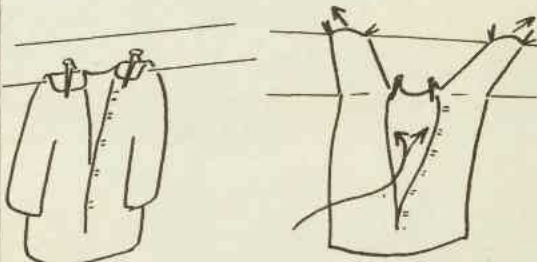
When you fold a gripping point over the line before pegging, it creates a paralysed patch unable to flap and keeps two surfaces hidden from the light.

Unflex those poor cramped shoulders on waistbands and nappy corners. Hold a single thickness upright against the line and clip it with a spring-back peg. The peg will hold the article fast even in a high wind and you won't have those irritating wet corners which take longer than the whole garment to dry.

Flappability

Here are some tips to promote good flappability:

- Never expect two articles to share a peg.
- Don't peg over seams or thick hems.



LEFT: Sleeping-bag pegged in orthodox way. RIGHT: Same sleeping bag using "aerodynamics." Note greater air flow.

wonder, as I did, why you hadn't thought of this quick-drying method before.

Naturally, "aerodynamics" won't work miracles. It won't give a bone-dry basketful of washing on a day of downpour. But it will ensure that each article will be drier at any given time on washday than those on your neighbor's line hung in the orthodox way.

Keep in mind that it's the weather you're up against and don't try to dry a winter wash with summer pegging-out methods.

In winter, if we are really bent on drying the washing in the minimum time, we must make the most of every scrap of sun and wind available.

Does your neat traditional line do this?

Take a look at it now — garments set out in correct formation — a housewife's delight.

But is it working for you, or is it merely neat?

Do you hang shirts from the top with two pegs or from the tail with three? Whichever way you favor, the sleeves hang clammily together.

With conventional pegging, backs of singlets and pants cling to fronts.

Each half of a sheet hung evenly over the line flaps ineffectually against the other.

"We'll stick together in all kinds of weather" is all very well as long as it's not the clothes on the line from May to September. It takes the wind twice as long as it need to blow its way through all those double thicknesses.

Instead, give "aerodynamics" a chance and it will dry your wash for you. With "wind tunnels," "flappability," and "driability areas," it will open up your lines and let the sunshine and wind through.

You've seen those wind

and a little ingenuity you can hang not only wind socks but also wind shirts, wind jumpers, wind pants, wind singlets — in fact, a whole lineful of wind tunnels.

Open up every garment as much as possible.

Clip sleeves back from bodies between two lines, using two pegs if necessary to open up cuffs.

Trail shirts across two or more lines, clipping at cuffs and neck.

Hang pillowslips by the lower edge of their inside flaps; peg socks at one side of their top (what hope has a bent toe, anyway?) and watch them billow.

Wind tunnels

Consider baby's sleeping-bag — it will take days to dry hung in the usual way.

But try "aerodynamics" and see how much quicker it dries. (See diagrams above.)

Hang sheets across two lines exposing underneath surfaces as well as top.

Your husband's cotton interlock singlets take a lot of drying, don't they? Especially at the shoulders? But just look at them — four thicknesses crammed together under one peg. It mightn't make much difference in summer — but now, with all those wet bits to finish off!

Try it this way instead. Turn singlet upside down and sideways between two lines and you have created an admirable wind tunnel. Every surface is exposed singly. (See diagrams above right.)

Even using emergency lines in the garage, you'll soon find many more ways of increasing the effectiveness of available windpower.

Flappability increases movement and light-catching



LEFT: Traditional singlet pegging allows little air circulation. RIGHT: "Aerodynamics" opens wind tunnels and speeds up evaporation.

half will evaporate more quickly as it reaches the drier areas of what was the top. Keep to wind tunnels wherever possible, but be lenient with pegs. Some clothes may need only one peg when almost dry. This makes it easier to gather them in if rain threatens.

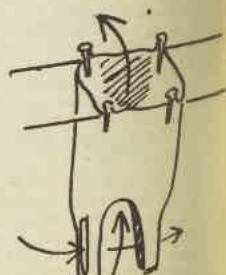
Instead of hanging clothes in the usual formation — all shirts together, all sheets, all pants, and all singlets, group them in degrees of "driability" according to thickness.

Driability areas

Preparation for this begins in the laundry when you are transferring them from machine or tub to basket.

Some suggested groupings are:

1. Handkerchiefs, socks, suckers, gauze napkins, light synthetics.
2. Woollens, tea-towels, sheets, pillowslips, brassiere shirts, flannelette napkins.
3. Towels, bibs, towelling napkins, interlock cotton, bunny rugs, and flannelette pants.
4. Windcheaters, babies sleeping-bags, track-suits, bathmats, overalls.



- Hang bulky garments inside out to expose seams.
- Run fingers along seams to part surfaces.
- Straighten gathered sections such as pyjama waistbands.
- Undo buttons and slide fasteners.
- Smooth out wrinkles.
- Don't hide the light under a bushel of sheets. Stagger sheet-washing and try not to hang more than the equivalent of two double sheets on the one day. If you have all four sides of the rotary line enclosed it will shade the inner sections and slow down drying.
- When space permits, hang tea-towels, towels, and sheets broadside on. This gives a wider escape channel and moisture doesn't have so far to travel before being flapped out.
- A quick turnover pays dividends. Due to the natural downward drift of moisture, it is always the top of an article that dries first.

- Turn everything upside down when half dry. Water accumulated in the bottom

Conduct your own "driability" trials over a few washdays to sort slow and fast driers in your particular weekly wash.

It's so much easier, when rain comes suddenly, to have the nearly-dry clothes in one section, ready to drop straight into the basket.

And even if rain starts just as you've finished hanging out the clothes, don't think it's not worth while bringing them in.

No matter how wet they seem already, they'll be wetter still after a shower has put back all the water you've spun or wrung out of them.

This also goes for leaving clothes out overnight in winter if they haven't dried well during the day. It's much better to bring them indoors in the clothes basket than leave them outside where mists can penetrate.

Although at times the running in and out, hanging and rehanging may seem inconvenient, it is well worth the effort when it results in dry nappies for baby and linen and underclothing for you and the family.

— by Joan Seppings

501



SKETCH shows compact house, with low-pitched roof.

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The Australian
**WOMEN'S
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● Although the basic layout of Plan 501 is a compact, space-saving one, the design provides for future expansion.

PLAN 501 is designed as a three-bedroom family home and, for maximum economy, laundry and bathroom are combined, but a future separate laundry and carport could be located beside bedrooms 2 and 3.

This design is adaptable to family needs. For example, the dining-room can be closed-off completely from

living-room, and the open fire is located to give maximum heating to the whole area. An oil heater could be used instead of the fire, thus reducing building costs by about £100.

The kitchen is in the front and immediately off the entry lobby, saving unnecessary traffic through the living-room. A work-counter separates kitchen from dining area,

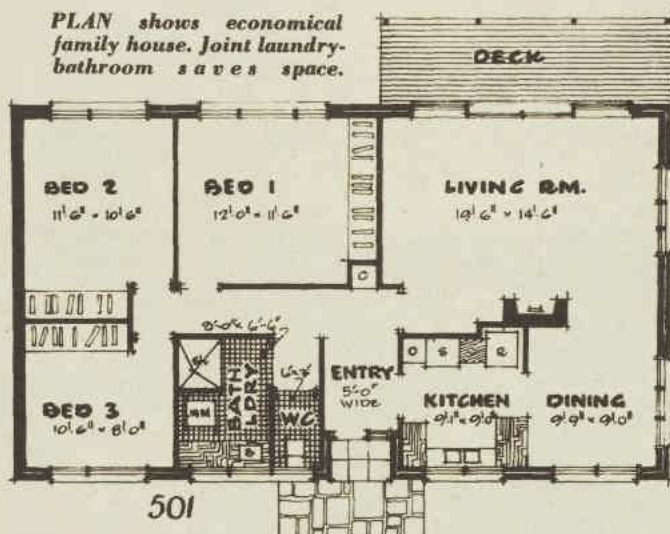
which can be partitioned off if desired.

A corrugated-iron roof above the deck gives adequate protection to this glassed-in area from sun; the deck could be built in timber or reinforced concrete.

A practical idea is to use aluminium framed sliding doors from living-room on to the deck to allow maximum air and light in summer.

Built in brick, excluding deck, the house occupies 11.6 squares; in timber, 10.8 squares.

PLAN shows economical family house. Joint laundry-bathroom saves space.



A Pye Rotovac bought in 1964

A vacuum cleaner may not be one of your favourite possessions—but think of life without one! Pye Rotovac's remarkable guarantee gives you at least 10 years' worry-free cleaning—and probably a lifetime of service.

is guaranteed until 1974.

The Pye 10 Year Guarantee is at least 9 years better than that given on most vacuum cleaners. For while anybody can claim reliability, Pye proves it. See your retailer and get the facts on the Pye Rotovac's 10 Year Guarantee with Special Biennial Service checks.

You can rely on Pye.



THIS SECTION TO BE RETURNED TO PYE INDUSTRIES LTD.
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 Date of Purchase
 Address
 Name of Retailer
 Address
 Signature
 Date
 (To be retained by retailer for personal contact record)

Builder's Board Card
 (To be retained by retailer for personal contact record)

Name of Purchaser
 Date of Purchase
 Address
 Name of Retailer
 Address
 Signature
 Date
 (To be retained by retailer for personal contact record)

THIS SECTION TO BE RETURNED BY RETAILER

THIS SECTION TO BE RETURNED BY PURCHASER
 PYE Ten-Year Biennial Guarantee

This section, the Model number and Serial number of which appear above, is issued by Pye Industries Limited to the purchaser of a Pye Rotovac vacuum cleaner. It is a condition of sale that the purchaser shall retain this section in a safe place and shall not allow it to be lost or destroyed. In the event of any loss or destruction of this section the purchaser shall be liable to pay the full cost of a replacement section to the purchaser of a Pye Rotovac vacuum cleaner.

At the end of the first year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the second year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the third year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the fourth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the fifth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the sixth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the seventh year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the eighth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the ninth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.

At the end of the tenth year from the date of purchase the purchaser shall be entitled to a special service check. Should the vacuum cleaner be found to be defective in any way, the purchaser shall be entitled to a replacement section or a refund of the purchase price.



Illustrated is only one Lend Lease Home — come and see them all soon.

to make a house a home

To feel a room snug around you as the rain howls through the night: it's Sisalation insulated. To touch a wall that runs the gamut of the room; that holds and blends without a grain, or crack, or ridge or joint, or bead: it's Gyprock. To baste a roast as it turns in an oven of gleaming white: it's Metters. To know that water will be hot: it's Rheem. To see, to feel, to know that this is home: it's Lend Lease. Only Lend Lease has the home for you. Only Lend Lease has the plan, the thought, the detail, the finish, the very heart and soul of home. And these are some of the products that make it so.

Come and see the extra measure of quality in all Lend Lease homes soon. There's a home for you.



FIRE RESISTANT GYPROC gives smooth, strong, long lasting walls and ceilings. Sturdily stands up to knocks and bumps of family life. Because it resists cracking its dry construction means it's speedy and economical to erect. The beauty of Gyproc plaster board is its simplicity and adaptability, both as an inspiration for decorating, and as an easily handled practical building material. Lend Lease chose Gyproc in their range of homes for these good reasons.

METTERS DEBONAIR FULLY AUTOMATIC WALL OVEN with separate cooking top, can be built into the wall or cupboards at just the right height. The turkey size oven has exclusive East-West barbecue, top and bottom oven elements, and lift off door. There's a separate roll-to-you grill compartment. Every cook approves its gleaming looks, its superb cooking.

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SISALATION DOUBLE SIDED ALUMINIUM FOIL INSULATION Sisalation is the most modern, the most effective domestic insulation. Its aluminium foil surface reflects 95% of radiant heat. Sisalation insulation pays for itself, your home is cooler in summer, your heating costs 40% lighter in winter. Sisalation is glass fibre reinforced: it's strong and light, simple to install. It's dustproof, waterproof, everlasting.



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No. 138.—POT-HOLDERS

Set of three pot-holders is available cut out to embroider on various shades of velveteen. Set of three, 13/6, plus 2/- postage; OR 4/9 each, plus 5d. postage.

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Pretty tablecloth and serviette set is cut out to embroider with a Japanese design on pink, lemon, green, blue, white, or cream Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. by 36in. and is 21/-, plus 2/- postage. Serviettes cost 2/-, plus 5d. postage.

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Continued from page 53

THE WASP

Beside the General Delivery window, feeling as spottit as someone turning over ransom money, she took up her station.

It was four-fifteen, and then four-thirty. At one of the counters a young man who had been there when she came in began to stare at Kate; gradually, his face turned knowing. She had arranged some sort of shabby rendezvous, and she had been stood up . . . when her roaming glance caught his he gave her a sly little smile.

Kate's face burned. She turned her head quickly, as though she had just caught sight of a friend, and the post office rocked gently and her palms went wet inside her gloves. Very carefully, keeping her attention on the stitched seams, she took off one glove and put her hand against the cool polished wall. She must not look as though she were going to faint, because that would seem to invite him over. Slowly, under the exertion of her will, the building steadied again and her panic subsided measurably, like water absorbed into sand.

It grew to be five o'clock, and the clerks' windows closed. Kate dropped the envelope containing the money and the letter into the "Local" chute with a feeling of despair: would they really understand? Deliberately at the door the young man collided with her. He muttered something about "a show" and "a good time" and Kate ran precipitately toward the knot of people waiting for the 5:10 bus.

Joanna said at dinner that night: "Did you get your teeth cleaned?"

"Yes," said Kate.

In the normal course of events it was surprisingly difficult to talk to Georgia alone without making a formal audience of it. After her early morning coffee she retired to her desk to take care of bills and correspondence, and it was understood that she was not to be disturbed at this. Uncritical of her sex except where Mr. Symmes' dangerous proclivities were concerned, she enjoyed the society of other women and belonged to a number of clubs which, when they were not engaged in something earnest like petitioning the local authorities to take action about the water-fountain situation in the tiny town park, held functions called "coffees."

These activities, plus a religious afternoon nap with

skin cream and eye paint firmly in place, took up a large part of Georgia's day. The cocktail hour was general, and after dinner she watched television with almost childlike devotion until nine-thirty, when she went upstairs. Her good-nights were implacable; it was clear that there would be no tete-a-tete in her room.

This evening Kate was in luck. Joanna and Gerald departed to a movie, and, in the living-room, Georgia crossed to the television set and switched it on, saying, over her shoulder, "There's a marvellous play on tonight—I hope I haven't missed the beginning."

"Georgia," said K.A. urgently while the set warmed up, "if you have just a minute I'd like to—"

"—tender noodles," interrupted the blank screen, "and oh-so-good golden gravy. Be sure you—" There was a brief flaring glimpse of a smiling hysterically at a can of soup, and then sound and picture vanished, leaving only a dead facade of wood and glass.

GEORGIA made a sound of exasperation. "Damn—I told Joanna to call the repair people. Well . . ." She fiddled unavailingly with the knobs, reversed the plug, and gave up. "I suppose that's that."

Kate was startled; it was one of the few times she had ever seen Georgia angered by one of her usual placidity, the prettiness gone tight, the blue eyes amazingly sharp. It was hardly the best time to bring the subject of the apartment, but she would have difficulty sleeping if she thought the campaign for her removal was inching quietly along.

She said reassuringly that it was probably a small tube and then, steeling herself, "Georgia, I've been wanting to ask—I should have asked long before this—if you have other plans for the apartment?"

Georgia, who had been absently lighting a cigarette, stopped with the wavered match in mid-air.

"The irritation vanished from her face, leaving her bewildered. "The—? The apartment? What in heaven's name put that into your head?"

Kate's flood of relief was almost physically weakening. "Well, it was a temporary

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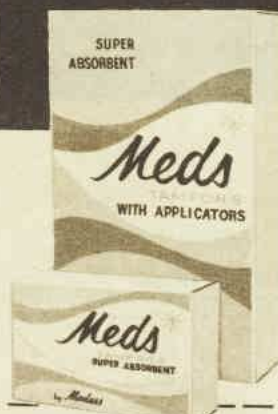
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 5, 1964



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 5, 1964

AV17A
Page 59

Painful Haemorrhoids?

NEW EFFECTIVE ORAL* TREATMENT BRINGS RAPID RELIEF—EVEN TO LONG-TIME SUFFERERS

The revolutionary Swiss Varemoid tablet-after-meals method treats the cause—rapidly and with positive results.

The Varemoid method is a major advance of medical science as an adjunct in the treatment of haemorrhoids. It is as easy as eating—you merely swallow your tablets after meals. By this simple, dignified method you eliminate the unpleasantness of suppositories and other means of temporary relief of piles.

Ten years Swiss Research developed Tri-(hydroxy-aethyl)-rutosidum—specific therapy for inflammation of the anal veins. This is the active principle of Varemoid. Its positive effect is established in years of testing on actual sufferers from piles. Remarkable improvement was recorded with patients, many of whom had suffered for more than 15 years.

Varemoid decongests and shrinks haemorrhoids. It strengthens the weak veins. A week's course will convince you. Ask your chemist today for Varemoid tablets.

* Two tablets after meals three times a day to be swallowed whole.



From the Research Laboratories of Zyma, Switzerland.

Varemoid and Venoruton P4 are the registered trade marks of Zyma, Switzerland. Distributor for Australia, Sers Pty. Limited. VAR3117

LONG AND LEAN



Long and lean and clad in cream, Stood the champ of the cricket team. Wheezing and groaning with body afire He cried, "It's the 'flu! I'll have to retire." The umpire politely refused his request And ruled—"For 'flu that Woods' is the best."

Woods'

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by Sister Mary Jacob

Now in its eighth edition, "You and Your Baby" is available at 15/- a copy.

The author, Sister Mary Jacob, of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, has been advising young mothers for nearly two decades.

CHILBLAINS

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arrangement to begin with, and now that I'm better I thought that maybe . . ."

(Only not I, she thought with a strengthening flash of anger: Carpenter. Filtering a kind of ugliness in this house, hoping to infect her with it—why?)

"Kate, you must be mad," said Georgia, and she could not possibly have simulated her distress. "In the first place, we love having you here, even if I do feel a little guilty about taking rent. And—well, you really aren't that much better, you know, you haven't looked well ever since that business about the child. Is that what's been worrying you?"

"It hasn't been exactly soothing," said Kate. Sympathy, in her present state, made her voice shake very slightly, but she had to go on; it was like cutting a bad spot out of an apple. "I know the apartment was intended for Joanna and Gerald, and people do change their minds. If they want—"

"Of course they don't," said Georgia at once, but she seemed to remember the dead match in her hand and turned to place it very carefully in an ashtray. Kate felt a flicker along her nerves, because this was exactly Gerald's reaction of the other morning; instant reassurance, and then speculation.

"Joanna feels as I do," said Georgia, firm again, "that the place is yours for as long as you'll stay. You'll have another life some day, of course, but in the meantime—well, heavens, where would Robert's wife be?"

So it was Carpenter, or Carpenter and Joanna between them. Kate was safe, because the decision was Georgia's, and her peace of mind was only faintly flawed by her mother-in-law's terminology. Of course she was "Robert's wife"; what else could she possibly mean to the Barlows? Still, she was just as glad that Carpenter had not been there to hear it. She was gladder still, because of the growing awkwardness between them, that another few days would see the end of his book, which the lumber baron wanted to call "Timber! The Story of Virgil Beal Scott."

As any other random unpersonal thing encountered during the day, the name wove ridiculously into her dreams that night. For some reason she had to deliver the finished manuscript to Virgil Beal Scott, but he wasn't home when she got there. She was about to put the box down on his enormous polished desk when the green blotter began a tiny independent crawling movement across the surface. Kate lifted a corner of it, and it was borne on a solid, dully shining pad of wasps.

HER gasp of horror woke her, and her frantic thrashing in the tangled sheet. She sat up, heart banging; it was moments before the total silence of her own bedroom filtered through to her senses. Could it be good for anybody's heart to beat like that? (Mrs. Horace DeJong . . .)

But Patrick had listened to Kate's heart, even if he had listened with his mind already made up, his diagnosis arrived at. Presently she lay down again, and as a child daring disaster along the top of a fence, her mind began to wonder if wasps could really carry a blotter. Yes, because in the dim days when wasps were only an idle topic, someone had told her of such an experience. It had happened in the early spring, when the dormant wasps had been warmed to life in a close, low-roofed attic. Probably their backs were so used to the

Continued from page 58

fuzzed papery shelter that they had carried it with them—and then what?

Kate had not asked before, nor cared. Now, in the dark, her brain presented her with the blotter toppling over the edge of the desk and hitting the floor, the shocked and enlivened wasps stinging futilely at it and then crawling free, the winged brown progress across the floor and up the walls . . . Some of them would be flying by now, blindly and dizzily.

She reached for her bedside light, sat up, and read until a quarter to five, when her weighted eyelids were a guarantee against dreams. She was correspondingly exhausted when Joanna came to see her a few short hours later.

There were people who

THE WASP

from it when she needed it most, kindly but firmly, "for her own good" . . .

Joanna was watching her attentively. "You look fairly frightful, by the way. You don't suppose you're running a temperature?"

"Oh, no. I'm fine," said Kate, and Joanna frowned at her. "Are you taking your sleeping pills?"

"Yes." It was so much easier to lie.

"Well—" Joanna stood up with the sure economy of motion that was so hauntingly reminiscent of Robert; neither of them, thought Kate, suddenly forlorn, had ever bumped against doorways or joggled tables or taken a wrong step anywhere. She was accordingly caught by surprise when Joanna said

NATIONAL BAKING QUEST

• A recipe for cheese-flavored date pastries wins the progress prize this week in the National Baking Quest.

DETAILS of this quest to find Australia's Baking Queen are given in an advertisement in this issue.

This week's progress prize, a transistor radio, is won by Mrs. B. Mitchell, 34 James Ave., Hazelmere, W.A., for the following recipe:

DATE PASTRIES

Eight ounces chopped dates, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, juice and grated rind 1 orange, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, 4oz. margarine, 4oz. grated cheddar cheese, 1 cup plain flour.

Place dates, sugar, water, orange rind and juice, and cinnamon in saucepan and cook until soft, stirring well; cool. Cream margarine and cheese together, then mix in flour, blend well together, wrap, and chill at least 1 hour. Roll out on lightly floured board and cut into rounds with floured cutters, making half 2in. in diameter and the other half 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in diameter. On each of the smaller rounds place a teaspoonful of filling, cover with larger rounds, press edges together with fork. Bake on greased oven-tray in moderately hot oven 15 to 20 minutes.

seemed at their very best in the morning, while Kate's metabolism was still trying to find out where it was, and Joanna was one of them. Clear-eyed and poised in blade-slim black-and-white cotton, a supple turn of gold around one tanned wrist, she came at once to the point. Georgia had mentioned Kate's qualms about the apartment, and Joanna was sorry if anything she had said had given Kate the impression that the place was wanted.

"Gerald and I far prefer the house. This is fine for one person, but much too small for a pair of anything but turtle doves."

Her direct, fringed glance seemed completely open, but there was something not quite usual about the planes of her crisp, pointed face. "I do wonder, though, how good it is for you staying here."

Kate reached mutely for a cigarette, and her unsteady fingers sent a glass ashtray tumbling from the small table beside the couch. She saw with unnatural fascination that it did not splinter but broke into two perfect shining pieces. It seemed almost an omen, but of what?

"I mean, you see so much of yourself," said Joanna, bending for the ashtray halves as casually as though she had not noticed Kate's utter movelessness. Her thin browned fingers fitted them idly together, with only a twisted gleaming crack of light to show the damage. "But, of course, you know best about that."

How had Carpenter put it? "I wonder how good it is for any of you . . ." and "Robert was an idol in this family . . ." Kate did not believe it, but what vengeance indeed upon a fate that had allowed Robert's wife to survive him; to give her sanctuary and then expel her

suddenly, "Can you keep a secret?"

It was not the usual rhetorical prelude to a confidence, and Kate hesitated before she said yes.

"It's really too good not to be shared. We were entertaining Gerald's stepmother at lunch the other day."

Kate was so stunned by the dry crisp words that she had to go groping back. "You mean Mrs. Holden?"

"Mrs. Symmes," corrected Joanna in the same contained voice. "Quite a joke on Gerald and me, wouldn't you say, while we're running about and doing his bidding like good children?"

That, of course, would explain Mr. Symmes' gobbling rage about Love and Freedom: it was his wife speaking, not a female acquaintance who could be hastily discarded. Still, it was difficult to believe such slyness, and at Kate's incredulous expression Joanna said, "Oh,

yes, I'm sure. They were married in Vermont in 1902 and my dear father-in-law attended to changing his name right away. I went to school with Sue Wallace—left Snaith and Snaith off and have a baby and back one day for some she'd left in the office overheard the new plan. She has just now." Joanna with marked grimace "got around to saying it too bad?"

KATE thought she had an inkling of what bad it was. Joanna was undoubtedly fond of Gerald; it was no secret that marriage had been based at least in part on his inheritance—and so, actually, was the young Symmes' credit. Dressed with the beautiful simplicity, that always was a trifle higher, and slender Kate was not familiar with the cost of men's clothes; she suspected that no one of Gerald's odd drooping shoulders walked in and bought expensive-looking tweeds off a

If the lawyer's ex-claims were to go around, Joanna mightn't there be a gathering of vultures—how prepared was Gerald to charge of the family to assuage them? "The was in her country . . ." Did some surprise this fought-against moment account for Gerald's longer sterner hours at bedroom desk?

Joanna was turning slender wrap of gold to wrist as though she had noticed a flaw in it. "said, "Does Gerald know and it was not the last question it sounded like Joanna's glance came sharply.

"No—only you people go to all that trouble to keep a marriage together there's sometimes a Mrs. Holden waiting official widow or maybe Anyway I'd rather things go on exactly as while I see what I can do. Just don't look surprised at any errand I invent, will you?"

Joanna was a remarkable good dissembler. It was a tone of mild annoyance she remembered, at that night, a baby down Sue Wallace the following evening. "Remember the I was telling you about Kate?" There was sudden but open inquiry in her gaze. "Damn—that means the night if I don't want to tackle that drive after dark but I don't suppose I can get out of it now."

Gerald said reflectively. "Even savages don't have showers," and Georgia said idly what Joanna was saying.

To page 63



NEXT TIME YOU WRITE A LETTER

Treat yourself (and the one you write to) to something new and special in writing paper. "Burnie Bond"—a pleasure to give and a pleasure to receive.

Burnie Bond

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MARK STRIZIC

How to have big ideas. On a small budget. Just start with Westminster Carpet

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On a small budget.

So you'll start by choosing from over 26 exciting colours that architects and decorators have selected for Westminster (nine of them are new) and using the colours you choose as the basis of your decorating scheme.

Here, interior decorator Mr. David Tilley chooses "Willow" as the Westminster carpet colour for this lounge-room and gallery.

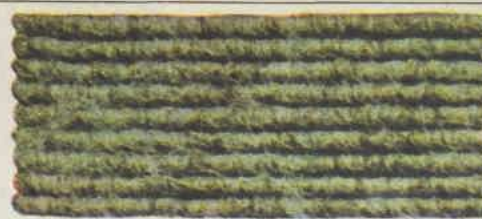
The lounge-room furniture is Danish: combining comfort with simple, elegant design. Note the low table with the stools that tuck away underneath. And the oriental simplicity of the opaque sliding perspex screens that serve instead of curtains at night. The storage unit on the left of the fireplace was designed to fit the space, without blocking off the window.

Also noteworthy: the side gallery with its long Spanish refectory table.

So you can see that plain elegant Westminster is just as much at home with Antique as Modern.

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And, very simply, because it is Westminster.



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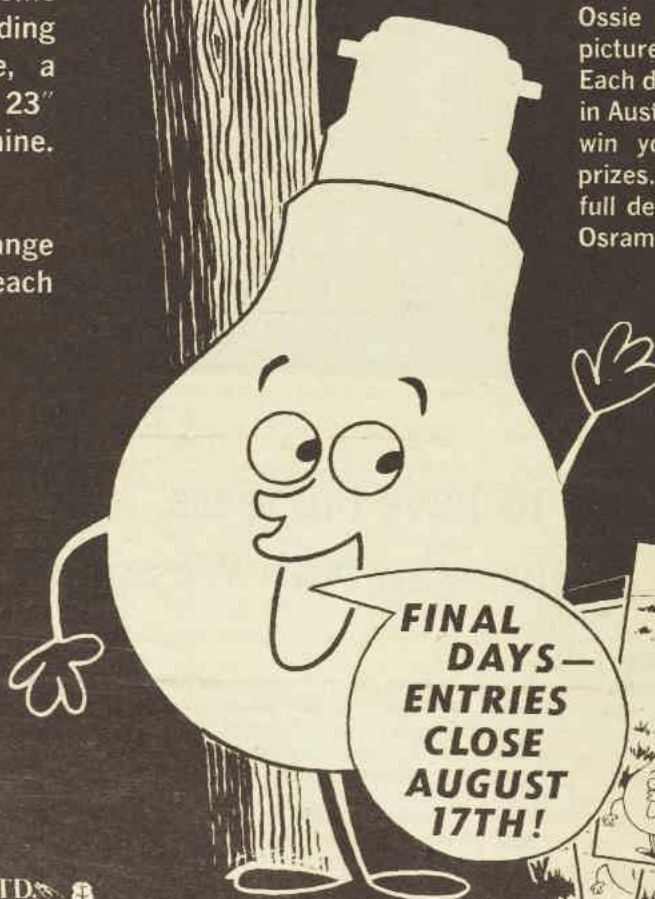
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"Fitted crib sheets," said Joanna, just promptly enough. "I thought she'd be deluged with those little Philippine dresses."

She left the next afternoon, presumably for Vermont. Gerald, cheerfully unaware of his diminished status, insisted on taking Georgia and Kate to dinner. They were having a liqueur when the corner of Kate's eye saw Carpenter approaching between the tables.

Why should she flinch inwardly, and preoccupy herself with the stem of her tiny glass when his voice said casually above her, "Family outing?"

"The cat's away," exclaimed Gerald amiably, and Kate knew without looking up that there would be a faint tern crease between Georgia's perfect eyebrows. "Join us?"

"Thanks, but we're on our way," said Carpenter and added vaguely that he'd see them soon. Kate raised her cool glance at the end and then dropped it before she could see who "we" were; it was not as if she cared.

In the morning there was another of the dreaded envelopes from Bridgeport.

The mailing time on the postmark told Kate it could not be in answer to her own letter and money; besides, those sickening loops and curls meant only one thing, but suppose it were a fresh one of attack, something she had to know about to defend herself against?

It was another clipping: "Hornet Causes Fatality," and under that, "Fresno, Calif.—an eleven-year-old boy's

prank took the lives of his mother and sister yesterday when Frank Medwick, annoyed at the demands of Ann Medwick, 14, for candy, captured a hornet in the family car and offered it to her in a candy wrapper. The girl's screams caused Mrs. Marie Medwick to lose control of the car, and an oncoming truck—"

Kate stopped reading there, but not before she heard the crinkle of paper, the furious rattle of the released hornet, the boy's innocent laugh before the shriller sounds of tragedy.

How could Mrs. Maynard, how could anyone be so brutal?

In her apartment Kate wrote with fierce, tumbling haste: "Dear Mr. Maynard.—As I've already written, I sympathise fully with your wife's condition, but I will not be subjected to any more of the enclosed. I ought to let you know that I will destroy any further communication such as this unopened. Katherine Barlow."

SHE placed the envelope with its clipping inside her own and then, because this was too urgent to wait, went out to see her car. Although the windows were tightly closed, she carried out her usual wasp inspection before starting the engine, with particular care to sunny, cunning places like the top side of the sun-shield, the faint slope of the padded dashboard, the space just under the rear window. She shut her mind, as she drove to the

Continued from page 60

nearest collection box, to the thought of the hornet loose in Mrs. Medwick's car.

It seemed to take an eternity to get to her goal and back, but then she discovered she had been driving at a damp, tense fifteen miles an hour.

With the letter sent, the ultimatum laid down, she had a queer sense of timelessness. She typed Carpenter's copy until her fingers began to make mistakes in rebellion, but she had to admire it; in this telling, Virgil Beal Scott seemed to rank with John Paul Jones and Thomas Alva Edison. Joanna, back from her investigating trip to Vermont, had only a mute shake of her head which Kate hardly noticed.

The Maynards had already received the money and the letter in which she explained her own financial circumstances, and she could

THE WASP

only guess at their reactions to that — acceptance, indignation, a regret that they had not brought suit at once?

By tomorrow they would have her second note refusing to tolerate a campaign of terror. Unfortunately this brought a clearer image of Mrs. Maynard's pale, red-rimmed eyes flashing in her knifelike face, her voice rising hysterically, Barney coming in fear to watch and listen

IN spite of the drowsy nausea she knew it would bring, Kate took a sleeping pill that night and the next, and had her tranquilliser prescription refilled. She was now frightened almost as much by sight as by sound; a wind-blown burr lying harmlessly on her doorstep or a tiny shred of dark

paper sent her sitting back with a sprinkle of physical fear through her chest.

In one of the unreal sleeping-pill interludes, she imagined someone, muffled and huge-headed, walking slowly along the line of bushes at the back of the property, carrying a shielded light. But when she asked casually about the bee-veil the next morning, Gerald said, "Oh, that went back to Carpenter; it belongs to his aunt," and gave a little ripple of aversion. "She used to keep bees, if you can imagine such a thing."

On the third day after her own frantically written note, Kate got a reply from Maynard. Her gaze skipped past the opening civilities, and there, burned like fire into the cheap paper, were the words she had invited upon her own head.

"Sue . . ."
". . . witness."

To be continued
(c) Ursula Curtiss 1963.

When children seem "nervy"

try this, mother, for recovery overnight

Most children don't realise the importance of keeping "regular". When they seem off-colour, grouchy or tired (or lose their appetite) wise mothers suspect temporary constipation. Keep the easiest answer in your medicine cupboard — Laxettes. Laxettes are squares of delicious chocolate that contain tasteless phenolphthalein, the gentlest, surest laxative known. Easy to give. Easy to take. No water. No spousals. No griping. No embarrassing urgency. Just Laxettes at night — and tomorrow an easy thorough motion and a happy, healthy child. Only 3/3 at your chemist, in a new pack that protects the chocolate. When Nature forgets — remember Laxettes. LARS

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If your back aches like sin and rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYS-TEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific. Laboratory-tested and Certified CYS-TEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.

***** AS I READ ***** THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY, week starting July 29

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, grey, navy.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, violet, gold.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, blue, silver.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, black, blue.
* Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, blk.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, green, navy.
* Lucky days, Fri., Monday.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 23-OCT. 22
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, tricolors.
* Lucky days, Fri., Tuesday.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 23-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, lilac, red.
* Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 22
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, green, lilac.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 23-JAN. 19
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, white, blk.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 18
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, spots, blue.
* Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.
- PISCES**
FEB. 19-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, pink, navy.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 5, 1964

**KISS IT BETTER
WITH A
BAND-AID STRIP**
Hurry up the Healing

BAND-AID
TRADE MARK

plastic strips

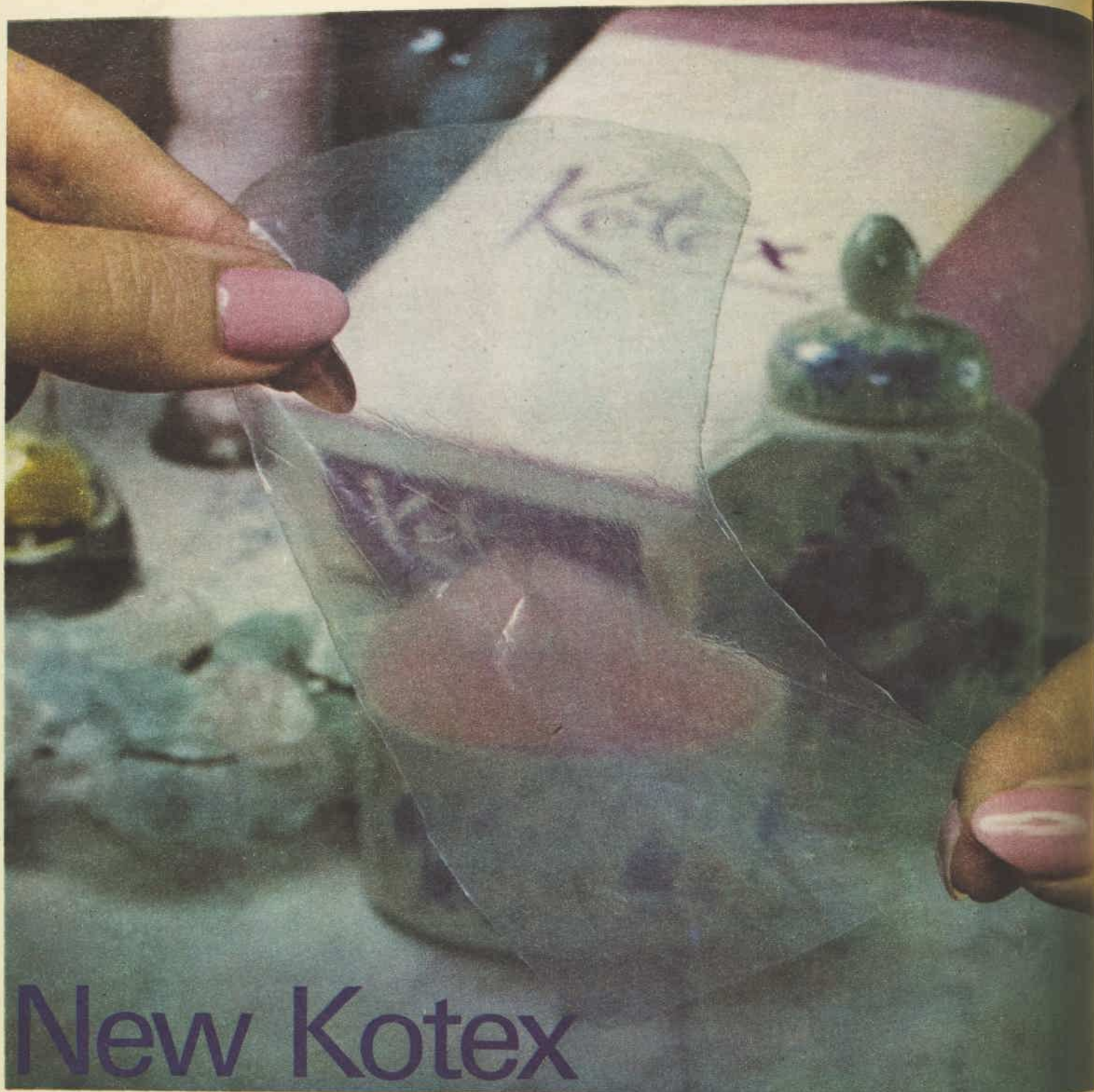
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This polythene barrier in the base of new Kotex* napkins stops moisture coming through. And above it, special layers of softest cellucotton give twice the absorbency. You're comfortably safe in a way never possible before.



that lately. "Don't be silly," she said to him over and over, whatever he did, whatever he asked.

She would think him very silly now. Going off without asking, and without a hat—two things forbidden him. And, on top of it all, to get lost. Would his father, too, be angry, taking the strap down as he did but rarely while his eyes looked sorry and disappointed?

He must have dozed for a few minutes. Now, rubbing his eyes and unsteady still in his tiredness, he scrambled to his feet as he became aware of soft, muffled noises. Instinctively he hid; he did not know why. Even as he crouched low behind the scrub he did not know why he was not running forward and calling and shouting that he was here. He knew what the sounds were—a horse and a rider. Then he saw a glimpse of them through the trees and heard a familiar low, drawing voice. It was Mr. Halloran.

Mr. Halloran worked sometimes for his father. Mr. Halloran had been part of his life for as long as he could remember. Yet, strangely enough, though Mr. Halloran had never harmed him in any way, he had always been scared of him. A tall, lean man who rarely spoke, never smiled, just came and went seemingly from nowhere.

He had heard people say he lived at the blacks' camp and had a native woman for a wife. His mother had told him once that Mr. Halloran had a most beautiful half-caste daughter who had gone to town and become a nurse. He didn't know why she had told him that, for mostly she would not let him have much to do with Mr. Halloran, who ate his meals out by himself on the verandah when he was

Continued from page 34

working for them and never came inside.

Once, when he was thirsty, Mike had picked up an old enamelled mug from near the tap to get himself a drink and his mother had snatched it away, saying, "Don't drink from that dirty mug, it's Mr. Halloran's." Of course, his mother was funny like that in some ways because she'd come from the city. She wasn't a real country person like himself and his father.

But what scared him most about Mr. Halloran was that he didn't seem to have a face. By the time Mike had let his eyes travel all the way up the very tall body that seemed all the same color with the brown skin and dusty brown clothes, all he ever saw was shadowy brown flesh disappearing under a dusty, broad-brimmed hat.

Mr. Halloran never took his hat off, even to eat. Even to sleep, most likely. When he had been very small he had drawn a picture of him, and when his mother had seen it she had asked, "Who's that?" "Mr. Halloran," he'd told her. "But where's his face?" "He hasn't got one," he'd replied seriously. And his mother had said, "Don't be silly."

When he tried to imagine Mr. Halloran's face he imagined it all pointy, like a wolf's. Sometimes he had thought he had seen a glimpse of pointy nose under the broad brim and he could imagine the eyes above it, bright and sharp and cruel. He knew all about wolves from his books. They were always savage and clever and cunning, no match for a small boy.

THE PIEBALD PONY

He pretended never to be frightened when his mother read him these stories at night; he knew she would be annoyed and his father disappointed, so he just curled up his body under the sheets and clenched his fists and closed his eyes tightly when the light was put out, trying not to think of the pointy nose and bright, round eyes but unable to think of anything else.

So now he crouched, with his breath making small panting sounds, hoping that Mr. Halloran would ride past without seeing him. Mr. Halloran was a good bushman, one of the best, but he was an old man now. An old man with a pointy nose and sharp, cruel eyes. Ready to pounce. Ready to take him. His fear made him dizzy and his dry mouth burned with it. But Mr. Halloran rode past and the world slowly began to steady itself.

Of course, there weren't really any wolves around here at all. He'd asked his father so many times. "There are no wolves in Australia, son," his father had told him. "Only dingoes. You know that." Yes, he knew, and he knew the dingoes, too, for he'd seen them occasionally when they'd been far out away from home. But they hadn't frightened him at all. He had never been afraid of anything he had known and seen.

Mike began to wander forward, keeping to the fence as his father had once told him to do if ever he became lost. He remembered that now. Keep to the fence and you'll be right. He was not so much searching for the way home

now as for water, any water, whether it was from their own earth tank or from someone else's. Any water anywhere.

As he walked he began to wonder if he should not, after all, have called to Mr. Halloran. Now that he was thoroughly wide awake again and the day bright and golden about him it seemed very babyish to have hidden as he did. Had Mr. Halloran just happened to have been riding past, or had his mother sent him to look for Mike? If she had, and Mr. Halloran had come all this way without finding him, then they wouldn't come this way again. Not at all.

When his father came home they would say, "Well, it's no good going that way 'cos we've been. And he's not there." And they wouldn't come again, ever, and he would be left out here to die. Yes, and night would come, too, and there would be no bed to protect him from the pointy nose and bright, black eyes. No protection of sheets to curl under.

Nothing, nothing at all. And it was always worse at night. He knew that. Now, in the sunlight, he was strong and unafraid. But when night came, what would he do then?

He began to run calling out, "Mr. Halloran! Mr. Halloran!" He ran and stumbled, crying out and searching the scrub with pleading eyes, but there was no trace left of the man and the horse. He even tried to pick out the marks of the hoofs but they became lost in the surface of grass and gibbers.

To page 67

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"VERA." — This smart and attractive two-piece suit for the matron is available in non-transparent terylene/viscose in royal-blue, black, pale blue, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 34 and 36in. bust, £7/11/6; 38 and 40in. bust, £7/14/6; 42 and 44in. bust, £7/17/6.

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Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 58. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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**PREPARED BY NESTLÉ'S
SPECIALISTS IN INFANT
FOOD PRODUCTS**

At last he stood exhausted, his fear turning to stormy aggression and becoming a sudden, fierce anger that burned in his furious face and trembling fists.

"Go away, anyway!" he shouted to the empty world. "I wouldn't have gone with you anyway! You couldn't find me, you couldn't!" And he flung himself down on the hot ground and cried. His tears were a release. When they had flooded from him he had felt better. But he still felt sick and feverish from the heat and his shirt and shorts were wet through with his sweat.

Men had died out here, grown men. Once a skeleton had been found, white and crumpled on the ground, just like he was lying now. A grown man, dead from the heat. When he eventually looked up and caught sight of the pointy face he froze in swift panic, but he did not cry out. The bright eyes . . . but no, not the cruel wolf-eyes. These were gentle, soft eyes. Soft, gentle eyes. He gave a small grin as he focused his eyes, stinging from the salt, sweat, and glare, and found himself looking right into the steady gaze of a great red kangaroo.

The animal and the boy regarded each other for a long while. There was not the slightest movement. Relief and pleasure eased the child's mind as he lay there.

He wondered how long he could keep still; not long, his mother had always said. But now he wanted to for a long time, forever . . . because he knew that the moment he did move the 'roo would be off. Just now it was another friendly being here in the vast aloneness. It was also something of a novelty. Mike had not seen so very many of them.

He did not know exactly how long they remained in their state

FROM THE BIBLE

• "In all these things we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

—Romans 8:37.

of mutual observation, but at last, worried by the sting of an insistent ant, Mike was forced to flick his hand toward his leg.

Without wasting a moment, the giant 'roo was off, bounding through the scrub in graceful, easy movements. The boy stood up and watched him go, sadly but resignedly. The silence closed in on him.

There was nothing to do but to keep moving, and he went blindly on, dreading the lowering sun and steadily lengthening shadows even though it meant an end to the worst of the heat. Toward evening, almost without seeking it and no longer expecting it, he came upon a very small, stagnant waterhole, all that remained in the cracked bed of a creek.

Though he had been warned against drinking water such as this, he thrust his face in it greedily, deriving as much joy from what he splashed on his face as from what he sucked thankfully into his parched mouth. Its stale smell and bitter taste momentarily nauseated him, but when he had finished he felt better than he had since morning and began to walk on with renewed energy, his short legs moving almost automatically beneath him.

Then the storm-bird began. At first, the thin monotony of its call came to his ears erratically, so that he was not sure whether or not he imagined the cry. Then it became regular. On and on. Unceasing and unending and unrelenting. On and on. On and on.

He had never noticed it so much before; at home there were other noises, other things to see and hear and think about. But out here there was just this one sound, this one monotony of warning. If Mike did not realise the full significance of the call, at least he knew that it signalled the dark, cloudy skies of an approaching storm.

He liked the rain. He liked the sound and smell of it on the dusty earth. But now, as he paused and looked up, he wondered appre-

Continued from page 65

hensively what it would be like out here if there were much lightning about and heavy rain. The breaking of the drought had little meaning; the thought of himself, lost and helpless in the midst of it, held a great deal . . .

The brightness of the day had gone. He had not noticed how quickly the clouds had gathered nor how little was left of light. It would be useless to walk farther. It had been useless, anyway, to have gone this far at all.

He became afraid at the thought of his mother's quick anger and of his father's slow, quiet disappointment. Most of all that. They would never think him old enough to help now, old enough to own the pony, old enough to do real

work. His father would take down the strap and give him the worst hiding he had ever had.

He sat under a tree, hunching up his knees under his chin, staring at the darkening sky. Would it be a brief dry storm with the lightning stark and frightening and the thunder tearing the world apart with deafening terror? The sort of storm that ended in a few large, sputtering drops of useless moisture? Or would it be long and gentle and continuous, filling the creeks and soaking silently into the earth, making green grass and fat cattle and sheep?

The boy closed his eyes. His face became wet. There had been but little lightning and now it had given way to a soft downfalling of rain, rain so cool and pure that

Mike was no longer afraid but relaxed and drowsy and refreshed.

It occurred to him that it would no longer matter about the level of the water in the tank, that his father would no longer look so weary and concerned. It even occurred to him that, despite Mr. Halloran's fruitless ride, someone might at this moment be searching for him.

Perhaps it was the effect of the cooling mist of the rain, but he felt far more confident.

Wet though he was, he managed to sleep again, curled in a small heap under the trees. How much later it was when his father found him he did not know, being drowsily aware only of being lifted by strong, warm arms and placed across the saddle with his cold cheeks

pressed against the familiar smell of his father's thick shirt.

A voice was speaking to him quietly, reassuringly. A large hand gripped his shoulder and held him tightly. But he did not remember much of the ride home.

What he remembered most clearly later on was being lifted from the horse and running across the dark puddles of the yard into his mother's arms. And suddenly crying. And his mother saying "What is it, Michael?" And his shaky voice, sobbing. "I thought you were going to be angry." And his mother saying gently, so that it sounded all right, "Don't be silly."

And it had been all right. Everything. Because the very next morning they had ridden all the way to the Jeffersons' in the rain and brought back with them the piebald pony.

(Copyright)

THE PIEBALD PONY



(PICTURES CAN'T SHOW YOU
AND WORDS AREN'T ENOUGH)

only your taste will tell you Rosella Soups
overflow with flavour!

ROSELLA TOMATO SOUP

(like all Rosella soups) is cooked up from the very best foods, prepared with extra special care. That's why it **overflows** with flavour. That's why you should try it — soon.



Rosella's got the flavour
...the flavour of natural goodness!

The ALL-STRETCH BRA that's a GIDDY MIRACLE!



MIRACLE STYLED
IN LYCRA BY
St. Mark
AUSTRALIAN MADE

at WOOLWORTHS

FASHION AND FIT

COSTING 49/11 IN OTHER BRANDS

The most fabulous fit you've ever enjoyed. St. Mark now gives you not just shoulder straps that stretch, but LYCRA-stretch at back, sides and front.

29/11

St. Mark ALL-STRETCH CONTOUR

Perfectly moulded and permanently-smooth cups. Straps you can wear normally or set wide — and never feel them. Fashionable low scooped back. Wonderful all-over stretch for heavenly comfort. 32AB; 34ABC; 36AB.

St. Mark ALL-STRETCH SHORTLINE 27/11

Bend, stretch, twist, turn... it stretches with you! 32-36-ABC; 38B.

WOOLWORTHS



Prices slightly higher some country areas, Nth. Territory.

ILL WALK YOU HOME

Continued from page 29

He thought of an ice-breaker. But Ina spoke first. "Just think," she said, looking across at him. "Mr. and Mrs. Welch are probably lounging on a beach in Jamaica this morning."

Bill had been thinking of people on skis, not on beaches. Certainly he had not been thinking about Mr. and Mrs. Welch, whom the agency had sent to Montego Bay on their honeymoon.

"Have you done much actual travelling, Bill?" Ina asked.

"No-o," he said. "I've read a mountain of books about it, though."

"Don't you sometimes envy the people we send to those glamorous places?" She gazed at the ceiling. "South America, Spain, Greece, The West Indies." Obviously, she did envy them, was with them that very moment in spirit. While misty shapes with turned-up collars trudged through the blizzard outside, Ina chatted on about faraway places where the snow never fell.

Bill frowned.

The telephone rang. Mr. Whitford, their boss, was calling from home. How many of the staff, he asked Bill, had turned up today?

"Only two of us, sir. Miss Holly and myself."

"Bless you both," Mr. Whitford said. "But there's no reason to hang around all day. Clear out early, you hear?"

Bill said, "Yes, sir," and hung up. "J.V. says we can go home early," he reported. "Whenever you say," Ina replied. "But I don't mind it here. At least we can talk."

Talk she did. She knew ever so many faraway places, Bill realised. At least, she knew about them, and apparently yearned to know more. He listened with ebbing spirits.

So, after all, she was that kind of girl. The wanting kind. To keep her happy a man would have to take her places. Not just to New England beaches in summer, and skiing and skating in winter, but to glamor-resorts that cost a fortune. There would be expensive clothes, too. Wives were always asking what they should wear in Athens or Rio. And being that sort, she would want expensive furniture as well.

Bill sighed. She deserved all those things, of course. But his bank account wasn't that big.

At twelve o'clock, he rose and went to a window. It would be idiotic of him to suggest taking her to lunch, he supposed. There wasn't a first-class restaurant nearby, and she was quite clearly not the sort to enjoy walking in a blizzard. "Why don't I duck out to that basement place on the corner for coffee and sandwiches?" he said.

"Wonderful idea," Ina replied with a smile.

Oh sure, wonderful, he thought, trudging head down through the storm. If she had the money or a husband to pay her bills, she'd be on her way to Jamaica right now. But it was all right for him to get a neckful of snow, maybe even catch cold or pneumonia, fighting his way through the blizzard in pursuit of her lunch.

Ina did spread the lunch most attractively on a desk when he returned with it. But for him the tete-a-tete was a failure before it began, and she made it worse by talking again, endlessly, about all those far-off expensive places.

Well, Bill thought, that's that. Wiser but sadder — so sad, in fact, that he felt mis-

erable — he went back to writing letters.

At three o'clock Bill suggested they go home, and helped Ina on with her coat. They stepped outside. Snow still fell relentlessly, and buses were running. "How will you get home?" he asked.

"Oh, I can walk," she said. "I did this morning."

Though she evidently hadn't far to go, still she was a girl and this was a rough day. "I'll walk you home," Bill decided.

Ina looked up at him and her smile was a lovely thing to see in spite of the wet snowflakes on her face. "Why thank you, Bill," she said.

They trudged up through the business district and the snow turned them white. There was no traffic to dodge. No crowds of people filled the sidewalks. Every shop window was theirs exclusively to look into, and the city was as quiet as a snow-covered woodland.

Ina did not talk.

They walked out of the city and into the big park. Bill's legs began to ache and he glanced with concern at Ina, but she swung along with her head held high and a look of happiness on her face. Nevertheless, she must be tired, he told himself. He reached out and took her hand, to reassure her.

She smiled at him again. "When we get to my little nest of luxury, I'll make some coffee," she said.

BILL had a mental picture of an apartment overflowing with fiddle and doodads, every cupboard bulging with clothes. But the thought of hot coffee warmed him.

They entered a suburban district of apartment houses. Not much farther, Bill thought. For himself he didn't mind. Even on tired legs he could walk all day. But Ina's brave smile didn't fool him.

It saddened him to think she was suffering. She was a lovely girl, even if she did want a husband who could take her around the world.

They walked another mile. Her head was still high and she looked happy. Bill was confused.

"Well," she said at last, "here we are. You will come in for coffee?"

"You bet," said Bill.

"Supper, too," she said. She led him up a flight of stairs and produced a key. "I just wish I had a fireplace. Then everything would be perfect. Golly," she said, "I haven't had so much fun in — well, never!"

Bill gazed dumbly at the back of her lovely neck as he helped her out of her coat. He gazed even more dumbly around the apartment.

He was looking, he realised, at secondhand furniture that had been done over with loving care and a prodigious amount of toil. At shelves of good books, only a few of which were travel books. At a kitchen as thoroughly equipped with pots and pans as the New England kitchen of his boyhood. Obviously a very practical, down-to-earth, sensitive girl lived here.

He came out of his trance and followed Ina into the kitchen. "There's something I want to know," he said. "All that talk in the office about going places—were you just trying to make conversation?"

"Gee," she said, "we had to talk about something, didn't we? And we were such strangers."

Were, Bill thought. His mind raced ahead to tomorrow and the next day and the day after, and he hoped that it would snow forever.

(Copyright)



Teenagers' WEEKLY

Turn over for • LETTERS • BEATNIK • BANDSTAND • CLASSICS • TEENA

• LOUISE HUNTER • ROBIN ADAIR • NEWS STORIES

HOW TO 'BREAK THE ICE' ON A DATE? YOU CAN WIN £250!

• Has there been an occasion in your past when you were particularly proud of having "broken-the-ice" on a date?

YOU (girl or boy) made the most of an unpromising situation and succeeded in drawing your companion into animated, interesting conversation. Or you failed miserably—so miserably that you're embarrassed even to remember it. Except that when **DO** come to think of it, it's rather funny—or helpful—to recall now.

Perhaps, too, you thought of a wonderful ice-breaker **AFTER** a date had bogged down and dragged on into failure.

Whatever your experience, if you are 9 or under, T.W. wants to hear it—in a letter no longer than 250 words—and it could win you a lot of money.

There is £250 in prizes to be won—£100 for the letter we judge best, £50 second prize, £25 third prize, five prizes of £10, and five of £5.

(For full rules and details of entry, see below.)

To help entrants (in fact, to help any reader who strikes this common teenage trap), "problems" columnist Louise Hunter here offers some advice on ice-breakers:

EVERYONE has been through the experience!

Here you are at last—on a date with the boy you've been dreaming of for months.

You're looking your absolute best. Your new dress is dazzling and things couldn't be better.

Your boy calls for you at your house, chats with your Dad for a while, you walk out into the street together, and then—**NOTHING!** He's struck dumb.

The same problem can arise for boys, too.

What do you say to him?

What does he say to you?

You exhaust the weather topic and suddenly you are face to face with your beauti-

ful friendship embarrassingly stopped before it has even started.

All because you didn't know how to break the ice!

The delicate art of ice-breaking takes practice.

Even the most sure-of-herself sophisticate has been confronted with dull, deadly patches on dates.

Just how exactly do you get over them?

Well, of course, there are no definite formulas, because every encounter is different.

You may be out with a boy you have admired from afar. You know little about him except that he catches the 8.15 train to town every morning. You've met through a mutual friend.

Obviously, in a situation like this you would start off with the friend.

Then you might go on to his job—his workmates—perhaps his old school. Do you know anyone who went to the same one?

Hobbies? Clubs? Anything in common there?

Film and reading preferences?

Of course, you can be unlucky.

Your boy could be the type who answers in monosyllables, and after half an hour of one-sided conversation you begin to feel like an S.S. interrogator.

Don't despair. Keep plugging until you hit on **SOMETHING** that interests him.

Perhaps he's wearing a sports badge, a car badge, or a team blazer. If he is, then it's a fair bet that the insignia proclaims one of his main interests in life.

There's your opening—plunge in for all you're worth.

Of course, a golden ice-breaker rule always is to remember that you should ask a question because you sincerely, honestly want to know the answer.

Pointless questions that drag on forever can be more boring than just sheer, stifled silence.



HOLLYWOOD actress **SUSAN OLIVER'S** freshness and gaiety appropriately point up this first appearance of the new-look *Teenagers' Weekly*. Shapely Susan co-stars in a gay new M.G.M. film, "Looking For Love." Other stars are Connie Francis, Joby Baker, and Jim Hutton. The romance- and song-filled film is planned for Australian release in October.

£250 ICE-BREAKER CONTEST RULES

1. **WHAT TO DO.** Writing, or typing (double-spaced), on one side of paper, tell in no more than 250 words about the date ice-breaker you've tried (successfully or unsuccessfully) or thought of later.

2. **CLOSING DATE.** Contest closes on delivery of the last mail on August 24, 1964.

3. **WHO CAN ENTER.** The contest is open to anyone who has not turned 20 before the closing date, August 24, 1964. Employees (and their families) of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. are ineligible.

4. **WHERE TO SEND ENTRIES.** Mail to "ICE-BREAKER," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

WHAT TYPE OF WOMAN ARE YOU?



Are you the type to adopt a proved scientific technique to make your skin look smoother, fresher and years younger?

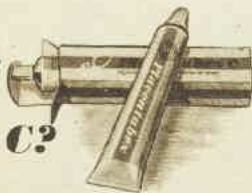
If so, PLACENTUBEX is the answer—the original biological formula which re-activates the skin cells, irons out lines and wrinkles, tightens slack skin. PLACENTUBEX Gelée is for nightly application on face and neck. Hands, too.

Or are you the type who prefers to combine anti-wrinkle treatment with daily beauty care?

If so, PLACENTUBEX C is your choice—a wonderfully soft, delicately perfumed cosmetic cream with the same biological activity as Placentubex itself. PLACENTUBEX C enriched with vitamins, is the foundation cream that genuinely rejuvenates and preserves the skin.

Which is for you?

Placentubex
or
Placentubex C?



Special Cosmetics

Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd., 6-8 McLachlan Avenue, Artarmon, N.S.W.

Letters

Rockers, surfies can be friends

IN winter I am what in Victoria is called a jizzer, and in summer a surfie. My brother is a strict rocker (in any State), but we get along just fine.

He is 18 (I'm 15) and he brings home all his rocker friends and I bring home all my friends. The whole lot of us always enjoy ourselves, kidding each other about what we wear and how we wear it.

I feel I understand rockers, and like them a lot, but I still keep my beliefs, and they keep theirs, and I know I will never have a serious fight with one through not being able to tolerate his beliefs and ideas.

This is the trouble in England—not enough tolerance and understanding by the two sides involved. — Antonia Warner, Heathmont, Vic.

Oh, brother!

RECENTLY our teacher read this sentence from an English etiquette book: "You should treat your friends as you would treat your brothers and sisters."

I wonder how many friends I would have? — B. Long, East Gresford, N.S.W.

Blessings

DO healthy teenagers realise how lucky they are? I didn't. After an argument with my mother and father, who wouldn't let me go out, I just slammed the door and went down the road.

There I saw a little crippled boy being wheeled out of a house, smiling as if he had everything in the world. It made me so ashamed. He couldn't go stomping at all, and I was angry that I couldn't go one particular night.

So now, I'll just be thankful for what I have. — "Surfie," Coorparoo, Qld.

Happy list

WHEN I feel depressed I write out a long list of things that amuse me, make me happy to think about, or that are of special interest to me.

These could be the memory of a humorous film, imagining myself in Hawaii or France, arranging an imaginary party (or a real one), or dreaming up a fantastic new wardrobe.

I keep adding to this list,

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

BEATNIK



"If we had some money we could prove we loathe the stuff by spending it."

and every time I'm in a bad mood I read through it, and in no time at all I feel much happier. Try it. — Suzanne Stuart, Randwick, N.S.W.

Roo-ride, anyone?

WITH Australian travel posters depicting kangaroos, koalas, and aborigines with spears and boomerangs it is no wonder that I received this in a letter from an overseas pen-pal:

"The horse I ride to school is named Apache. What is the name of your favorite kangaroo?"

I think it is about time more of our posters had pictures of our coastlines, cities, and towns. For, after all, we are not a nation of "kangaroo riders," are we? — Margaret Brown, Everton Park, Qld.

Be men, boys!

THE feminine species of today like the strong, masculine-type of male. One of the main traits of this type of person is a domineering and masterful attitude.

Most girls are inclined to be bossy, and most boys let them be like this. Oh, boys, you don't know how depressing this is.

This is a desperate cry from

a desperate girl who wants a boy who will "wear the pants." Please take a look into your life and see what type of boy you are. If you are the Weak Willy type, please change so we girls can again be feminine and the boys strong and protecting. — Jody Colbin, Ivanhoe, Vic.

Writing tip

THOSE who find it difficult to express themselves when writing letters might like to try my little trick for coherent writing.

I do a draft copy of my letter and make corrections after reading it. Then I copy it and sometimes even improve as I go along.

This works very well and I have gained confidence in my writing. It is a method applied by copywriters at radio stations and in advertising agencies. — Barbara Skelton, Cardiff, N.S.W.

Complaint

STUDENTS who are staying at school only to comply with the Education Act should be drafted into classes with teachers who don't care, either.

Leave the good teachers for the serious students. — "Earnest," Geelong, Vic.

Square knitting

WE are all accustomed to seeing football club colors, but have you ever seen ones in harlequin squares?

As well as the colors of your favorite club, it is necessary to have a basic color. The idea is to knit the socks in this basic color, the stocking-stitch, begin and end with one club color change to the other club halfway across.

Continue knitting about halfway up the leg, and then alternate blocks of club color. The blocks of club color the same length, and finish to the neckband the basic color.

Use more of the basic color in the sleeves, together with the club colors. — White, North Adelaide.

Problems

MANY parents have much trouble with their children's sums. My mother always having difficulty trying to help my brother with his arithmetic.

Why aren't there classes for parents? — Harris, Albany, W.A.

No to no top

I THINK I am an Australian teenager who enjoys pop music, surfing, The Beatles, the latest fashions. Is it you could say I generally like to keep with it.

BUT when it comes to wearing a topless bikini, I wouldn't catch me dead one. Surely, unless future generations go to the full moon and wear nothing at all, we will think we were crazy. — "Suzi," Glen Waverley, Vic.

NEXT WEEK:

• A new "rounded" look for lip and eye makeup sweeping the world. Our beauty expert, Centre Earle, tells, and shows you pictures, how to get the smart trend.

• All Elvis Presley fans will be fascinated to read what the stars foretell for their idol. And, if you are a Capricorn (like Elvis), our famous astrologer looks into your future, too.

• There's a beautiful color picture, also, of "The Tanager" of Victoria 1964.

The stars' STARS — and you ROMANCE, BUT WITH NO STRINGS

By MAURICE WOODRUFF

CLIFF RICHARD is very true to his birth sign of Libra, being well balanced, refined, and strongly artistic. I should tell those close to him that they will always find Cliff difficult to fool. Cliff, like many Librans, has an in-born sense of intuition on which he can usually rely.

I believe you will find, Cliff, that the older you get the more your scope will expand. This is true of many Librans. For as they go along they tend to lean less on the advice of others, gaining more and more confidence

in their own thoughts and feelings.

Cliff has great generosity and a very keen sense of knowing when to come forward and when to melt into the background.

I predict that Cliff Richard's next film will be a smash hit and that he will score again in a musical stage show.

I predict that romance will come his way—but I do not yet see signs of marriage.

IF YOU'RE LIBRAN, LIKE CLIFF . . .

I find that you Librans are among the most likeable of

people. You attract attention easily and enjoy being in the centre of things. One thing I must warn you of: Because you enjoy affection, you may run the risk of lacking just that little bit of toughness which life sometimes demands.

I predict that someone you respect will put you in touch with a very influential person.

I predict that you may clash with a strong-minded person on a minor issue and I advise you to have patience.

• More stars next week.



CLIFF RICHARD born October 14, 1940 is a

LIBRA
September 22
-October 22



● Most people agreed that The Animals (pictured above) were one of the finest rhythm-and-blues group to hit the disc scene, but nobody thought that their disc "House Of The Rising Sun" would have any chart impact.

By
BRIAN GIBSON

jazz clubs. Then they recruited singer Eric Burdon and guitarist Hilton Valentine.

The music they played was traditional jazz, until Alan Price decided to change the musical policy to rhythm-and-blues, a music that has always been particularly strong in the north of England.

(Ask The Beatles their favorite music and they'll pick "R and B.")

Uncommercial in the south until the advent of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones, it now has a tremendous following and its American exponents, like Bo Diddley and Chuck Berry, have regularly hit the British charts with rhythm-and-blues discs.

It was on a recent Chuck Berry tour that The Animals first tried out "Rising Sun," which is an R-and-B classic and had long been a favorite with the group. Josh White's version of some years ago was firmly banned by the B.B.C., but Eric Burdon cleaned up the lyrics.

The Animals put the song into their programme, and the thunderous applause it received at each date convinced them that they had a winner on their hands.

Their debut disc, issued a few months back, had been "Baby, Let Me Take You Home" (another rhythm-and-blues number), which gave The Animals a moderate hit.

Their name has been a constant source of embarrassment to them ever since they entered the disc world.

"It's not a gimmick name," said Eric Burdon. "It just struck us as a name you could remember easily and seemed to sum up our music."

"Our music is basic and primitive—but we're not."

In fact, the five Animals are intelligent lads who take their music seriously — "we don't enjoy playing to morons or yobs, which are what you get at a lot of these concerts. We like to play in the clubs to the people who understand our music."

Each Animal worked in a full-time job before turning full-time professional two years ago.

Visit to America?

Alan Price, 22, was an income-tax clerk, Chris Chandler worked at an engineering factory and has ambitions to enter the management side of show business one day.

Hilton Valentine, the 21-year-old lead guitarist, was a machinist.

Eric Burdon, the singer with the rasping voice, once studied at Newcastle's College of Art, and drummer John Steel, 22, played with Eric's group at college and later worked as a wall-paper salesman.

Never before has a Newcastle group made an impact on the charts. Liverpool has done it several times, so has Manchester's The Hollies.

Their discs could provide The Animals with the opportunity to visit America and fulfil a long-time ambition to visit Nashville, Tennessee, and meet some of the top rhythm-and-blues men there.

Chuck Berry, who toured with them in England, has assured them of a tremendous welcome if they do decide to go.

Meanwhile, having won their first silver disc in "record" time, they are planning a tour of Britain and television dates—some on programmes that at first refused to feature "House Of The Rising Sun."

THE ANIMALS find 'BEASTLY' PERFORMING PAYS OFF



SOULFUL song set in the rough-house days of New Orleans, it runs for four minutes and 30 seconds — two minutes longer than the average disc.

Many disc jockeys and television stations refused to play it because of its length, but the few who did saw their segment well rewarded.

Within a week of release it had the past stars like Roy Orbison, Brian Auger and the Trinity, and Louis Armstrong, to give the Newcastle, U.K., group its first number one hit.

When the news of the disc's success came through, The Animals were on tour in Scotland.

"We can hardly believe it," said Alan Price. "We were worried because so many people refused to play it. We didn't think we'd get the money. We are surprised and delighted." Surprised and delighted, too, are people in the disc business, who have found yet another group with the potential of The Beatles, Dave Clark, The Rolling Stones.

£1000 a week

Yet the big money that The Animals have suddenly entered will not come as a great surprise to them.

For the past year they have been averaging £1000 a week playing on radio and one-night stands. They are building up a tremendous following all over the country — yet they are paid for five shillings an evening.

That was three years ago, when Alan Price first formed the group that eventually became The Animals. Then there was only Price, bass guitarist Chris Chandler, and drummer John Steel. They played around the Newcastle

BANDSTAND

BY

Duan Shindere



"Attack" by natives highlight of N.G. trip

• Well, the "Bandstand" family is home and everyone is still talking about the fantastic time that was had making our special show in New Guinea.

THERE was so much to see and do—filming, giving concerts, exploring, and travelling.

There are some pretty wild scenes in the show. One of the funniest—though Joy Boy Norm Day didn't think so at the time—was at a native "sing sing," where 30 warriors suddenly broke loose and "attacked" Norm.

The whole sequence had

been set up without Norm's knowledge and was put on film.

Norm was watching the "sing sing" when the fierce-looking natives, bedecked in warpaint and plumes, suddenly hurled themselves at him, brandishing spears and bows and arrows.

At first Norm didn't know what to do, but after the initial shock he took to his heels with the natives in hot

pursuit. He was still panting and shaking when the plot was revealed.

In all the turmoil poor little Judy Stone was almost trampled on.

"I started to get a bit frightened and I didn't know where to go and I couldn't find any of our gang. I finally saw Kev Jacobsen and practically flung myself on to his shoulders," she said. "I couldn't see Leo (de Kroo) anywhere. I think he was sitting under a truck watching the proceedings."

During their stay in New Guinea, Col Joye, Judy, the De Kroos, producer Warwick Freeman, and Kevin Jacobsen paid a visit to Gemo Island, a leper colony just out of Port Moresby.

Col sat down with his guitar and started to sing to the native children. Before long an impromptu concert was in full swing.

The children knew "Waltzing Matilda" and "Wild Colonial Boy" and had their own pidgin English version of "Daisy, Daisy."

As all the native women in New Guinea are known as Meris (Marys), the chorus of the version goes: "Meri, Meri, dis pella likum you."

They also went wild over "When The Saints Go Marching In," clapping and joining in on the chorus.

Judy and Col thought that afternoon the most moving of the whole trip.

DOLL WITH A DANDY VOICE

ABOUT four years ago I met a new singer named Nancy Wilson when she was appearing at a Sydney hotel. She is probably the most beautiful Negress I have ever seen, but wasn't terribly impressive as a singer.

She seemed to be in search of her own style and was very much influenced by people of the calibre of Dakota Staton and Shirley Bassey.

However, since her return to the States, she has done everything right, and jazz critics from one end of the country to another have heaped praise on her newly developed and improved style.

Now she has bridged the jazz-pop music gap with a knockout song called "You Don't Know (How Glad I Am)."

Listen to it and I'm sure you'll agree she no longer sings like anybody—but Nancy Wilson.

JUDY STONE, at right, "cracks a bottle"—in New Guinea style.

"BANDSTAND" can be seen on Saturday evenings from TCN9 (Sydney); QTQ9 (Brisbane); TVW7 (Perth); TVT6 (Hobart); CTC7 (Canberra); on Sunday evenings from GTV9 (Melbourne); NWS9 (Adelaide).

P.S. This is very much the type of song we've all been searching for to give Robyn Alvarez her first commercial hit. I don't doubt that it's only a matter of time.

DISC-USSION

SYDNEY boy Alan Jones has his first record out (for H.M.V.). It's called "Hey, Baby"—and it's good. He sounds a bit like Buddy Knox, only better. Alan is backed by his group, The Sheffields, and it will be interesting to see how they develop.

COL JOYE'S "Rock Classics No. 2" is even better than his "Classics of Rock." It's a wild album and I had difficulty picking my favorite track, as they're all good. Perhaps Festival will release a single from the album, but that's a choice I wouldn't like to make.

By the way, in Melbourne the album sold 500 copies in a day—at that, a week before the radio stations were playing it!

R.C.A. has out two good albums—The Lime-lighters with "More Of Everything," including "Willow Tree," written by Malvina Reynolds, Woody Guthrie's "Last Class Seaman," and an Australian folksong, "Wild Colonial Boy."

The other album is "Ain't That Good News" by Sam Cooke, who currently has a hot single going for him in "Good Times."



NANCY WILSON

ROUND ROBIN

A WEIGHTY DIS-KISS-ION!

• Experts have discovered another feminine vital statistic—the weight of a kiss.

AT the opening of a new California laboratory recently a supersensitive balance weighed a pretty worker's peck.

It weighed .00325 (approximately 3/1000) of a gram.

Now, I guess, the old saying will change to "And love grammes?"

All jokes aside, I suppose the kiss-meter had to come.

Yes, it's all in keeping with the modern trend of introducing science and mechanics into things connected with romance.

Why, there are now in America computers to assess courting couples' compatibility.

I see also that a mechanical "brain" is being used in France to screen the vital statistics of beauty-contest entrants.

I suppose the mad scientists would call the kiss weighing nonsense auto-mashin!

And I wonder what they will think of next!

How about measuring a wink?

Surely that would be an open-and-shut case!

And what about the length of a pass?

Boys are always plagued by not knowing how to go to get a girl to go out with them.

Perhaps, however, passes could be more easily measured in speed, not length.

A lad usually ends up with either smiles per hour or a "(k)not tonight."

Many girls, of course, would revolt against kissing scales.

The slogan of these lasses could well be "Lips that touch grease will never touch these!"

The trajectory of a discarded suitor could be measured—at a pinch.

He would fly through the air with the greatest of squeeze!

—Robin Adair



KEVIN JACOBSEN, Col Joye's brother and manager (and the Joy Boys' former pianist), makes a fierce-looking friend during the recent "Bandstand" N.G. visit.

THE CLASSICS

MOZART: Clarinet Quintet, Divertimento.

IN Mozart's day the clarinet was still something of a new-fangled instrument; it is missing from most of his orchestral scores and he did not start to write solo music for it until late in his short life. But the two chief works he did write with the clarinet as the leading instrument are among his most perfect: the Clarinet Concerto and the Quintet for Clarinet and Strings.

The Clarinet Quintet appears in a warm and stylish performance by Alfred Boskovsky and members of the Vienna Octet in a new Decca recording.

In this work Mozart makes full use of the clarinet's big range, both of notes and color, allowing it to enrich the harmonies in its full, broad, low tones and sing melodies in its sweet and flexible upper register. It is a piece of music one can never grow tired of.

Coupled with it in this recording is a relatively slight but entertaining Mozart Divertimento—one of the many works that he turned out for aristocratic functions and which were intended, as the title implies, purely to divert.

—MARTIN LONG.

Star put show on even Keel

● A revival of the musical comedy "Kiss Me Kate" by a group of young Sydney students is an amateur show with a difference. The star of the famous film version, Howard Keel, played an important role in its production.

"WE couldn't have wished for anyone more helpful," said 19-year-old Liz Kirby. "Mr. Keel ran through the whole play with us — acting, singing, and dancing most of the parts."

"He was so alive, vital, and 'with it' that he made a great hit with all the cast," she said. "He had a personality to match his looks—BIG."

Liz will play one of the leading roles in the production of "Kiss Me Kate," by 45 Sydney Teachers' College students in their college hall on July 30, 31, and August 6.

The College Students' Council has granted about £200 to the cast, who hope to cover all their expenses with the money they raise. The students have made all the scenery and most of the costumes, buying cheap materials.

"The show is so alive and gay and different from the usual plays put on by the college," said Mr. Bill Collins (a lecturer at S.T.C. and a film critic with his own weekly television show), who is producing the show. "It's the first musical comedy we've presented."

Howard Keel was visiting Sydney when the students started rehearsals about three months ago and he promised Mr. Collins that he'd try to find a spare half-hour to talk with the cast.

"Adorable"

"He came to see us between his shows, at a Sydney hotel," said Mr. Collins, "and he enjoyed himself so much he stayed an hour and a half."

"And he left a cab waiting for him outside the whole time," said one of the students, Peter Wilkinson. "It didn't worry Mr. Keel — but to us on our student allowances! . . ."

Although the film version of "Kiss Me Kate" was made about 11 years ago, Howard Keel has since replayed the leading role in many touring stage shows. He recently finished re-filming it for television in London.

"So he really knows the show and all the parts," said Philomena Brandt, who will play the leading lady. "He played a few scenes with me and we sang and danced together. He was adorable."

Philomena, 19, who studies at the Conservatorium of Music, said the actor gave the whole cast many helpful tips for not only their "Kate" portrayals but for acting in general.

"He said: 'The most important advice I can give you is that the entertainer of

today — the one who succeeds — must be versatile. If you're a singer, learn to act and dance, too. Learn everything you can; you'll never know when you may need it."

"Mr. Keel was so bright and overwhelming, dominating the stage as he lived the different parts," Philomena said. "He seemed to love the show, and no wonder — he told us it was his first important role as a musical actor."

Howard Keel was particularly helpful to student Clive Saxson, who plays the lead role of Fred Graham, the American actor, in the show.

"We discussed the character together and I was very interested in his interpretations and ideas on Fred's role in the show," said Clive. "He liked the role and so do I. I've played many American parts before."

Modern jazz

Clive, 25 (the oldest member of the cast; most are teenagers), was a full-time actor before he left England four years ago. He sang and acted in television, radio, and stage plays in London and in Sydney, too, before he decided to study to become a modern languages teacher.

The dancing in the film version was mostly "blues" ballet, waltzes, and tap dancing, all popular in the '50s. But the students will be presenting the dance sequences in modern jazz ballet.

"We're putting the accent on dance," said Miss Edith Cochrane, who is a physical education lecturer at the college and is doing the choreography for the show. "We

showed Mr. Keel a few numbers and he was all for jazz-ing it up to date."

The visiting star asked Frank Murphy, 21, a B.A. graduate majoring in music, who plays the piano and did the musical arrangements for the show, to play his cool Brubeck-style version of "Too Darn Hot."

"He thought it was great," said Frank, "so I was very pleased."

Howard Keel also praised the students for their selection of people for the different parts.

"He particularly likes our choice of Matty Urvent and Paul Rudd for the gangster scene-stealers," said cast member Warren Menteith.

"He thought they were



HOWARD KEEL (at front, third from left) with some of Sydney students he coached to play in "Kiss Me Kate." At back, from left: Nigel Murray-Harvey, Clive Saxson, Liz Kirby, Bob James, and Peter Wilkinson. At front, from left, Rabyn Sturt, Philomena Brandt, and (right) the show's producer, lecturer Bill Collins.

ideally balanced, with one a little chirpy guy and the other a tough muscle-man."

All the boys were most impressed with Howard Keel's smart clothes.

"He wore a sharp steel-

grey suit, regimental tie, and buckles on his shoes," said Bob James, 20, who plays a lead role in the show.

"And he wore those great black socks that were so long we never saw the tops

of them even when he jumped up and down on the stage," he said. "So I went out the next day and bought long black bermuda socks to get the same jazzy effect!"

—KERRY YATES.

5/- GUITAR LED TO SUCCESS

● An electric guitar home-made from a 5/- piece of timber, led to the formation of one of Adelaide's top rhythm groups — The Coasters.



LINDSAY WORTHLEY

THE founder of the group, medical student Lindsay Worthley, 20, made the guitar three years ago because he could not afford a new instrument but desperately wanted to play.

Last year he traded it in for £40 on a new guitar.

"I didn't know anything about making guitars or about the electric pick-ups, etc.," said Lindsay recently.

"But I asked around and picked up a few tips. Then I bought a piece of faulty meranti from a timber yard and set to work shaping the guitar."

"I managed to cut the wood in such a way that the fault or split didn't matter. A couple of friends gave me some advice on the pick-ups, and a former guitar maker, Nick Packard, of Glenelg, showed me how to place the frets."

"The result was all right. The guitar gave a good sound and I used it for two years until I traded it in six months ago. I don't know who has it now."

The Coasters have been playing as a group for a little more than two years and in that time they have acquired, between them, £1600 worth of equipment.

In spite of his studies as a medical student, at least two nights' practice a week with the group, classical guitar lessons, district football, tennis, and surfing, Lindsay finds time also to be a Sunday school teacher.

Other members of the group are Robin Retallick, 23, engineering student, of Burnside; David Ettridge, 19, business manager, of Glenelg; John Moyle, 18, clerk, of Plympton; and Stuart Fletcher, 18, school-teacher, who is manager of the group.

Lindsay is one of the well-known Adelaide Worthley family, of which tenor Max Worthley is also a member.

—RITA DUNSTAN.



MARSHA MEREDITH

Making her book mark

IT is not every girl who has inspired a book. However, 14-year-old Marsha Meredith, of Sandgate, Brisbane, is the heroine of "Gems Fairy Stories," written by her aunt, Mrs. Edna M. Spiller, and published in England.

When she was a little girl Marsha used to create an imaginary fairyland about her.

"She lived in a world of make-believe," said Mrs. Spiller.

"She used to beg me for stories, and gave me no peace if I made up a story one day, then changed a single word the next. So I decided I would have to write them all down."

A few months ago Marsha's mother read the stories through, while tidying Marsha's room, and decided to send them to a publisher. The result — a book about Marsha, her brother Brod (now 11), their cousins, and childhood playmates. The book characters all have the children's real names.

—MARJORIE STAPLETON

HE'S A BOBBY-DAZZLER



BOBBY COOKSON

RELEASE of the record "Freedom to Love" by Bobby Cookson is the latest step in the right direction — up — for the popular young singer.

Flip side of his new record, the old Presley number "Money Honey," is in a more mature style.

Bobby says he's been doing a good deal of straight singing in nightclub work, and some day he'll turn to this when he leaves the teenage field.

He says he likes TV work best of all, and has "no nerves" in front of the camera. So far he has appeared on "Six O'Clock Rock," on the Bryan Davies Show, the Johnny O'Keefe show "Sing, Sing, Sing," "Variety Seven," and also on Adelaide and Brisbane programmes.

He has a five-year contract to record with Festival.

Bobby started out in the field with a guitar in a Melbourne group called The Premiers, doing up to 40 songs a night.

But he has found success as a soloist over the past three years, hitting the top as a rocker with his record "I Could Have Loved You So Well."

—CAROL BERTIE

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Acne trouble

"EVER since I started to mature I have been pestered by acne trouble. Recently I met a boy and fell in love at first sight. We danced all night and when he extended an invitation to drive me home I accepted gladly. Having paid me attention all evening, naturally enough I expected him to kiss me good night, but he didn't. Do you think this was because of my acne trouble? I am afraid I have rather a complex about this, and if you possibly could help me solve my problem I would be deeply grateful."

"Rejected," Tas.

How can you feel this boy was frightened off by your complexion when he was obviously so enchanted with you that you danced all night and he drove you home afterwards? I think that, more likely, the boy

was afraid to spoil his chances by kissing you and perhaps being thought fresh or forward. Probably by the time you see this letter in print, this boy will have already taken you out several times and set your mind at rest.

But if you have a complex about your skin, see your doctor and ask him to recommend a diet and treatment to help get rid of your acne.

Rocker boy-friend

"I AM a 15-year-old girl who likes surfing, but my boy-friend is a real rocker. My three girl-friends all have long blond hair and surfer boy-friends. My girl-friends and myself always used to go out on all occasions together, but now that I have dropped my surfer boy-friend my three girl-friends have told me that they don't want me to go out

with them until I leave my surfer boy-friend. But I don't want to because he is very good to me. I don't want to lose my friends, but I don't want to lose my boyfriend either."

"Unhappy Non-Surfer," N.A.M.
It sounds as though you are maturing faster than your friends. Soon they, too, will realise this is best to like people for what they are, not just because they don't belong to a particular class. Don't give up your boy-friend for the sake of your snobbish friends but rather stick to what you like because YOU like it.

If, after you explain this to your girl-friends, they still refuse to allow your boy-friend to join their circle, then I really don't think they are worth worrying about as they grow up a little.

I love Paul

"I AM 16 years of age and am in love with Paul McCartney. I never look at other boys and I do I compare them with Paul. It is not hero-worship, it is real love. I dream about him and get pimples all over me when I look at his photos. I have been in love about him for three years. I can't go on for ever. How do I stop thinking about him?"

"Beat," S.A.

Girls who threatened suicide when Valentino died are some of the loving, lovely grandmas.

Girls who went around crying for weeks when James Dean died are today happily picking up kids from kindergarten and planning dinner for adored husbands.

I know you won't believe me, but you WILL get over your crush on Paul McCartney in time.

It isn't love — it's hero-worship — but in the teen years the two are very hard to tell apart.

At the moment you possess all the love emotions that you will have as a grown woman — with the difference that you will learn to focus them except on a single dream figure that you know through photographs.

One of these days you're going to meet a real-life hero, and these feelings are going to go with him.

In the meantime I can't give you any push-button formula to stop thinking about Paul, but you can face up to your position a little and realise that while you may love you love HIM with an intense passion, he doesn't feel the same way about YOU.

Unrequited love (and indeed, unrequited hero-worship) eventually fades away when it has nothing to feed on.

Family history

"I AM a girl of fourteen and am very interested in tracing my family's history. Could you advise me of a place to write to obtain this information?"

J.J., Qld.

If you write to the Society of Australian Genealogists, 123 Box 860, Sydney, they will send you an application form for membership into your family's history.

They will also advise you of charges for the service.

Beauty in brief:

ROUGE TIPS

TOO little rouge on the cheeks is always better than too much. An excess, or poor application, can only look blotchy and painted.

For subtle, natural colour, apply rouge sparingly and blend smoothly.

Cream and liquid rouge can be applied directly over your foundation; cake rouge is most often used after face powder in the same area.

Did you know that to achieve the color of cream or liquid rouge you mix a little white liquid foundation in the palm of your hand?

Then blend it softly on your cheeks with the cushion of your fingers, working outward toward the ears and keeping it high on your face.

— CAROLYN EARDLEY



It's the sneezin' season

and only new Kleenex[®] tissues have wet strength
for big sneezes plus softness so kind to tender
noses



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

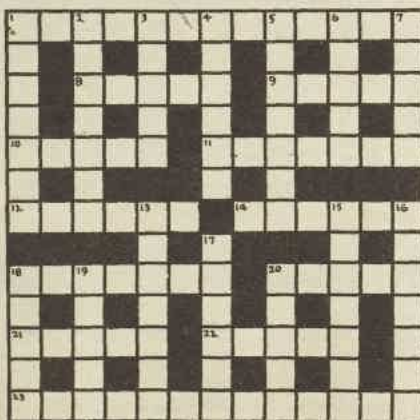
MANDRAKE has contacted the giant castaway by telepathy, but his message is very faint. So Mandrake is shot into space in a capsule to talk with the strange visitor. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Her chocolates when in order you find with classes (6-7).
- Seek in the centre of face coverings (5).
- Let in the troubled maid before tea (5).
- A game of cards (5).
- Slips away what pals see (7).
- See sun (anagr., 6).
- Brother of Pollux on leg of furniture (6).
- Struggled to split inside (7).
- Blend thoroughly (3, 2).
- Come in (6).
- Girl's belted garment (5).
- Postpone discussion with a lyric song on the furniture (3, 2, 3, 5).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Dash with haste for an opening in a ship (7).
- Bone of the upper arm (7).
- Violent attack could be caused by tones (5).
- Slates a tuft of hanging threads (6).
- The Cotton State (7).
- Sing with closed lips to an afterthought for pro-tuberances (5).
- Ceremonial observances (5).
- Surround with an iron finish (7).
- Vehicle for hire (4-3).
- Thrust in fencing (7).
- Seize suddenly (6).
- An incantation (5).
- Full of furrows made by wheels (5).
- Human being and the French make a famous French painter (5).

Butterick

PATTERNS

Send your order and postal note to PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers, P.O. Box 11-039, Ellerslie, SE.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE REQUIRED.

Boutique

2996



2996.—Smart dress with semi-fitted front and straight back held by back-buttoned belt. Pockets inserted into two side-front seams. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2996, price 6/6 includes postage.

2762



2762.—Double-breasted, semi-fitted dress with slight A-line flare. Top stitch trim. Can be made with elbow-length sleeves, or sleeveless, and pattern includes a self-tie belt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2762, price 6/- includes postage.

2997.—Semi-fitted dress with new diagonal seaming and low-pocket detail. Ideal for early spring or made without collar and sleeves for warmer days. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 2997, price 6/6 includes postage.

2997



3004



3004.—Semi-fitted dress with hi-line seaming in front. Also attractive as a sleeveless summer dress. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Butterick pattern 3004, price 5/9 includes postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE IN LEADING DEPARTMENT STORES

THIS IS THE ONE!



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60% More decongestive activity!
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Special age-adjusted dosage strengths for children; babies.

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Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds — anytime, anywhere, with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue ... 6/6.

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Pain Relief without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu.

24 tablets, 3/9;
36 tablets, 4/9;
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Build Resistance to Winter Ills

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, 22/6; 90 days, 52/6.



4-Way Throat Medication

Infected, inflamed throats need Coldrex antiseptic throat pastilles. 4-way medication to relieve soreness ... stop coughing. Coldrex Pastilles are active cough suppressant; decongestive and expectorant. Coldrex pastilles are packed in a handy twist-n-seal flat metal can.



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